

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

two free paper patterns

PRICE **3D**

40 PAGES

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER NATIONAL WEEKLY PAPER IN AUSTRALIA

FREE NOVEL

Vol. II. No. 32.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1935.



SYDNEY



Drawing by BOOTHROYD

Verse by P. DUNCAN-BROWN

Holidays Over

Myrtle of the switchboard
Is back again at work,
Plugging into numbers
Where conversations lurk.

Plugging in with vigor
Now holidays are done.
"Yes, hello? Number, please!"
She croons to everyone.

Myrtle of the switchboard,
She speaks a word to all
In a voice of honey
As she puts through your call.

ROYAL COUPLE as Our SOCIAL LEADERS Appointment of Prince George as Next Governor-General

Australian society has been deeply stirred by the announcement that Prince George may be chosen as our next Governor-General.

What a wonderful fillip the appointment of the Duke of Kent would give to our social life! What a stimulus to fashion and entertainment the presence of his lovely young Duchess would provide!

Perhaps the first anniversary of the wedding of this, the Empire's most glamorous young couple, may be celebrated in Canberra.

OUR social and political leaders are pulling many strings over the filling of this important office, which will be vacant at the expiration of Sir Isaac Isaacs' term towards the end of this year.

Though it will be almost a year before the new Governor-General is installed, the intervening months will be fully occupied with the diplomatic negotiations necessary to clinch all the arrangements.

From special inquiries in London, The Australian Women's Weekly learns that the appointment of Prince George is regarded in well-informed circles as almost certain. Added color is given to this opinion by the fact that no permanent home has yet been acquired in England for the young couple.

Her Majesty the Queen, Prince George, and Princess Marina have inhabited a number of stately old homes, including Broome Park. Some of these seemed to fulfill every condition that could possibly be required, but none has been bought. More significant still, the search has now apparently been abandoned.

WHATEVER the political ramifications resultant from the appointment of the Duke of Kent to our Governor-Generalship, there can be no doubt that, socially, it would be an overwhelmingly popular move.

The Duke is only thirty years of age, and his lovely Duchess is two years younger. Moreover, both possess charming personalities. Prince George has

long been a popular favorite, and the unmistakable seal of approval set upon his choice of a bride by the English people spoke eloquently for the personal magnetism and charm of Princess Marina.

From the human, social angle, it would be a wonderful thing for Australia to have as leaders of its social life two such brilliant young people.

Of sufficiently ripe experience to be entirely dependable in their judgments on all important issues, these two are still young enough to be warmly in sympathy with all the ideals, hopes, and aspirations of youth. Surely this is of especial importance in a young country like ours.

The standards of conduct and manners they would set would have an immeasurably important effect on our young people. Not because they are a Duke and Duchess, but because they are young. However excellent the example and however noble the advice given by older people, it is so often disregarded by the young!

Our Elderly Governors

AND no Australian who is still young can hope to become Governor-General of his country! Before that honor can be accorded him, he must have at his back many years of wide experience, sound judgment, brilliant scholarship—all of which must be acquired at the cost of a sacrifice of youth and, too often, as a sacrifice of the social amenities which are the heaven of life.

The Duke of Kent has no need to demonstrate his fitness for the office of

Governor-General by such arduous methods. His birth-right as the well-loved son of the world's best-loved monarch places him on a pinnacle which age alone could not achieve.

His Empire-wide outlook precludes the possibility of parochialism in his judgments. His special training equips him before the thirties to hold a position not likely to be given to another man twice his age.

Even the office of State Governor rarely falls to a young man. Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, the distinguished successor to Sir Philip Game in New South Wales, is 63 years old. It is unreasonable to expect that so arduous and responsible a position would be filled by a young man—unless that young man were a son of the reigning Royal House.

What a fillip the appointment of the Duke of Kent would give to social life in Australia. What a stimulus to fashion and entertaining the presence of the lovely young Duchess would provide!

Will the Prince and his bride become our Governor-General and his lady?



A NEW AND DELIGHTFUL picture of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent. It is probable that this brilliant young couple will make their future home in Australia. The appointment of the Duke of Kent to succeed Sir Isaac Isaacs as Governor-General of the Commonwealth is believed to be now under consideration by the King.

New South Wales and Victoria would probably benefit the most by their appointment, as Canberra is nearer their capitals, but every State would feel its effects.

An increase in spending and a freer flow of money would certainly result, but, far more important than this would be the fact that at the head of our Commonwealth would be two young people of exalted birth, trained in the highest

traditions of social service, who would be veritable guiding stars for the youth of our country.

The Duke is the King's son—and the friendliest and most approachable of men. The Duchess is beautiful and extremely smart. Both are cultured and musical. Both are essentially home lovers. Both love dancing and gaiety and all the carefree joys of youth. How very delightful it would be to have them as the social heads of Australia!

DO YOU EAT "Poppy Plaits" or Slimming LOAVES?

Bakers Make Many Varieties of Bread
... and Raise Price of the Daily Loaf!

Our daily loaf of bread is the subject of much discussion in New South Wales to-day.

Master bakers have announced an increase of 1d. a loaf from Monday last. The Premier, Mr. Stevens, has stated that there is no justification for the increase, and is taking steps to fix the price at 4d. over the counter and 5d. delivered.

Not many housewives know that in Australia bakers manufacture about twenty-five varieties of bread. Compare this, however, with Russia's total of 100 varieties.

A CABLE from Moscow last week announced that the price of black bread had risen to 2/- per loaf, a loaf weighing about 2½lb., while white bread was just double that price.

Black bread is a staple food of the Soviet people, but it is an entirely different commodity to the black bread known in Australia, which is entirely used by people who have epicurean tastes. The black bread made in Australia and sold in the leading delicatessen shops is retailed at 9d. a 2½lb. loaf and would probably not be eaten by the average citizen, as a taste for it has to be acquired.

Recent cables from Russia announce that no fewer than 100 different types of bread are manufactured there. Only about 25 varieties of bread are made in Australia.

In addition to the ordinary white and brown loaves, which are the staple food of the people, a form of bread known as poppy plaits is largely used by the Jewish community in Australia, and rye bread has also its quota of customers.

A number of the leading master bakers recently registered a class of bread known under the trade name of "Procon," which is claimed to have special food value. Under this head there is the slimming loaf, the very name of which makes an instant appeal to the woman threatened with superfluous

avoids, and the diabetic loaf, from which all starch has been removed, and which, it is claimed, is valuable as a food where diabetes is threatened or is present.

Gluten bread, mixed with milk instead of water, and containing among its ingredients extract of malt, hard, essences, and syrup, is much sought after, and one of the largest manufacturing firms in Sydney claims to be supplying this class of bread to the public as ordinary bread, thus giving them a value they do not pay for and do not realise.

There is a fairly large demand for the milk raisin loaf, particularly from the tea and coffee shops where it is popular for afternoon tea.

Colored, Too

FOLLOWING its introduction in Europe, the use of colored bread, red and green, has been adopted in some of the leading catering establishments in Australia, but the general public has not yet bothered to acquire a taste for bright colors in bread. Artificial coloring, similar to that used in pastry, accounts for the new tints.

The wholemeal loaf, that is, with 100 per cent. wholemeal, has practically gone out of vogue, as there was little demand for it, but quite a number of people are satisfied with a loaf sold as wholemeal which contains different ingredients a little more palatable than wholemeal.

Milk loaves, mixed with milk, presumably skim milk, instead of water, are used in large quantities by sections of the community, but the average housewife, when she has a taste for milk bread, prefers to run up a few scones or a damper herself.

The arabesque loaf is particularly sought after by foreigners. It is a loaf about two feet or more in length, which is not cut up with a knife, but broken with the hands. The Italians and Greeks favor this class of bread.

Cheese bread is also in the market, but the demand for it is small.

Many bakers are now turning out a loaf divided into two sections, one of brown bread and one of white, but this is more in the nature of a novelty, and is not likely to be in great demand.

The Berlin-style malt loaf, popular 20 years ago, has practically gone off the market.

Choice of Rolls

A LARGE city bakery, with its headquarters in Sydney, makes twelve different kinds of bread rolls, and its carters can offer the housewife a choice of the following forms of ordinary loaf: Twist, Kaiser, poppy seed, long rolls, crescent dinner rolls, torpedos, horseshoes, loaf, split loaf, long twists, horseshoes, Melba, Gipsy, cottage loaf, plaits and saltbanger.

The firm, however, has not yet found a carter able to reel off the lot when he comes to the back door with his basket.

It is interesting to compare the bread prices of the various States of Australia at the present moment, and compare them with the price of flour. In Sydney, flour is 47/5/- a ton, and bread 5d. a 2½lb. loaf. In the other States the prices are: Melbourne, flour 47/-, bread 4d.; Brisbane, 48/10/- and 4d.; Adelaide, 47/7/6 and 4d.; Perth, 49/10/- and 5d.

The Federal Government recently imposed a flour tax of 2/12/6 a ton to assist the wheatgrowers, and the question of whether or not this tax should be passed on to the housewife in the form of an increase in the price of bread has brought about the battle between the New South Wales Government and the master bakers.

ATKINSONS

black tulip

FACE POWDER

To endow your skin with loveliness

of such exquisite texture it transforms your skin - it remains invisible itself. Eight natural skin-tones. 1/6 and 2/6

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



RESTORES DAMAGED FORTUNES

MISS BERTHA O. SHERFY has been for 16 years director of the department of the United States Treasury which identifies and restores mutilated money.

So that if you ever feel in America that you "have money to burn," it may be possible to burn it and still have it to spend, if you save the ashes and send them to Miss Sherfy. No other country, however, is, in Miss Sherfy's belief, so generous as the U.S.A.

When trying to identify the pieces brought to her, Miss Sherfy and her force of specially-trained workers mount the fragments on a piece of paper the size of a banknote.

If three-fifths of the original note is found, full value of the note is returned to the owner.



—Monte Lutz.

CARNEGIE SCHOLARSHIP HOLDER

MRS. MARY TENISON WOODS was the first woman to be called to the Bar in South Australia, also the first woman notary public in Australia, and, according to the London "Times," the first woman notary public in the British Empire. A special Act had to be passed in South Australia to enable her to take up this position.

For the last two years Mrs. Woods has specialised in the problem of juvenile delinquents. She has just won a second Carnegie Scholarship for further research in this subject, and has been visiting Melbourne and Sydney for the purpose of investigating the place of institutional training in the treatment of young offenders.

Mrs. Woods makes her home in South Australia and has a seven-year-old son.



A "PUPPETEER."

SUE HASTINGS has many strings to pull in her job. For Miss Hastings's job consists of being a puppeteer, who controls the destinies of 500 actors who never get stagefright, temperamental, or indisposed. Here is the largest puppet population in the world, and she makes everything, from the plumed hat worn by Mae West, to the eight... ten foot stage. A puppet of Will Rogers cost approximately £10. Others have cost double that.

As a part of the new deal educational and recreational projection in America, Miss Hastings recently received an order from the Government to visit the Virgin Islands, and entertain the leper colony.

ALL are Not DIAMONDS that GLITTER!

Some Tricks of the Trade for Jewel Buyers

By Our Special Investigator

Nearly every woman wants diamonds, whether for every-day adornment or, more important, for her engagement ring.

But expert knowledge of diamonds is rare, and purchasers are warned in this article against tricksters in the trade.

No reputable firm will deceive its customers, but there are many small dealers in diamonds who know a few tricks and don't scruple at playing them.

IN spite of the fact that the Duke of York gave his Duchess an emerald, that the Duke of Kent chose a sapphire for his bride, the diamond was, is, and always will be, unless something very devastating happens, the world's most popular gem. This is in spite of—or because of—the fact that it is the most expensive of the precious stones.

One reason for woman's fondness for diamonds is that she likes a neutral-colored stone (the most popular diamonds are of the blue-white, colorless variety), and another is that she realises the diamond's market value.

Yet, in spite of the police, and despite an association of jewellers which tries to prevent frauds occurring in the sale of precious stones to the public such frauds are daily perpetrated.

In most forms of cheating, the cheat is held within reasonable bounds by two checks. His prospective victims must be chosen from the "mug" class, and the risk of his frauds being detected and punished is great.

At Jeweller's Mercy

BUT not so the nefarious diamond dealer.

The average woman cannot be deceived into believing that a dress length advertised as crepe-de-chine is really crepe-de-chine, when it is obviously fluff silk, but is at a loss with diamonds.

When buying diamonds she is entirely at the jeweller's mercy, for while everybody can learn to tell the difference between good and inferior alloys at a glance or at a touch, the art of rating diamonds is a matter for an expert, trained by years of experience.

In fact, even the buyers who visit Europe for many of Sydney's jewellers are not always capable of telling the value of stones they buy, but refer them to specialists who are often art dealers, highly trained and talented, for the final decree. There are not many men in Australia who have this special knowledge.

As a result, unscrupulous jewellers often make exorbitant profits on the sale of diamonds.

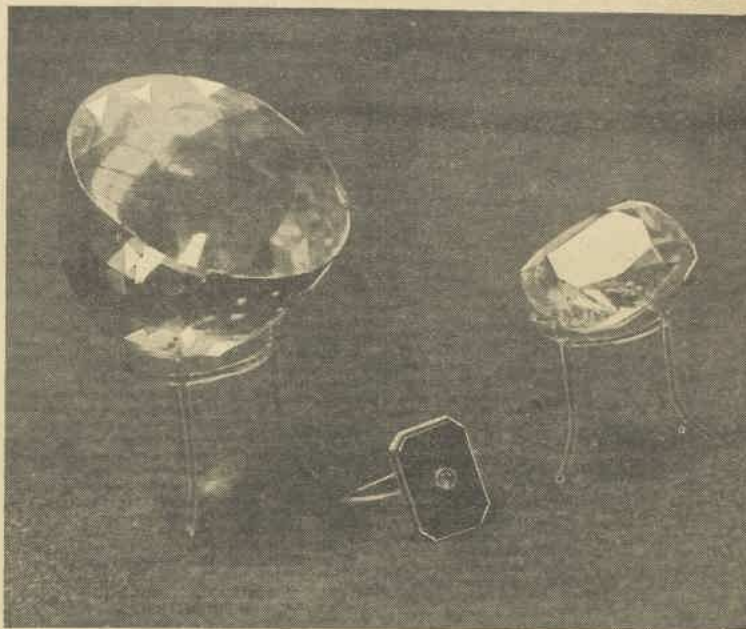
Most Are Genuine

AND yet dealers of this type cannot be punished, even by the Jewellers' Association, because if the public likes to pay too high a price for the goods it receives there is nothing to stop it. To give the devil his due, the rings advertised as diamond rings really are diamond rings. If they were paste, masquerading as diamond, then the fat would be in the fire with a vengeance.

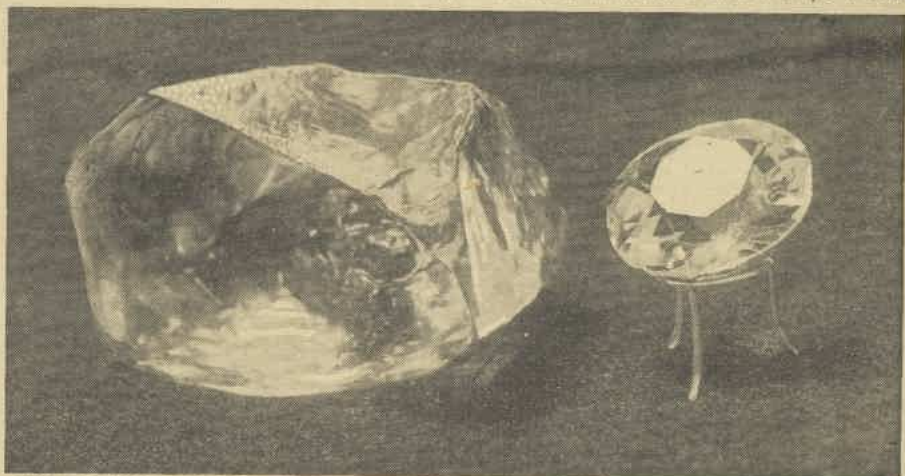
When, for instance, the public is deceived, as it sometimes is, by a jeweller correcting the less valuable yellow-tinted diamond by painting it with a pale blue solution (a trick which is only temporary in effect and can easily be detected by placing the diamond in spirit), or by selling as a diamond a white sapphire coated over with a thin layer of diamond paste, penalties can be exacted.

Hard To Detect Fraud

BUT our unscrupulous jewellers know they can deceive us to a reasonably satisfactory extent by keeping within the law, and are very careful not to play these illegal tricks.



FOUR OF the world's most famous and largest diamonds illustrate this article. Above, you see the "Great Mogul" and the "Hope" diamond. The "Great Mogul" was found in India about 1650. The "Hope" blue diamond also came from India, but its exact age is not known. It was supposed to have been stolen from the eye of an idol in a Burmese Temple in 1688.



THE ENORMOUS STONE in this photo is the "Cullinan" diamond, the largest ever found. It was mined in 1905 in Africa, and was purchased for £200,000 by the Transvaal Government and presented to King Edward. The photo shows a replica of the stone before it was cut into four large stones and 100 brilliants for the Royal Crown. The other diamond is the famous Koh-i-noor, which dates back to the year 1304.

If the fraud is not easily detected, except by a few experts, where is the harm? As long as the stones look expensive to their owners and their owners' friends, need anybody worry?

Unfortunately, yes. In the same way that the "primrose by the river's brim" was not just a primrose to the poet, so the diamond is not just a pretty ornament, but is the most liquid asset available in the world to-day.

During the War people, scared of money, bought up diamonds by the dozen and even the depression didn't cause their value to fluctuate. Wherever one travels, from China to Peru, or from Australia to the Continent, the possession of a diamond is many times more handy than a wad of banknotes. It is the universal currency. Jewish people in particular always are keen collectors of diamonds, that being to a great extent their national form of assets.

Good As Money

MONEY-LENDERS all the world over will accept the diamond and one well-known firm gives ten shillings to nearly six hundred pounds on a single stone.

If then, one believes one has the equivalent of £20 in one's possession and it turns out to be only £5, one may some day find oneself in a very awkward fix, or, at the best, extremely disappointed.

A good diamond will never let one down, for, though the market is largely controlled by one syndicate, that of the De Beers, steps are taken to ensure that the market is kept secure. De Beers throw bucketfuls of inferior diamonds away so as to ensure this, and for the same reason strictly prohibit any buyer from buying too great a quantity.

So, though we cannot stop the nefarious jeweller's nasty game, we can deal only with the reputable jewellers or consult an expert and avoid being robbed "within the law."

Don't Tamper with that Little Cough

Get the Best Treatment at once

COLDS SHOULD BE QUICKLY CLEARED AWAY

Do not neglect a Cold at its commencement. It is too often then referred to as "just a simple cold." Remember that too many serious and fatal cases of Chest Affections had their commencement with "just a simple cold," and that correct treatment in the beginning obviates not merely expense later on, but grave anxiety and serious trouble which invariably follow the neglect of colds. Attack the first sign of a cold with Hearne's Bronchitis Cure and quick relief will follow.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure expels from the lungs disease germs, corruption and phlegm, and it heals. Sufferers from distressing cough, difficulty of breathing, pain or soreness in the chest experience delightful and rapid relief. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice.



Be sure you get "Hearne's" . . . there is nothing "just as good"

OBTAINABLE ANYWHERE

As a few doses are usually enough, keep bottle corked for future use.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, HOARSENESS SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS &c.

SLUMDOM Threatens Seaside SUBURBS!

Speculative Building of Sunless, Airless Flats is
a Menace to the Health and Happiness
of the Community

By Our Special Commissioner.

Huge blocks of flats like gaol buildings are being built in Sydney, which in a few years will be little better than slum tenements.

Many of these are jerry-built structures, erected without any pretence to architectural design, jammed up close together, cutting off from each other the natural sunlight and air.

On one block of land on which once stood a single cottage, there are now fewer than 28 flats, facing a lane 20 feet wide, with practically no yard at all at the back and no place for children to play.

THE increasing popularity of flat life in the city and suburbs, and the consequent growth of the number of flats being erected in the suburbs to meet the demand, is raising a difficult problem which is exercising the minds of politicians, town-planners, and even the police.

There is a great vogue at the present time of building flats in the more popular suburbs such as Bondi, Waverley and Randwick, and under the present ordinances these buildings are allowed to occupy practically the whole of the ground in which they stand.

Many of the more recent buildings are erected practically on the building line in the front, and at the back of them there is no yard at all, or no yard worth the name, but barely a passage for the daily tradesmen to pass through on their rounds.

Many of them are jerry-built structures, erected without any pretence to architectural beauty of design, jammed up close together, cutting off from each other the natural sunlight and air.

Some of them are built on the sides of steep hills where the rooms adjacent to the hill get no sun during any part of the day, and in which electric light has to be used even at midday.

No playground space is available for children at all, with the result that the unfortunate youngsters who dwell in them have to find a playground in the streets, giving the neighborhood the aspect of a city slum area.

In the popular seaside resorts of Bondi and in Waverley this is happening to-day. While the buildings are new and in good repair they pass muster, but they rapidly deteriorate. With each succeeding tenancy they become shabbier and more unattractive. Often, small as they are, they are sub-let in rooms till they become crowded to suffocation and well on the way to slumdom.

Short-sighted Policy

IT is deplorable from a national point of view that some of our best seaside resorts should be allowed to develop into slum areas, but there can be no doubt that the short-sighted policy of the Government is allowing this to happen.

There is an area of land at North Bondi which since the war period was Crown land, and it was within the power of the Government to have developed it in accordance with all the experience of modern town planning.

Failing to seize the opportunity to turn this area into a model suburb, the Crown disposed of the land to private people in order to take advantage of the high prices then being obtained for seaside allotments.

No conditions were imposed by the Lands Department on the purchasers, and it was left entirely to the municipality to deal with the development of the area. However, as is well known, the councils, under the present legislation, are almost helpless. What is the result to-day? This magnificent seaside subdivision has been completely built over with a cheap class of small flats and will, inevitably, in the course of a few years, be a slum area instead of a healthy garden suburb.

Mr. Norman Thomas, the State member for Waverley, who is keenly interested in the parks and playground movement, recently brought under the notice of that body the case of a property on which a cottage was formerly erected.

Now there are no fewer than 28 flats on the one allotment of land on which the cottage stood, and they are facing a lane 20 feet wide, with practically no yard at all at the back and no place whatever for children to play.

Mr. Thomas states that blocks of flats with from four to twelve in each block are being erected by the dozen at Bondi at the present time, with no park or playground area whatever, and this sort of thing is being allowed to continue unchecked. He admits that the council has very little power in the matter, as under the present Local Government ordinances builders can do almost anything they like. He says, definitely, that many of our best areas to-day, under the present building regulations, will, through this intense building of flats, ultimately become congested slum areas.

Worse Than Terraces

HALF a century ago steps were taken to stop the endless building of terraces of houses, but not until very great damage had been done. These terraces of buildings had one advantage over the modern flat in that they had backyards and, often, gardens.

Mr. Thomas considers that many of the suburban flats being erected in Sydney at the present time are an infinitely greater menace, and that it is the height of folly for any Government to allow areas to spring up which in the near future will be slums and probably haunts for criminals, and which will inevitably have to be pulled down at very great cost.

The damage must be remedied at once by the introduction of legislation which will make it necessary for every builder to provide space proportionate to the amount of floor space in every building he erects.

In the hope of bringing our Local Government authorities to some realization of the importance of this position, a sub-committee of the Town Planning Association is now considering the mat-

ter with a view to making representations to the Government.

A recent visitor to Sydney, Mr. John Massfield, the poet Laureate, said that he regarded Australia as a country in which the British race would develop

under generous conditions to that fine standard that was seen in the Anzac, and that is seen to-day in the men and women on our surfing beaches.

Similar expressions have been made by men like Galsworthy and John Buchan, who stated that Australians should do everything in their power to prevent lack of regulations and the greed of the speculative builder from depriving our children of the glorious heritage of sunlight and air which is denied to children of many other countries.

Prominent members of the police force recognise the serious problem that is confronting Sydney in the wholesale erection of flats under the conditions named, and consider the position is already becoming acute in portions of the eastern suburbs.



SOVIET'S Beautiful Advertisement for RUSSIAN CULTURE...



BEAUTIFUL AND EXOTIC, Tania Weller, the Soviet dancer who was specially decorated by Stalin before leaving Russia for the outside world on a "goodwill" dance recital tour. Stalin has proclaimed her the greatest dancer of her day, and has given her special leave to appear in foreign capitals. The Soviet Government is stated to regard her tour in Central Europe as good propaganda and an advertisement for Soviet Art. She is at present in London.

The GIRL GUIDES Want Dress REFORM!

The International Boy Scout and Girl Guide jamboree, being held in Melbourne as part of the Centenary celebrations, has fired the imagination of every Australian. It is a great movement, this world-wide union of young people.

But why must the poor Girl Guides be dressed with such strict care for out-of-date convention? That is what many people have been asking, including some of the Guides themselves.

The boys are dressed ideally, but the girls are way back in line with the early Victorian sports girl model.

PART of the attraction of the Boy Scout movement has been its freedom from the conventionality of dress. There is nothing a healthy youth likes more than to get into an open shirt and a pair of shorts; but the poor Girl Guides are not given equal freedom.

When the Scout and Guide movements

was first started, the Guide costume was much less conventional and unwieldy than the fashions of the day for girls and young women; but who could anticipate the changes that were going to take place?

To-day the Girl Guide is frumpish and overdressed, compared with the sports girl, the tennis girl and the hiking girl of 1933.

Some of the Guides have expressed an enthusiastic desire to be dressed in smart shorts, like the boys, for camping purposes at least.

And various Guide companies have suggested a change in the uniform to suit Australian conditions, but it would mean altering the Association's constitution and so far only minor alterations have been made to the uniform designed to suit the English climate.

Queensland Guides are allowed to wear straw hats in summer, the Victorian Guides may wear linen hats, and Brownies may wear straw hats. The summer uniform of linen or drill is still a very hot one to wear and the high collar and thick wide tie is an uncomfortable addition for summer.

The staunch loyalty of the Guide is often severely shaken by the compulsion of wearing stockings, and black ones at that. It has been suggested that Guides could wear socks similar to those worn by Scouts only of lighter material, or that at least black shoes and stockings which show the dust—one of Australia's summer characteristics—should be changed to brown.

The color of the Guide uniform is a dull one in Australia's brilliant sunshine, and it should be possible to choose another color—green, khaki, lighter blue—without sacrificing the utilitarian aspect.

"I have smoked 44,000 during the past 5 years and have never suffered any throat trouble"

Try Craven "A." Test their smoothness, coolness and flavour; their freshness and freedom from all irritation. Carreras confidently invite your verdict on Craven "A"—the Cigarette that is made specially to prevent sore throats.

CRAVEN "A"



ONE Day's SPORT

A COMPLETE
SHORT STORY

Illustrated by LESLIE

Nancy, stalking big game, wounded a Bishop, and then her quest took a surprising turn.

HAVING read every other part of the paper, even to the advertisements, John Norton turned to the Society columns, and there saw his own name.

"Sir Harold Cheney has rented Falloeden again this season and is entertaining a party there. Among those present is Mr. John Norton, who, it will be remembered, has lately returned from Africa, where he has been shooting big game."

Would anyone have known he had been shooting big game if the papers had not told them they remembered? He thought not, and smiled, readjusting his eyeglass.

Dear old Harold, it was evidently another of his famous parties, same vintage as before. He always got together the oddest assortment of people, and none of them could ever shoot. Strange how plenty of money fires a man to attempt that which he can never hope to achieve. The heartiest of good fellows, old Harold would never in this world be a sportsman. There was not the slightest chance of his hitting anything he aimed at, no matter what gun he did it with. The only lives he endangered were those of his guests, who, it was John's experience, usually returned valiantly.

The Bishop of Barchester. . . That would be on Lady Cheney's account. She loved to have the Church about her. He mused. . . I wonder why old Harold married a missionary? Queer things men do. Most chaps would have thought twice before taking Lady Cheney on. She was so extremely nice-minded. She saw double entendres where there were none meant. It must be difficult to live with a woman as nice-minded as Lady Cheney. He felt glad he had not got to do it, and lit a cigarette. Old Harold had met her on a Bibby boat, going East. Perhaps, thought John, she looked better by moonlight; and, of course, the oddest things happen at sea.

He stiffened suddenly, finding another name. A name that brought flooding into his mind memories grave

By a Girl of 17

Estelle

Jade rings were made for hands like yours,
Vague, wistful, slender things
With subtle hint of mystery
That to their paleness clings.
Your hands might fashion all my dreams,
And shape them to your will,
Of phantom-grey half waking light.
The gods of morning spilt,
I think that I shall ask of God
When last I come to pray
That, at the end, your hands be near
To lead my soul away.
—YVONNE WEBB.

and gay, and transfigured his face with a somewhat wry smile—Miss Nancy Griffiths. . . That was an odd coincidence, and he knew it could not be the same, for the Nancy he knew was Griffiths no longer, but belonged to his youth, and had at one time strolled into his heart, and furnished it to suit her own convenience, and then strolled out again. He discarded her from mind hastily and admired the landscape. It altered little from mile to mile, after the manner of the Lowlands of Scotland. Some hills, a river, a little knot of trees, some more hills. It might have been a bedroom frieze. He dozed, shutting out of his mind that Nancy of long ago.

"**W**E ought to get some sport," said Sir Harold. "Jolly party here this year. Splendid fellows. Young Dancy, Manchester Regiment. Know him? We met him on board ship going to Egypt. 'The Bishop?' He whispered hoarsely in a loud aside, 'Friend of the wife, but you'll like him. . . Some of my wife's relations coming, too. You might like some of them. And then there's Nancy.'"

He smiled, recalling Nancy. Evidently Nancy was nice. John said, without a wink of an eyelid to give away the sentiments that name recalled.

"Where does she come from?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, she is a distant relation of my wife's. We met her coming from New York. She and Harriet seemed to cotton on to one another. You'll like her."

A relation of Harriet's? That catalogued her all right. For the debonair, tip-tilted face that smiled in his memory could never have been connected with the grim Lady Cheney who was so suitably styled Harriet.

What a cheeky and inconsequential girl that other Nancy had been. Why could she not go out of his memory, and take her face with her? Was it possible that the lean young man with the long, fluffy moustache, who in his memory pictures accompanied that Nancy so devotedly wherever she went, was indeed himself? Oh, days of youth, how fast they fade. Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting.

Well, whatever he had lost, that moustache had gone too, thank Heavens for that. The things one did with one's face, before one knew any better.

The party was assembled in the hall at tea, animated as a party is wont to be, composed of fifteen people who have next to nothing in common. Small talk was of a desultory nature, sniping rather than steady gunfire. The Bishop had the ear of Lady Cheney and no one tried to take it from him. Lady Cheney's relations were paired off in corners, where they had the air of persons planning crime rather than visitors out to enjoy themselves. Sir Harold talked sport. His pleasantness marched with heavy tread in the direction of John.

"After dinner, John, grouse will seem a bit small to you. But we've got roe deer."

Captain Dancy said, "I have never shot a roe. I am awfully keen to shoot a woe. I remember once—"

People were not interested in his recollections even before the door opened and the parlourmaid announced "Miss Nancy Griffiths."

In she came, not exactly pretty, but the sort of person who gives the impression at sight of always having a perfectly marvellous time. She had driven herself alone all the way from England in a two-seater, and no other woman could have weathered the accumulation of adventures that had come Miss Griffiths' way. For first, she had lost a wheel, and then she had run into a cow the size of a cottage, backing the mudguards like so much macaroni, said Miss Griffiths. And then, one had sat for hours in a ditch in the rain, waiting for someone to do a job of running repairs, which Miss Griffiths said she made a point of never knowing anything about herself, because it simply did not pay. But in spite of all this turmoil there she sat, looking as neat and well-groomed and creased and mottled as if she had just been lifted out of a box and unwashed from tissue paper, marked "Specimen of Lady, 1935."

John watched her from a window recess, extremely taken aback, and the

"I had to talk to you," said John, kneeling beside the bed. "This foolery with Dancy has got to stop."

prey to a number of assorted emotions as he listened to her tale of adventures and hairbreadth escapes, well aware the whole was lies.

For it was the same Nancy. Hard as he found it to believe his eyes, and little as he had ever dreamed fortune could play a trick like that upon him, there she was. No older—if anything, younger, after the miraculous fashion of women who can take flesh off here and put it on somewhere else to the dressmaker's orders. Nancy had taken off a lot all round since he saw her last and it gave her a distressingly helpless and girlish look which, knowing his Nancy, he resented. It was not fair. Moreover, she had reverted to her maiden name, and ten to one her hosts knew nothing whatever about what she had done in Malta six years ago. He doubted whether they had any idea she had been married at all. And here she was, full of life, tearing over England in a two-seater, knocking down old men and bumping into cows, and looking like a carefree girl.

SIR HAROLD came along, bent on introductions.

"And here, my dear, is Mr. John Norton. Just back from shooting lions in Africa."

You would have thought she would turn a hair at least at seeing him, who knew so much, but not Nancy. She was delighted. She held out both hands.

"Well, I declare. Mr. Norton and I knew each other long ago in Malta. And we quite lost sight of one another for years."

"You would have thought she would turn a hair at least at seeing him, who knew so much, but not Nancy. She was delighted. She held out both hands."

By DOROTHY BLACK

The fund of delight that girl had! He might have been her best friend, and certainly none of the bitterness they had parted in haunted her as it had haunted him.

"So you shoot lions?" said Nancy. "Aren't you lucky? I'm terribly interested, because I'm planning to go after big game myself. I've bought a gun and had three lessons, and I'm going to begin on the moors here, and after that we shall see."

He put in his eyeglass and had another look at her.

"A new craze for you, isn't it?"

"Oh, quite. This will be the first time I've taken my gun out alone, into the great open spaces, so to speak. Won't it be fun?"

"Quite all sorts of fun, I should say," remarked John, dryly.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again in my motto," said Nancy.

"Then I am sure we are all in for a real jolly week-end."

"Don't be cruel. What is this party like?"

"Just what it looks like."

"Dear Harriet. She always has the oddest collection of people. I think she hopes to let light into their souls by the burning. Found me smouldering away, as it were, on the Mauritanian, so now I am here to try and get a taste for home life. What do you say to that? I don't know a soul here except you and Captain Dancy, and I think his moustache is awfully like a neat bow tie."

"Are you really a relation of Lady Cheney's?" he asked.

"Second cousin. Nature will have her joke," said Nancy, and she left him for Captain Dancy, who galvanised into life at her coming. People always did galvanise into life when she came. Tiresome, how one remembered and remembered. Oh, days of youth! She had pulled off her hat, carelessly, in the old way she had, and now she sat, laughing gaily about nothing, with her hairdressing all rumpled like a boy who has been sailing. Nancy was not pretty, but she had a carefree jollity that time could not make any lines on.

John went out for a stroll and met the keeper. The keeper was exercising dogs. He was a small dour man with a moustache like a forlorn and neglected nailbrush left long in the soapdish.

"Aye, I mind ye fine," he said. "Ye was with us the season the master shot Mr. MacKenzie."

He recalled straying dogs with a blast on a whistle.

"Och, we've got the birds all right, but I doot there's anyone but yerself

sufferable if he was singled out by the only attractive woman in the party. He was conceited enough as it was. Young men unable to speak the English language properly should be drowned, said John, before their eyes are opened.

It was going to be a nuisance, having the next room to Nancy. Half the night talking went on there. He could hear Lady Cheney, and they must needs sit at the window. He could hear Lady Cheney having another pluck at that unlikely brand.

"You ought to marry, dear, and settle down. A pretty girl like yourself. The house is woman's sphere."

Dear Lady Cheney, she had a sphere prepared for everyone, and how vexed she was when they would not go into the one she had ready. Her heart was pure gold. She longed to do everything good, but how they balked her.

"Gerald Dancy," said Lady Cheney plaintively. "Such a nice young man. So good. All the right thoughts."

Nancy was obviously yawning.

"You think so. Why not John Norton?"

"My dear, I can't tell you why, but I am convinced that man has a past."

Nancy yawning some more. "Sure he has—I knew him long ago—Malta. Gay dog, I can tell you."

He nearly put his head out of the window and yelled to them to shut up, but Nancy's words galvanised him. Of all the unutterable nerves! He laughed, his face twisted into a wry smile. He shut his window and his mind against them, and went to sleep.

HE awoke to a morning of gold and green, and the crystal-clear glory of the north. Wind in the larches and sun upon the heather, and all the limes in the garden loud with bees. He had decided to be very cold with Nancy, but she was in such high spirits it is doubtful if she noticed.

They fortified themselves against the coming slaughter with eggs and bacon. With kipper and herrings crisp and brown in oatmeal. With oatcake and heather honey. There was porridge also, and cream, to be eaten standing, out of green earthenware quichies, for Sir Harold was Scots by everything but birth. He wore the kilt and carried it with a swing, too. As he was not entitled to wear any tartan, and was never a man to accept favors; he invented one of his own. Beige it was, with a plum stripe running through it diagonally.

In the glory of the morning the party mounted the moor. There was a noticeable movement away from Sir Harold by such as had shot with him before. When they reached the line of hills that were anchored all along the ridge of heather, like small boats on a purple sea, came one of those strange transformations common to Scotland. For in the twinkling of an eye the sun was gone, taking the rest of the beautiful morning away with it under its arm. A little wind came blowing off the sea. Masses of mist, thick and white, rolled over the moor, wiping out the hills, and filling the valley up to the brim.

Please turn to Page 33

MURDER in the STALLS

His own immunity, secured by the coroner's verdict, was not sufficient for the secret killer—his revenge was still incomplete



PROFESSOR ELDON HARKNESS was not greatly interested in the theatre. "First nights," "One hundredth performances" and "Record runs" left him cold. And while acknowledging the important part played by the stage in social life, he was aware of a feeling of good-humored contempt for these enthusiasts who in his opinion sat far too long on stools far too small waiting for the doors to open.

The Professor had two leading interests in life—science and criminology. The first was his avocation. The second, his hobby. And it is reasonable to suppose that, in the pursuit of the latter, he had been brought into such intimate contact with the real drama of life that he had small patience to spare for the make-believe.

It may be imagined, therefore, that unusual circumstances were responsible for his presence at the Imperial Theatre on the opening night of a thriller called "The Squaller."

Earlier in the day, Detective-Inspector Garton of Scotland Yard, with whom the Professor, on a number of occasions, had worked in the elucidation of crimes of major importance, had rung up and asked him to share a couple of seats, at the theatre named, that night.

"Are you seriously inviting me to accompany you to the theatre?" demanded Harkness, with a chuckle.

"I am. There's nothing funny about this is there?"

The detective sounded a trifle agrieved.

"I thought we might pick up a tip or two from the play. It's 'The

The three rows of stalls between them and the stage were but sparsely occupied when Harkness and the detective entered the auditorium.

But by the time they had settled down the theatre was almost full. Nevertheless, a number of places in the front rows of stalls still remained unoccupied, notably four or five in the second row and one in the third, immediately in front of Garton.

Footlights commenced to glow and the hum of conversation grew more loud as the late-comers edged their way to their seats. Then, as the conductor lapped sharply on his music desk, a sudden hush fell on the house.

The performance had begun.

Among the last arrivals was a slender, dark, bearded man of medium height, who took the vacant stall immediately in front of Garton's. The remaining seats that until then had been unoccupied were now filled by men in evening dress.

The detective pointed out one of these to Harkness.

"See that tall fair chap in the second row—three seats to my left?" he said in the Professor's ear.

Harkness looked and saw a distinguished-looking man of about forty-five, immaculately dressed and wearing an eyeglass.

"Yes."

"Dramatic critic. Carr Forsyth. Used to be crime reporter on the 'Morning Echo.' Knew him well."

Further conversation was checked by the rising of the curtain, and the two men concentrated their attention on the stage.

The first act took the customary course of the first acts of most detective dramas, and, while Harkness was conscious of a pleasurable thrill of excitement and mystification, Garton was obviously bored and contemptuous.

The Professor's interest, however, was soon centred in the leading lady—a woman of exceptional beauty and great dramatic powers.

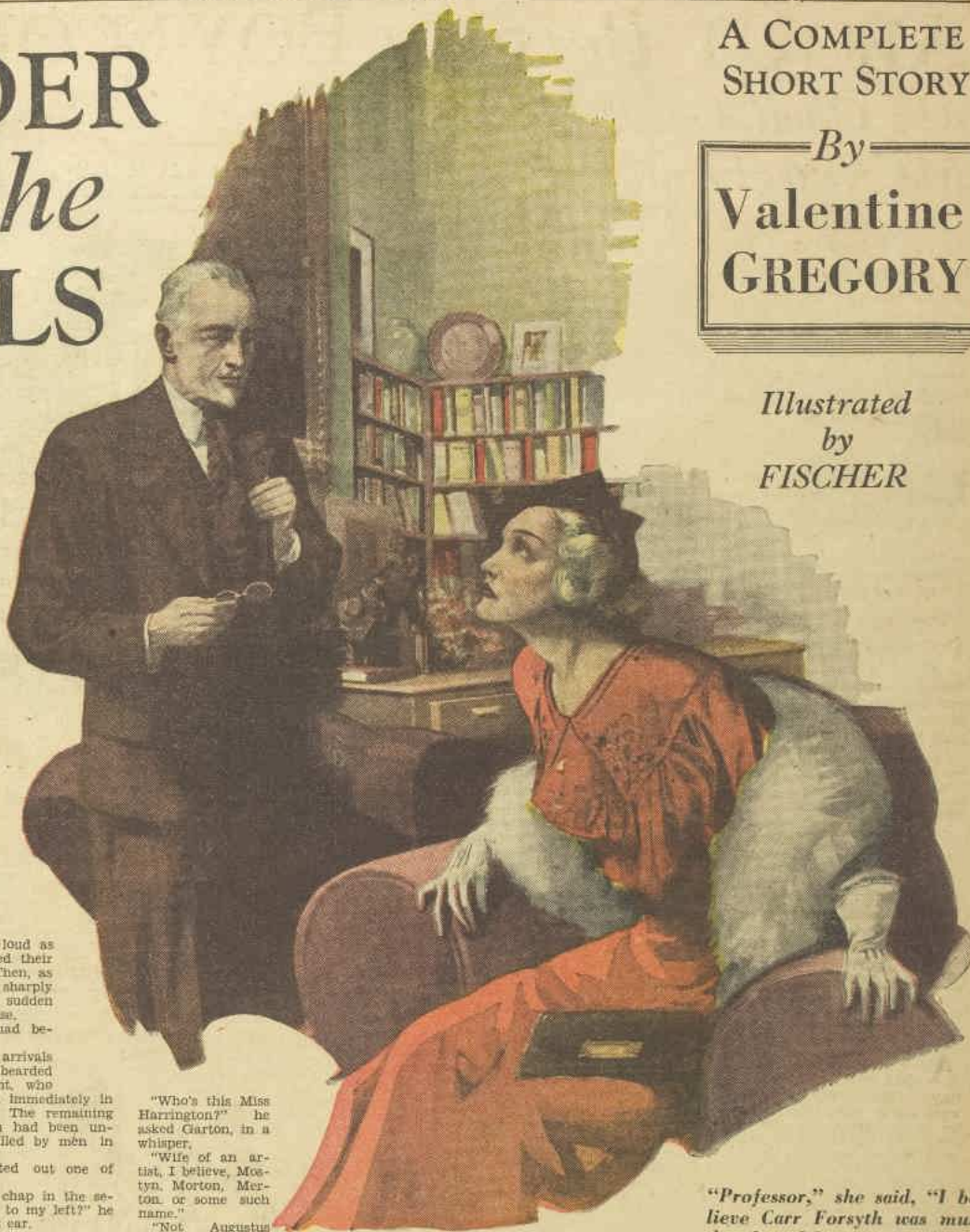
A little above the middle height, shaped like a goddess, moving with the subtle grace of a panther, her crown of sombre hair shadowed eyes of dark brilliance fringed with lashes of unusual length.

SO struck was Harkness with the sincerity of her acting that he experienced a shock of disappointment when on two or three occasions he detected her in patent and pointed recognition of a member of the audience.

Then he realised that her smiles were directed at the man pointed out to him by Garton as the well-known dramatic critic, Carr Forsyth.

Moreover, he seemed to read in her smiles a deeper sincerity than the mere wish to placate one of the arbiters of the stage. There was in her glance something that very nearly approached passion.

During one of the actress' temporary absences from the stage, the Professor consulted his programme, to find that the name of the woman who had already added for him an extraneous interest to the performance was given as Cleo Harrington.



A COMPLETE
SHORT STORY

By
**Valentine
GREGORY**

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

"Who's this Miss Harrington?" he asked Garton, in a whisper.

"Wife of an artist, I believe, Mestyn, Morton, Meriton, or some such name."

"Not Augustus Morton?"

"You've hit it."

The re-entry on to the stage of the subject of their whispered interchange drew the attention of both men back to the play.

Harkness followed the actress' movements with increased interest, and did not fling in his attention until the end of the act.

"What about a drink?" suggested Garton.

"Not for me," replied Harkness. "You go. I'll wait until the second interval."

"**R**IGHT you are, Professor," returned Garton, rising.

Left alone, Harkness amused himself by watching the movements and listening to the chatter of the people in front and around him.

He saw Carr Forsyth rise and hurry through the curtained exit under the left-hand stage box, and, with a smile, guessed at his destination.

The pale, bearded man who occupied the stall in front of Garton's stood up immediately after; but, instead of stepping out into the gangway, turned left and pushed his way along behind the second row of seats.

In doing so, he put the occupants of the third row to some discomfort, and Harkness thought it strange that he should choose to force a passage between the stalls rather than step out into the gangway and take the easier course in front of the orchestra rail.

The lights were being lowered in the auditorium when Garton edged himself past the Professor's knees and dropped into his stall, and by the time the curtain rose on the second act all were back in their places save Carr Forsyth and the bearded man who had been Garton's front neighbor.

The first scene had been in progress about five minutes when Harkness' eye was caught by the glint of a dress shirt-front between the curtains through which Forsyth had disappeared at the interval.

"Professor," she said, "I believe Carr Forsyth was murdered, and I want you to help me discover the murderer!"

Then with his handkerchief held in his right hand he leaned over, resting his hand on the back of the seat, and peered at the ghastly face of the dead or dying man.

"Get him out of this," he said. "It won't hurt him to be moved."

The inert form was carried carefully to the manager's room and laid upon a table.

Harkness accompanied the bearers, and quickly satisfied himself that Carr Forsyth was dead. If he suspected the cause of death he said nothing.

He assumed that the dead critic had friends who would take all necessary steps to elucidate the sudden tragedy, and merely handed his card to the agitated manager, in case his evidence should be required at any subsequent inquiry.

As he was about to leave, the door burst open violently and Miss Harrington, dishevelled and distraught, flung across the room and threw herself on her knees beside the dead man.

Unheeded, Harkness withdrew, softly closing the door behind him.

WHEN he returned to the stalls the play was again in progress. Garton barely heeded the Professor's return, beyond muttering: "Heart attack, I suppose."

"Of a sort—yes," replied Harkness, and again gave his attention to the stage.

Miss Harrington's place had been taken by her understudy, and the piece, owing more to the thrilling situations created by the author than to the merit of the actors, worked out to the inevitable conclusion of such plays—which is to say that virtue was triumphant, and the hero won the girl of his heart.

Please turn to Page 42

My Favorite Poem

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be.
The last of life, for which the
first was made,
Our times are in his hands,
Who said,
'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half: trust
God, see all,
Nor be afraid.'
From 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,' by
Robert Browning.
Sent in by Mrs. E. J. Davies,
Randwick.

"Squaller," you know—a posthumous play by Warwick Ellis, the famous thriller-writer, who died only a year or so ago."

"Oh, yes?" returned Harkness.

A note of interest had entered his voice. Scientist with a European reputation though he was, he had been an avid reader of the detective stories by the author named.

"That puts rather a different complexion on it," he said, after a brief pause. "Till" accept, Garton, with pleasure.

"That's fine!"

There was no mistaking the gratification in the detective's tone; perhaps, too, a hint of pride.

"Will you make it eight o'clock, in the foyer?"

"Till be there. Good-bye!"

Harkness hung up the receiver and rang for his man Hawlings.

Garton had secured seats in the fourth row of the orchestra stalls—the first and second from the centre gangway, on the left-hand side, facing the stage. Harkness chose the outside position.

ABOUT Being a BOY SCOUT

My Good Deeds Got Me Into Trouble

Sitting around campfires is one of the best things I do. I learned it in the Scouts. I had a lot of difficulty at first before I became a Wolf Cub.

They said my knees weren't knobby enough. However, with a bit of influence, I managed to sneak into the troop. Lord Baden-Powell said that I was one of the best Scouts he'd ever had.

I REMEMBER how we used to sit around the camp fire, singing:

A fellow called Lord Baden-Powell
Invented the wolf cubs' great howell,
After swimmin' and waden,
When he'd finished baden,
And found that he hadn't a towell.

Them were the days.

YOU ought to have seen me scampering about doing good deeds! I'd sneak up with a furtive but benevolent glint in my eye and before the victim knew it I'd done him a good deed and was away. After that I'd be free for the day.

I did two good deeds in one day last Easter. I was helping an old lady across the road (Good Deed No. 1) and she got tangled up with a motor bus, and (Good Deed No. 2) I helped to load her into the ambulance.

But I suppose you want to hear about my camp



cooking, tent-erecting, fire-building, pathfinding, and all that. I'll tell you about an experience I had while I was qualifying for my pathfinder's badge. I was sitting on a log in the forest, lily

blowing my whistle, when it occurred to me that if I was to go to the big Centenary Jamboree in Melbourne I'd better brush up on my pathfinding.

So I started through the forest and after a few hours I came upon tracks. I followed these for another couple of hours until, just as it was getting dusk, I discovered that I had been walking in circles and was following my own tracks. I commenced to run, and very soon I caught up with myself. Sneaking up behind myself with such stealth that not a twig cracked, I gave myself a hearty smack on the back. Startled, I looked around. There was no one there!

By
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost
-- HUMORIST --
Illustrated by WEP

Never in all my scouting experience have I had such a weird experience. Calming myself, I resolved to camp in the forest for the night. It was then that my training as a scout stood me in good stead. Hastily chopping down a number of trees, I built a log cabin consisting of a bed-sitting-room, kitchen, and bath, and then went out and strangled a bird and made it ready for cooking. I then built a fire.

It was rather a bigger fire than I needed. After about a quarter of an hour it extended for about eight miles in one direction and four miles in another. That was how I got my medal. I also had my photo in the paper. It had underneath: "Gallant Boy Scout Helps Fight Bush Fire."

My Bosom Friends

I ALSO rescued a girl from a blazing farmhouse. Of course, I cracked her one on the nose. I could have knocked her cold, but I didn't. That was another good deed.

I lost my pole in that fire, and I've felt practically naked ever since. It was very useful. When pursued by ravenous creditors I would just climb up my pole and from the top look down and laugh in a bawling, mocking, maddening manner. I have a new pole now, but there's no pole like an old pole. They are poles apart, so to speak.

I was measured for a folding pole to take to the Melbourne Jamboree, and it is a great success. There are Scouts from all countries here, Chinese, Indians, Eskimos, and even people from Footscray and Balmalm. I have made great friends with the Chinese troop, and How Now, Yoo Too, and See Me are my bosom friends. We vie with each other in doing good deeds.

I got up at three o'clock yesterday morning to fold up Yoo Too's blankets. That's why I'm wearing these bandages.

But never mind; the Boy Scout Movement has instilled into me such a revolting sense of chivalry and helpfulness that most people leave me alone now. Which is something to be grateful for.

DECEPTIVE Tactics in CONTRACT

By ELY CULBERTSON, World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst.

A FAVORITE trick which has existed ever since the day, almost forty years ago, when Bridge Whist first became a factor in the history of the Whist family, and yet has lost little of either its popularity or effectiveness, sometimes makes it possible for a declarer to slip through a trick with a singleton king. The play is very crude and very obvious, yet there are several million Bridge players who can still be depended upon to fall for it constantly.

It is well known that when declarer leads from Dummy toward an assumed king-jack combination or its equivalent in his own hand, second hand, if he holds the ace, should play low. His hope is that declarer, who can win a trick with the king if the ace is on his right, or establish his king for the next round by finessing the jack if the queen is on his right, will make the wrong guess. The purpose of declarer must therefore be when his king is unguarded to create the impression that he plans to finesse. When the cards are placed as follows, he may gain the trick:

Dummy
H: J 10 6 3
Declarer
H: K

H: Q 9 5 2
W
S
H: A 8 7 4

Assuming that some other suit is trump, South could lead from Dummy not a small heart, but the jack. East is as likely as not to play low, hoping that South will let the jack go through to West's queen. Even when Dummy

does not hold the ten, the jack should still be led, at times with gratifying results. Inasmuch as North must be prepared to lose a trick in any case unless some such extraordinary measures as these prove successful, it costs nothing to try.

Another means of avoiding a losing finesse is still more likely to succeed, because the defensive player whom declarer is trying to deceive has no accurate means of telling just what sort of mistake the declarer hopes to lure him into making.

East, dealer.

North-South vulnerable.
S: A Q 8 2
H: 10 8 6 4
D: A 8 2
C: Q 10

S: 6 4 3
H: 9
D: J 7 6 5 4
C: 8 7 3 2

N
S
E
W

S: J 7
H: K Q J 7 5 2
D: 9 3
C: A 6 5

The bidding:

	East	South	West	North
1 C		1 H		3 H
Pass		4 H		Pass
Pass				

AFTER South becomes declarer at four hearts, West opens the club deuce, the suit East bid. South plays Dummy's ten. East plays the jack and South can see that one heart trick, one club trick and one diamond trick must be lost and that he has a further probable loser in spades. This last may be eliminated by means of a finesse, in which case the contract will be made. But because of East's bid, South assumes that the finesse will lose, and that he will be set.

There is a way of avoiding the losing spade finesse, however, by turning it into a trap into which East might well fall. The seven of spades is led to Dummy's ace and the deuce of spades returned. Now East has no reasonable basis by which to decide on the correct play. He may know what South is doing, but South's play would have been proper in either of two cases. If South had a singleton spade and East plays the king, South can ruff and obtain a discard for a losing diamond on Dummy's spade queen. If South holds the spade jack, failure by East to play his king will cost him a trick. South by this means turns a losing finesse into a situation which has as good a chance of succeeding as of failing.

(Copyright.)



DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR RHEUMATISM AND BACKACHE

Don't suffer the agony of backache, rheumatism, stiff, swollen joints, etc. Let Harrison's Pills help you as they have thousands of others. Men and women who had had all hope of recovery write their thanks after getting quick, grateful relief from Harrison's Pills. This famous medicine, bearing a noted London Doctor's signature on every genuine package, drives out the cause of the pain—the virus poison in the system that is lowering your vitality, sapping strength, and inducing crippling pains and illness. Regain your early vigor and elastic step. Get Harrison's Pills to-night. \$1.00 will cure you. Ask your chemist or druggist, now, while you think of it, for Harrison's Pills. . . . tomorrow you will be well repaid. Three sizes: 18 pills, 27, 32 pills, 87, or 96 pills 57.

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait.
sketched by Petrov

TRANSFORM THOSE Tired Summer DRESSES....

Helpful sketches
for your guidance



• A BLUE lace dress (above) is remodelled by adding a roll collar and sash of pink and mulberry taffeta.



• A "dated" evening dress is brought up to the minute by being converted into a tunic with a flared underskirt.



• A BROWN crepe frock is transformed by the addition of a pink pique yoke and bow and a short cape.



• A WHITE linen dress is made into a skirt with which is worn a red linen jacket and shir blouse.



• NEXT season's navy crepe frock is given new life by having a yoke and upper sleeves of pale blue crepe spokestitched on.

New Life for "Dated" Modes

You will soon be tiring of some of your summer frocks. Although they are still perfectly good, you feel you would like a change. Here are some practical suggestions for refurbishing them.

EVENING frocks can be made to look very different by the judicious use of accessories. If you have a frock of plain material in one color, there is no end to the possibilities.

Jackets and capes, chiffon scarves, satin or organdie flowers, colored sashes, sequin belts, over-blouses—these can all be used with varied effects. The dress may be of chiffon, lace, crepe or satin, and the accessories of any material. A chiffon scarf, yards long, of the full width of the material, with a four-inch bias frill sewn all around it, can be worn over a dress in a contrasting color. A red or green scarf over a blue or pink dress; a royal blue scarf over a white, yellow, or green dress.

You can wear it two or three ways. Clip the centre to the base of the decollete in front, throw each end over the shoulders, cross them at the back waist, and bring round to the front. It can be placed high across the throat in front, clipped together at the waist in back, and allowed to hang. It can be worn like a fichu around the shoulders with the ends hanging in front.

SASHES are attractive on plain frocks, especially when they are in two or three colors. A pale pink crepe dress has a sash composed of three inch strips of satin joined together; mulberry, lime green and deep pink. It is twisted around the waist, ties at the side, front, and both ends hang to the ground. Striped ribbon, velvet ribbon, taffeta and chiffon can all be used. Two shades of chiffon sewn together make wide swathed sashes with long floating ends.

Large artificial flowers placed at the base of the neckline, back or front, or tucked in the belt are very fashionable again. They are quite easy to make oneself out of georgette, organdie, or satin.

Stiff sequin belts, inches wide, are very smart on dark frocks.

If you have a straight skirt, split it to just below the knee on one side.

Sketched above is a transformation of a plain blue lace frock and coat. The coat has been made into a cape with a roll collar of pink taffeta. A long sash has been added by joining together pink and mulberry ribbon.

The next sketch shows a dress that was originally a high-necked flared evening dress. The neckline has been cut down, the skirt made narrow and cut off below the knees to form a tunic.

Glass Tunics
A NEW transparent fabric made of glass is being used in Paris for tunics worn over heavy satin evening gowns.

a full underskirt has been put on to a short chiffon petticoat. This underskirt could be in a dark color under the light tunic.

For the Daytime

I HAVE told you before how you can transform day frocks by adding contrasting jackets, three-quarter coats, scarves, belts, sashes, buttons, cuffs and collars.

On dark frocks white lingerie touches or collars and cuffs of white pique will always look fresh and new.

Sashes of spotted linen or crepe-de-chine look well on pastel cotton or crepe frocks. A dark brown or navy blue or black satin or crepe sash is smart on a severely simple pastel crepe frock.

If you have a white dress with white

buttons, try for a change navy blue buttons, a tailored navy belt and a navy and white spotted crepe-de-chine scarf. A printed floral crepe-de-chine sash and very short jacket will transform a dark or a light dress.

Sketched on this page are three bigger alterations to summer dresses. The first day-ensemble was a plain brown crepe frock. The top part of the dress was cut off and a pink pique yoke and bow put on, then a short pique cape was added. This cape goes back under the arms and fastens at the centre back.

A Useful Jacket

THE next sketch shows you what to do with an old white linen dress. Cut the bodice off and make a skirt out of the dress, then add a cherry linen jacket and a cherry shirt and you have an attractive sports suit.

The dress on the right is suitable for any formal occasion, even though it is a renovation! Originally a navy blue dull crepe frock, it has been changed completely by having a yoke and upper sleeves of pale blue crepe spokestitched on. This spokestitching is half an inch wide, and is in itself an attractive trimming for a plain frock.

AS frocks are plainer and narrower than they were last summer, it should be quite simple to bring them up to date. Make the sleeves plain, tighten the skirts, slit them at either side about three inches. Have low or high necks, leave the waist and the length the same as before.

PARIS... SNAPSHOTS

NEW accessories for sports and tailored suits are printed striped cotton net scarves.

HUMBLE daisies are fashion's favorite flowers. They are worn in hats and in a bunch at the waistline. They are sewn on to ribbon belts that tie with a bow both front and back.

LACE is having a great vogue in Paris. Chanel makes black Spanish lace wrap-around frocks, trimmed with white Valenciennes ruffles; all lace evening handkerchiefs, large enough to be worn as shoulder capelets, are new.

MOUSE skin is the name of a new heavy crepe satin; the name is derived from its shade and texture. It will make many elegant afternoon frocks.

COLORED felt scarves, belts, and waistcoats are among the new season's sports accessories.

MULTI-COLORED beaded belts cheer up dark afternoon frocks.

DYED fur is a smart luxury. Fox coats on evening coats match the velvet or satin. Navy-blue, bottle-green, and cinnamon fox or moleskin trims day coats and dresses.

WINTER styles in Paris have a distinctly Russian tendency; wide-belted flaring long tunic suits or top coats loaded with astrakhan and worn with high astrakhan Cossack hats.

A Sheaf of New Fashions...

Garnered Abroad by Muriel Segal and Sent by Air Mail!



● THIS TWO-PIECE dinner gown by Heim created quite a riot in chic Parisian circles. Ultra-modern, it nevertheless owes a good deal to the Victorian era—but what a cold shoulder Queen Victoria would have turned on that back!

● ANOTHER wool frock of the featherweight genre (below). A Dorville model, it has a slit skirt and an original belt made of a new semi-opaque, horn-like substance.



● LIGHTWEIGHT tailored jersey cloth fashions this Dorville model. The ingeniously-worked collar is in pastel blue and pink and these colors are repeated in the belt, which is of the very newest "post-and-rail" type.

● PRINCESS MARTHE BIBES-CO had this gown made by Heim to wear at the big dinner in New York of the International Aeronautic Federation, at which she presided. Of white satin moire, it has an intricately-cut skirt, full and flouncing, and a new cut to the bodice. With it the Princess wore a white feather capelet.

Gay Gilets and Post-and-Rail Belts are Piquant New Notes

IT is always interesting to hear what that exclusive and very Parisian maison de couture, "Heim," is creating for the smart French women who have been clients of Madame Heim all their lives and their mothers and grandmothers before them in the good old days when Parisian chic was not copied by England or America.

MANY of the guests at the Royal wedding ordered their toilettes from Heim, including the Princess de Chimay and the Belgian Ambassador's wife, the Baronne de Gailfrier d'Hestroy.

The Princess de Chimay ordered one of the new ensembles, gilet, hat, and muff-gloves to match, which are selling like hot cakes in Paris.

These gilets or waistcoats can be worn under a coat or under the jacket of a suit, and they are wonderfully cool in cotton or silk fabrics or lame for summer wear, and in cloths or velvets or furs for winter they are equally cozy. And, too, they give a chic relieving touch of color to the dark suit.

The hats a la mode which Heim makes to go with the ensemble are tall toques that can be squashed down and pulled around to suit the wearer. The gloves made for the winter sets have long, fur lined cuffs which turn down over the hands to form muffs, so that is how you may expect to keep your hands warm next winter. If you are in the money, your cap, waistcoat and gloves will be made of ermine or

leopard or seal or nutria or Persian lamb, in black or grey.

THOUGH out of season for you, I know you'll be interested to hear that Hudson seal, kolinsky and leopard are having a very good season in Paris this Yuletide. Breischwantz and astrachan will be seen a great deal less than in the past few years, for the very good reason that the poor creatures have been entirely overworked.

It has become almost impossible to get any good breischwantz skins, and a closed season on both furs has been declared in order to permit the race to build itself up again. Literally dozens of generations of young sheep were massacred in order to wrap the feminine world in curly black fur.

Heim makes evening gowns verging on the tailored lines—a feminine version of the man's dinner jacket. The Comtesse de Montagu chose a gown of heavy black silk ottoman cut like a man's dress suit, and with white ottoman for the waistcoat front. Another effective two-piece dinner gown uses black taffeta sprinkled with tiny white flowers for the jacket and black velvet for the full skirt. In the same spirit another skirt is made of faille stitched with white wool, and the buttoned jacket-top is made of black satin.

MISS MURIEL SEGAL, writer of the fashion articles on this page, is our special representative in London. She keeps in close personal touch with the world-famous designers, flying to Paris for all fashion events of importance. Her articles and the photographs she selects and sends with them constitute a fashion service for women unequalled by any paper in Australia.

A "Stylists" Party

AMUSING designs, unusual belts, collars, sleeves, buttons, etc., were the piece de resistance of the models shown by Dorville, one of London's leading sports houses, at their "stylists" party the other night. Between watching the mannequins (who were not hard to look at) we were treated to hotcha performances by a Filipino rumba-dancer accompanied by a Spanish strummer-crooner-banjoist. All very amusing until the lights went out, when we had to resort to the drinking part of the party.

When the lights came on again we noticed the new belts sponsored by Dorville called "gate-belts," or "post-and-rail" belts, looking like double rails fenced off. There were other new belts made of a semi-opaque horn-like substance, and these were very wide like celluloid bands and studded.

Cone-shaped glass buttons appeared in unusual colors and forming diagonal lines. Nearly every skirt was slit, as in the way with skirts this season.

A beach suit of white linen was stamped all over in blue stars.



EVAN WILLIAMS
SHAMPOOS
Keep The Hair Young

Australian Agents: E. G. TURNLEY AND SON, Melbourne.

An Editorial

JANUARY 12, 1935.

WHAT IS DECENCY IN DRESS?



MAKE the most of your bathing costumes this summer. Next summer you may not be able to wear them, except at the risk of being fined and maybe, if you are obstinate, imprisoned. After that, who knows? Perhaps the electric chair!

Yes. For the first time in the history of Australia, and for the first time in centuries in any country, except Bolshevik Russia, a Government has decided to frame a law about how we should be clothed.

The pioneer of this new movement is the New South Wales Government, and its official Dress Censor is Mr. Spooner, Minister for Local Government in the Mother State. A new ordinance is to be gazetted and become operative next October respecting the class of bathing costumes to be worn on beaches.

As the Press reported Mr. Spooner: "He proposed to frame a new ordinance to provide that certain parts of the body should be amply covered." From which it appears that Mr. Spooner's Government is not satisfied with the modesty of the fashionable bathing costume of to-day.

Makers of sumptuary laws in the past have been actuated by the desire to restrict the amount of money spent on dress, or else to retain for the nobility the exclusive enjoyment of some dress luxury such as fur. To-day the extravagant dresser is regarded as a benefactor of the unemployed, and the girl on the basic wage can clothe herself in raiment surpassing the dreams of Cleopatra.

A parallel change has taken place in ideas of modesty. Normal young people of to-day see no immodesty in the brief costumes which are the fashion of the moment. It's a poor advertisement for the oldsters if they are shocked by clothes which the young take for granted as merely being sensible and healthy.

If Governments are going to interfere in questions of dress, why stop at bathing costumes? Why not proceed to decide how much back it is seemly to bare in an evening dress, or what length of skirt may be regarded as unshocking?

Public opinion is the most powerful of all restraints. The good sense of the majority of men and women can be relied on to set a standard of dress which will conform to current ideas of good taste. Intelligent men and women do not need a Dictator of Dress. For a man to act as official censor of women's dress is particularly ludicrous.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

He Got Off Lightly

WHO says we have no real life dramas in Australia? Take the tragedy-comedy performed in an up-country town of New South Wales last week. It went like this:

Scene 1—A Dance Floor: Young man asks girl to dance, is refused, and watches her get up with another man.
Scene 2 (same as above): Young man, boiling with wrath and resentment, slaps lady's face. (Tableau and sensation).
Scene 3—A Police Court: Young man appears before Magistrate, who says sternly, "You can't do that to her," and hands out fine of £2.

The law, as we know, has its lucid moments, but in this instance it failed to do itself justice. The rural caveman got off lightly. For the public assault and the public affront it should have been gaoled without the option. Who ever heard of a dramatist letting the villain of his play assault the heroine and escape with a paltry fine of £2?

Smoking Athletes

WOMEN athletes who like to indulge in a cigarette between the strenuous bouts of exercise will be heartened by the statement recently made by Dr. Adolph Abrahams, medical officer with the British team at Los Angeles Olympic Games.

While Dr. Abrahams sees a positive danger to the nervous system through an athlete being forced to continuously live in the limelight of competition he avers that there is no evidence that the use of tobacco is in any way harmful. In this connection it is interesting to recall that Sam Langford, one of the greatest boxers the world has produced, used to smoke 30 or more cigars a day even when in training for a contest.

The habit of cigarette smoking is now almost universal with young women of this generation, and there seems to be little evidence of physical deterioration as a result.

The Conservative Age

THE general idea seems to be that when one reaches forty, or even thirty, or perhaps, to-day, twenty, one's ideas become settled and averse to change. As a child one is awayable this way and that, and full of schemes for reforming and otherwise altering the world.

But, as a matter of fact, a study of history reveals grown-up pleasures evolving through chasing dinosaurs, jousting, falconry, tennis, gliding, cocktail parties, and so on and so forth. To-day's children, home from the holidays, are playing hopscotch, spinning tops, playing hide and seek and flying kites in the same way that their forerunners have done for ages past.

King's Broadcast

AN outstanding feature of the King's Christmas broadcast has been the effect produced in two great countries where there are no kings—France and America. That "one man to another" touch has a way of popularising monarchy that no beat of drum or blare of armed force ever did. In France, where family ties are strong and lasting, they have a respect for the British Royal Family that the King's goodwill message has appreciably enhanced. It has been the same in America.

As the head of the British family of nations King George has been for 25 years an Empire asset. No man in a position like his has ever succeeded quite so well in combining two things—the dignity of Royalty and the common touch of humanity. The reason why the last message was such a world-wide success was that the King had quite obviously composed it himself, and that it did not "smell of the lamp"—which meant that politicians and officials had nothing to do with it.

Lyric of Life

Life and I went strolling,
Went strolling through the town,
Life wore golden slippers,
Beneath a golden gown,
And all the people turned,
But not to look at me,
They fastened greedy eyes
Upon life's finery.
Sometimes we heard a laugh,
Sometimes we saw a frown,
And souls of men were bared
As we walked through the town.

—P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

FROM SUE TO LOU

Trials of Modern Surfers

"MAKING business a pleasure" has long been the earnest desire of everybody with a job, and the ideal of vocational guidance clinics, but "making pleasure a business" is surely the modern version.

How pleasant and peaceful it all was in grandma's day, when, in long skirts, one idly tapped a croquet ball through the hoops, assisted by chivalrous young men who took all the hard work on their shoulders, or bathed more or less on the "paddle" system in any sort of "neck-to-knees" one had and avoided suntan like the plague.

To-day, not only are tennis, cricket and swimming pastimes hard-fought contests, but, to go surfing or to the baths, suntop and bathing suits and outside hats are as carefully chosen and fitted as an evening frock, and one sets off loaded as if for a hike. Beach parasites that weigh anything up to several stone, surfplanes, water polo balls, rubber toys, and suntan ointments are all modern additions to the old-fashioned equipment of bucket and spade and towel.

Choosing the News

JUST as newsreel reporters seem to think that cyclones, earthquakes, and other disasters are red hot news, so the authorities who were



A Christmas echo—and how it echoed!

responsible last week for a broadcast of the most important happenings during 1934 seem to have a soft spot for murders and other violent deaths. Certainly a few Test matches and references to the Duke of Gloucester were sandwiched in, but on the whole trains running over embankments and deaths in lethal chambers in Arizona held the floor.

With this added to the extraordinary wave of crime fiction that, from Edgar Wallace down, has lately swept the world, the modern child should grow up so tough that from the cradle almost he will spurn Grimm's Fairy Tales as bread-and-butter and ask his nurse for something really thrilling.

Eating Money in Moscow

BREAD queues, which have been a feature of the streets of the great Soviet city for the past six years, have disappeared following the withdrawal of bread ration cards.

The Russian worker has now been given liberty to buy as much bread as he wishes. Under the Soviet regime the price of black bread in Moscow has risen to 2/1 3/8 per loaf, weighing a kilogram (2.2lbs.). While bread, by the way, is double that price.

In Australia, the problem of cheaper bread has been agitating the public mind for some months past, consequent on the Master Bakers threatening to increase the price of the daily loaf.

A Bright Girl's Letters

When is a Woman a Girl, and a Girl a Woman?

By F. W. L. ESCH

A very vexed question, and one upon which it is about time we had some ruling, revolves round the various meanings of the words "girl" and "woman."

At what age precisely does a girl become a woman?... And, worse still, when is a woman not a woman?

It was just a case of accepting the word "girl" as meaning a female child, it would be very simple, but, alas, this word has acquired a certain emotional glamour which the fair sex like to drape around themselves for as long as possible.

The same thing does not apply to men. A male never objects to being called a man, no matter how young or how old he is; but the title "woman" has not got the same appeal.

Attributes which appeal most to men, such as courage, strength, virility, and ruggedness, are all conjured up by the noble word "man."

The word "woman," however, at once suggests age, and although it can be used in a noble and dignified way the majority of the fair sex cling fast to "girl," which suggests youth, beauty, vivacity, and the modern touch. Moreover, it is a great family name, the daughters of a house being referred to by parents as "the girls" almost as long as they live.

Every woman is a girl at heart, no matter what her age is, and she regards the friends with whom she grows up as girls, too.

Dictionary No Help

RECENTLY a daily paper published accounts of street accidents in which two people were hurt. Appearing side by side, the effect was rather odd. One was headed: "Lorry Swerves—Hurts Girl," the victim of the accident proving to be 35. In the other accident the victim, who was 23, was described as a woman.

In this particular case the paper could claim to be correct, because the younger of the two was a married woman, and, according to the latest Oxford Dictionary, an unmarried woman is a girl. Apparently dictionaries ignore the question of age, and as long as you don't marry you can be a girl all your life.

Nobody has yet been able to decide when a girl stops being a girl in the modern sense of the word.

Several Younger Set bodies tried to lay down the law on the subject a couple of years ago, but without success.

These institutions were originally intended for girls between 18 and 22, but the word "girl" has such a vague meaning that girls from 22 to 32 and over were soon joining Younger Set associations. Several committees tried to set an age limit, but finally dropped the idea.

Test by Tonnage

SINCE age has failed so lamentably in solving the problem, might we suggest that tonnage be taken into consideration.

Up to a certain weight a woman can retain the title of "girl," but when she reaches the stage where she fills three seats in a tram it becomes ridiculous. She is then definitely a woman.

In solving this puzzle with your own acquaintances it is safer to go by tonnage than by age.

The word "woman" for various reasons, which go back to the days before emancipation, and feminism, has several uncomplimentary associations.

For instance, when a wife refers to a friend of her husband's as "That woman!" the husband can be quite certain his wife does not approve of her.

Then we hear such expressions as "There's a woman in it"—"She's a woman with a past"—"She played the woman"—"Will he make an honest woman of her?"—"The scarlet woman"—and so on, each of which would lose its bite entirely if the word "girl" was substituted.

A man will refer to his fiancée as his "girl"—but in using the word "Woman" about an acquaintance he can convey an impression of contempt.

When we want to describe a person who is fussy and finicky we say that he, or she, is "an old woman." Yet a man talking to a friend can say, "No, old girl, I wouldn't do that!" without giving offence.

That dreadful word, "Lady," is used by average people too often in the wrong places because of a general feeling that to call a female being a woman, plain and simple, is to pay her a slight of some kind.

Hence people hesitate, use "Lady," and are lost.

There are some occasions, of course, when even the word "girl" also acquires an unsuitable emotional flavor, but they are not as frequent as those related to "Woman."



BEGGARS' HORSES

By P. C. WREN

Author of the World-famous Novel, "Beau Geste."

"If wishes were horses beggars would ride," says the old saw.

HERE is the story of six men and their wishes that came true with dramatic and far-reaching results.

The six men, brother officers on a hunting expedition in India, encounter a mysterious Holy Man, to whom each confides the secret ambition of his heart.

Captain Hazelrigg desires Courage; Colonel Harrington - Spens, Wealth; Captain Wogan, Happiness; Major Wallingford, Long Life; Captain Burlestone, Health; and Lieutenant Easterwood, Great Strength.

The Holy Man assures each officer that his wish will be fulfilled, but hints that the attainment of their desires may cost them dear.

Thereafter the whole life of Colonel Harrington-Spens is haunted by the fear that a vast fortune will come to him through the death of his wife.

Easterwood falls head over heels in love with the wife of a caveman boxing champion whom he kills in fair fight. The nobler half of his love for the widow dies when she at once welcomes him to her arms—but he marries her as in honor bound.

In Switzerland Easterwood and his friend, Stacey Burlestone, are mountain climbing together, when Burlestone slips on the edge of a precipice. By reason of his super-human strength, Easterwood holds Burlestone suspended in mid-air.

"AUBREY... Let go. I can't stand this any longer." Easterwood looked over the edge. Stacey had one foot poised precariously on a jutting stone. Such a poor little stone.

"You can stand it as long as I can, Stacey. Keep up your heart, old chap. I can hang on for a week."

And Aubrey Easterwood achieved a sound that resembled a laugh.

"Aubrey! Let go! It's only prolonging the agony. It can only be a matter of minutes. Let go. I shall only pull you over."

"I shan't let go... until I must."

"Don't torture me, Aubrey. Let go. Your left hand'll give, and we shall both fall. Let me go."

"I shan't. I won't. I can't."

Easterwood again rested his head upon the ledge.

"Aubrey! Quick!"

Easterwood raised his head and

Regret

We stood at the foot of a rainbow
And whispered our dreams to the sky,
The prize was a handful of stardust
The mocking gods held up on high.

We clasped our hands tightly together
And turned our young eyes to the moon,
"Now wish, and please God send it quickly,
Fame cannot be gathered too soon."

I stand at the end of a lifetime,
I send up no dreams to above;
In quest of a thing we call money,
I passed by a prize they call love.

—Winifred McKelwaine.

looked over the ledge into the upturned face of his friend. No, he mustn't look downwards. Those dreadful depths. Again he closed his eyes.

"Aubrey! Quick! I'm about to die, and I've got to say something. I can't do with this on my mind."

"Oh, shut up. Keep still—and keep quiet."

"Listen, Aubrey, and then let go."

"Shut up, will you!"

"Daphne and I..."

Involuntarily tightening his grip, Easterwood opened his eyes and looked into those of Burlestone.

"What?" he whispered hoarsely.

"It's true. I've been her lover."

"For years. Before you married her. In Mackleworth's time. It began just after she came to Quetawur. Now will you let go?"

"What? No! No! Stacey, no! Not you and Daphne. You, Stacey?"

"Yes, let go. Don't torture me any longer. Let go."

Again Easterwood closed his eyes and laid his face against the rock.

Had he been struck a paralyzing blow that numbed his body from head to foot?

No, it was only the intolerable ache of arms and shoulders.

Had his mind, his soul, his brain, received a blow that paralysed them so that he could neither think nor feel nor understand... nor realise...?

No. For a fearful flood of raging wrath was rising up within his soul; a murderous hatred of this false friend, this thief for whom he was risking his life, suffering that he might be saved, this cur for whom he was risking his life.

"Let go! Let go! I've confessed. Let me die. Quickly. Now," cried Stacey Burlestone.

The cur was whining... crying... Yelping...

And a convulsive jerking added to the strain of the dead weight upon his arm.

And, by God, he'd let him go. He'd drop him. He'd watch his body turning and turning and turning until it was smashed upon the rocks, three thousand feet below.

The Judas.

Smashed and burst asunder, as did the body of Judas Iscariot.

He had to open his hand. Open his hand—no.

And there he went. Look! Look! Turning, turning in mid-air.

Was he suffering as he felt? Was he conscious? Did he feel? Had he some taste of the agony that...?

Crash! Audible for miles... surely.

She would hear it, there in the Hotel. Would she ever forget the sound? And the sight? For she was watching, watching, seeing his body turning and turning. She was seeing it all—and serve her right.

Easterwood opened his eyes.

No. He was still holding him. He was not a murderer yet. Not just yet.

Murderer!

If, deliberately, he now opened his hand, he would be a murderer. For

the remainder of his days he would walk the earth with the brand of Cain upon his brow.

But none would ever know that he had let go before he must.

None would ever know. Nobody could possibly know.

BUT he would know. Know and remember and think, think of it always.

Murderer!

But that was nonsense. It was an accident. It was pure accident that had brought Burlestone where he was. He had done his best to avert it; to save him. He had imperilled his own life.

Suppose his left hand, gripping the rock, should fall before his right. He'd be pulled over to his death as Burlestone said, unless he let go in time.

Well then, he must leave go in time. Why should he die because this man was the falsest friend, the most treacherous cur, the meanest, basest, dirtiest scoundrel on God's earth? His friend! Why should he die for him?

No. When he found that his left hand was losing its hold upon the rock, he'd relax his right-hand grip, and let this dog drop to his dreadful death.

No one could ask more of a man than that; ask more than that he should risk his life to save his friend. And he was he was most dangerously risking his life to save his enemy. You're going to suffer before you die. You're going to suffer nearly as badly as I am suffering now. You... you... There's nothing I can call you, you false-faced treacherous cheat... thief, liar, hypocrite. You sneaking Judas. Oh, I'm going to drop you all right.

"Leave go then! Leave go, Aubrey. Quick."

"Oh, I'll leave go all right; but not yet awhile. I'm going to perform a feat of strength, Stacey Burlestone. I'm going to do what only the strongest

man in the world could do... It must have been to this end that I made myself so strong."

And Aubrey Easterwood laughed. A dreadful sound.

"I'm going to perform an astounding feat of strength. I'm going to hold you here until help does come. Until they come with a rope. Until they've lowered the bight of it. Until it touches you. Until it is almost in position. Until you are almost saved. And then, then—just in time, just in time to be too late, Stacey Burlestone, I'm going to drop you."

And he would be a murderer. For the rest of his days, he would see his friend's face—every night of his life. Every time he laid him down to sleep he would live this intolerable nightmare through again.

No, he could not commit murder. He simply could not do it. The only hope was that this cursed strength would fail. He must hold on to the uttermost end of the last possible second; and Stacey Burlestone must not fall because Aubrey Easterwood intentionally let go of him. Burlestone must fall because Aubrey Easterwood's strength had failed at last. He must have nothing with which to reproach himself, or he could not face life thereafter.

But how could he face life, whether he committed this murder or not? How could he face life, knowing that Daphne was—what she was?

Well, he must face it.

After all, he was man and a soldier. He must tell her that he knew of their conduct—through Burlestone's dying confession...

Good God! Suppose it were love. Suppose Burlestone loved her as he himself loved her. Suppose she loved Stacey Burlestone even as he himself once loved her.

"Burlestone," he cried with parched tongue and cracking lips, "do you love Daphne?"

"With all my heart and soul," replied Burlestone, "and let those be my last words. I'll say it again and I'll never speak again. For God's sake, let me fall when I've spoken for the last time."

I love and adore and worship Daphne.

Aubrey Easterwood again sought relief for the aching muscles of his neck by resting his face upon the rock.

He really loved her, did he? Loved her so that he could declare it at a moment like that. Declare it with his dying breath.

WELL, let it be his dying breath, curse him and damn him. Let it be his last breath.

Were his muscles too stiff for him to be able to open his hand? And was it not just Fate's own dirty trick that, in

grabbing the wrist of his dear faithful friend, he had seized him round the coat-cuff? Had he got him by the bare wrist, his hand and that wrist would, by now, have been slippery with sweat, that strength would have been of no avail. But with that wrapping of rough tweed between hand and wrist there was no fear of slipping.

No, there would be no slipping and, unless deliberately he let go, his cursed strength, his damnable fatal strength would hold the dog for minutes yet. For minutes? For hours.

No hope of any slipping... He must leave go deliberately.

Murder.

Perhaps his hand and arm were too stiff for him to relax the muscles and leave go...

For so well balanced a woman, always so quiet, restrained, poised, and self-controlled, she was talking rather fast, was almost loquacious.

man in the world could do... It must have been to this end that I made myself so strong."

And Aubrey Easterwood laughed. A dreadful sound.

"I'm going to perform an astounding feat of strength. I'm going to hold you here until help does come. Until they come with a rope. Until they've lowered the bight of it. Until it touches you. Until it is almost in position. Until you are almost saved. And then, then—just in time, just in time to be too late, Stacey Burlestone, I'm going to drop you."

And he would be a murderer. For the rest of his days, he would see his friend's face—every night of his life. Every time he laid him down to sleep he would live this intolerable nightmare through again.

No, he could not commit murder. He simply could not do it. The only hope was that this cursed strength would fail. He must hold on to the uttermost end of the last possible second; and Stacey Burlestone must not fall because Aubrey Easterwood intentionally let go of him. Burlestone must fall because Aubrey Easterwood's strength had failed at last. He must have nothing with which to reproach himself, or he could not face life thereafter.

But how could he face life, whether he committed this murder or not? How could he face life, knowing that Daphne was—what she was?

Well, he must face it.

After all, he was man and a soldier. He must tell her that he knew of their conduct—through Burlestone's dying confession...

Good God! Suppose it were love. Suppose Burlestone loved her as he himself loved her. Suppose she loved Stacey Burlestone even as he himself once loved her.

"Burlestone," he cried with parched tongue and cracking lips, "do you love Daphne?"

"With all my heart and soul," replied Burlestone, "and let those be my last words. I'll say it again and I'll never speak again. For God's sake, let me fall when I've spoken for the last time."

I love and adore and worship Daphne.

Aubrey Easterwood again sought relief for the aching muscles of his neck by resting his face upon the rock.

He really loved her, did he? Loved her so that he could declare it at a moment like that. Declare it with his dying breath.

WELL, let it be his dying breath, curse him and damn him. Let it be his last breath.

Were his muscles too stiff for him to be able to open his hand? And was it not just Fate's own dirty trick that, in

grabbing the wrist of his dear faithful friend, he had seized him round the coat-cuff? Had he got him by the bare wrist, his hand and that wrist would, by now, have been slippery with sweat, that strength would have been of no avail. But with that wrapping of rough tweed between hand and wrist there was no fear of slipping.

No, there would be no slipping and, unless deliberately he let go, his cursed strength, his damnable fatal strength would hold the dog for minutes yet. For minutes? For hours.

No hope of any slipping... He must leave go deliberately.

Murder.

Perhaps his hand and arm were too stiff for him to relax the muscles and leave go...

AH... not so. Not too stiff. He had complete control of them. Splendid.

"Go..."

"There, you dog! There! How do you like the pain and agony of falling? How do you like the jagged square of ice thrust through your heart? How do you like torture? Are you conscious; are you thinking while you fall; are you waiting for the dreadful crash? Do you see the whole of your life passing before your eyes? Do you realise that your sin has found you out... because you weren't stout enough criminal to conceal it, although you were cur enough to commit it?"

"And do you realise, as you fall, that you've told about the woman; eased your own dirty soul by confession; included her in it; accused her? Do you, you dog, as you fall and fall?"

"You are not turning and turning and turning in the air as I thought before, when I didn't drop you. You're falling like a plummet, like a stone."

"Straight, straight, straight as a die, to the death that is too good for you."

"And now I'll see you crash; smashed... dashed to pieces and..."

"Oh God, I am a murderer!"

Aubrey Easterwood looked over the edge—into Stacey Burlestone's eyes.

"Drop me, Aubrey. Make an end," said Stacey Burlestone. "Forget the wrong I've done you, and think of any... any... decent thing I have done, the good times we've had together, our friendship."

"Friendship!" shouted Aubrey Easterwood in a whisper, and again laughed—horribly.

"Aubrey, let go. Why should we both die? If your other arm goes before this one, nothing can save you."

"Aren't you thoughtful for my safety? Aren't you the dear true friend?" was the reply. "Practically saving my life, aren't you? Splendid fellow."

Please turn to Page 12

"AUBREY, let me go. You wouldn't torture a dog like this."
 "No, I wouldn't. Dogs don't commit ad... Oh, Christ! I can't say..."
 And his face fell forward on to the stone.
 "Drop me, Aubrey, if you've one spark of humanity."
 "Why don't you struggle, you dog, so that I can't hold you? Why don't you twist and turn?"
 "Because I don't want to pull you over."
 Another bitter, ugly, cruel laugh.
 "The ever faithful friend. The love passing the love of woman. Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend. Wouldn't shorten your own torture by a second, would you, for fear you pulled me over? You rotten, hypocritical swine. Kick and struggle, you dog, so that I can't hold you. Don't make your dear friend a murderer. Struggle out of his grip yourself. Go on—struggle... Struggle so that I can't hold you."
 "Aubrey, Aubrey, have mercy. Leave go. Leave go before your other arm gives."
 "Ha... ha... ha... ha... ha... ha...
 "Think of something else," said Easterwood, the spasm of semi-hysterical laughter conquered.

BEGGARS' HORSES

Continued
 from Page 11

"Listen then," croaked the voice from below. "Daphne loves me as much as I love Daphne. We've fooled you. Fooled you before your wedding and after your wedding. You are our fool, Aubrey Easterwood. You are Daphne's fool. If she's watching now, she is praying that I'm saved and you are killed. She's mine. She has been mine a hundred times."
 Then Aubrey Easterwood endeavored to moisten dry lips.
 "She has, eh? Well, she won't be yours again, dear friend. Good-bye. God damn you!"

AND so he was a murderer, was he? A murderer who never could be brought to justice. Unless he gave himself up. People did do that.
 Some great French detective had written that the murderer's most dangerous pursuer was himself, his own conscience. And if he had no conscience, something drove him to "haunt the scene of his crime," drove him constantly to fear that his fine security was false security. Drove him con-

stantly to fear that his paradise of safety was a fool's paradise. Perhaps somebody knew. Probably there was a God who knew. Certainly he himself knew. Sooner or later he must confess or go mad. Go mad or confess. Leap up in the night shouting, "I didn't do it!..." to hear a voice reply.
 "Huh? Who said you did? Didn't do what?"
 "Didn't commit a murder."
 "Didn't murder whom?"
 And out would slip the name.
 That could not happen to him though. It could not possibly, because even if he walked into the nearest police station, gave himself up, and swore an affidavit that he'd murdered Captain Stacey Burlestone he couldn't prove that he had.
 On the contrary. She was watching through the telescope and would testify that he'd risked his life to save him. That he'd held on to him, supported him by sheer strength for minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years, centuries...
 God, he was going mad now, now, now—and no wonder.

But would he come forward to testify in his favor? Was it not more probable that she would rise up and testify against him. Swear that she'd seen him thrust his friend from the path above? That, walking behind him he had suddenly pushed him violently sideways, and sent him hurtling to his death?

A woman who would do what she had done would be capable of anything. She had murdered his soul, and beside that the murder of his body would be nothing.
 Well, he was a murderer. Let her say she'd seen him commit the murder: for, deliberately releasing his hold while yet he had the strength to maintain it, was plain—murder.

Murder most foul.
 Well, he must get to his feet somehow, or rather to his hands and knees, and painfully crawl back to the path. In a safe place he would lie and relax and rest, recover his strength.

And then take up the business of life again somehow, if he could.
 Yes, it was time he moved, while he yet had the strength to do so.

Why wouldn't his right arm come up to the ledge? Too numb? Dead?
 What was holding it so stiff and straight?
 "Aubrey! Leave go!... Aren't you a man at all? Haven't you the self-respect, the decency, the guts, to avenge yourself, to pay me out, to punish me, to even the score?... Come, Aubrey. I've smashed your life. Now smash me. Be a man, you weakling, you coward. Be a man and—clean the slate... Go on."
 So he had not done it?
 Thank God he was not a murderer! Thank God!

THAT had been a terrible minute.

What an incredible, ineffable relief. His strong hands were clean. His strong soul was unburdened, untainted.

Strong! The strongest man on earth. Well, he had made strength his god, and his god had brought him to this, for without it he would have been unable to hold Stacey Burlestone for more than a few seconds.

Without it Daphne would still be Mrs. Mackleworth, for he would not have caused the death of her husband.

Well, in training his body to this strength he had inevitably trained his mind, his soul, his character, his spirit, his essential inward self, to strength, as well.

Oh, to Hell with his "inward soul." Damned cant. This creeping reptile had stolen Daphne's love. Had fouled his home... wrecked and ruined his life. How could he carry on now? How could he face life after this? How could he ever again trust man or woman, have the slightest faith in any fellow creature?

This filthy, bestial, cheating thief deserved to die. Then let him die—for fate had placed him where he could be killed without the shadow of suspicion attaching to his slayer. It was the hand of fate. Fate had willed it so. Fate alone had brought about this situation and given him his chance of revenge. No, not mere revenge, but just punishment. Punishment for Burlestone, the adulterer, and for Daphne, the harlot. For Daphne who was watching... watching... Let her suffer through her lover—while her lover suffered for his sin. It was punishment, not vengeance. It was justice. Yes, righteous, fair, poetic justice, that he should die and the woman, his fellow-sinner and lover, watch him die.

Also it was—murder.
 Having retained the habit from early childhood Aubrey Easterwood prayed. "Let my strength fail, O Lord," he implored, "and save me from the sin of murder. I have made strength my god, and now I am punished for this idolatry. Help me to strive while I have the power, oh God—but let my strength fall soon. Help me to weaken. Help me to commit this sin. Help me to hold on, while hold I can, but, O merciful Father, take away my strength, quickly. Let me be as a little child again, in all things, especially in strength. Forgive me, oh God, and weaken me... so that this man's death is not through sin of mine. Almighty Father I will do my utmost to be strong, but do You make me to be weak, to tire and weaken..."

What was he doing. Praying that God might slay Burlestone, encompass his death by weakening Aubrey Easterwood, so that no sin should burden that noble creature's precious soul?

Easterwood raised his head and laughed aloud.

Asking God to be so kind as to do Easterwood's little murders for him, because he wasn't man enough to do them for himself.

Wasn't that what his prayer amounted to? Hadn't he, in effect, said:

"Make this job easy for me, oh Lord. I don't like to kill my enemy deliberately, but I'd be greatly obliged if You'd just weaken my arm for me."

Thank You, that's done the trick nicely, and nobody a penny the worse except my enemy and his paramour."
 Was he going mad?
 This wouldn't do.
 He must pull himself together.
 He must be himself.
 He must make an end.
 Once again he looked over the edge.

BURLESTONE was hanging limp, his chin upon his chest. "Stacey, old chap," he said.
 And with an effort Stacey Burlestone raised his face, white, terrible, his lips blue, his eyes protruding.
 "Leave go, Aubrey," he whispered.
 "Stacey, old chap... One can't help loving."
 "I know that!"

"Love is stronger than we are, Stacey. Now listen. I'm going to save you, Stacey... for her... and because you are my friend and I owe everything to you... I've been selfish... Now, old chap, watch the strongest man on earth do a little feat of strength."

But Stacey Burlestone was unable to accept the invitation, for he was near the end of his tether, barely conscious. His eyes closed and his head fell sideways on his shoulder like that of a man who has been hanged. Suddenly the little stone under his foot loosened and fell... down... down... down to the depths.

And Aubrey Easterwood began the performance of his last great feat of strength, a feat worthy of the strongest man in the world.

To and fro, like a pendulum, he began slowly to swing the dangling body of his friend.

Higher and higher it swung. Higher and higher, with a steady but slowly increasing swing until, at each end of the arc the body was horizontal.

And at last, with a shout of triumph and an inward jerk of his mighty right arm, Aubrey Easterwood swung his friend on to the sloping ledge, so that, rolling across him Stacey Burlestone came to rest against the cliff face, and, in so doing, thrust Aubrey Easterwood from his precarious place.

And as his numbed left arm, deeply marked by the stone's raised edge, failed him at last, and was forced from its hold, Aubrey Easterwood slowly slipped, slid... lost his grip... lost all holds... lost everything, and saved his soul.

CHAPTER 15.

IN her wide balcony sitting-room at the Hotel at Zermich, Stacey Burlestone faced Daphne Easterwood.

"I marvel that you have not been ill," she said. "Nine people out of ten would have suffered from shock, nervous breakdown. I wonder it didn't kill you. An unspeakable, terrible experience. And you haven't seen a doctor or had so much as an extra hour in bed."

For so well-balanced a woman, always so quiet, restrained, poised, and self-controlled, she was talking rather fast, was almost incoherent.

"You must have an iron constitution, Stacey."

Please turn to Page 46



What's wrong with this child?

If your kiddy seems "off colour", watch certain habits carefully. Every day, ask that one important question—the first question that every doctor asks—"Is the little one regular?" You should know, as doctors know, that constipation in children is dangerous. It keeps poisonous waste matter locked up in the system—makes kiddies "cranky", irritable and weak. Give your youngster a NYAL FIGSEN tablet, the pleasant-flavoured laxative which does not purge or grip. FIGSEN is easy to take—you chew it. It is gentle but sure in its action; relieves constipation in a natural way, and does not form a habit. Remember, too, NYAL FIGSEN is as good for adults as it is for children. A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

NYAL FIGSEN
 Paid this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figen to The Nyal Company, 431E, Glebe Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.
 NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 W.W. 12/1/35

Here are the Shoes for STYLE -- COMFORT



SPORTIE
 Brown trimmings, crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's.

LEISURE
 White or brown trimmings, crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's only.

TRIUMPH
 Brown trimmings, heavy crepe sole, wedge heel. Also all white. Men's.

CONQUEST
 Eyelet ventilation in vamp, rubber toe cap, crepe sole, flat heel. Men's only.

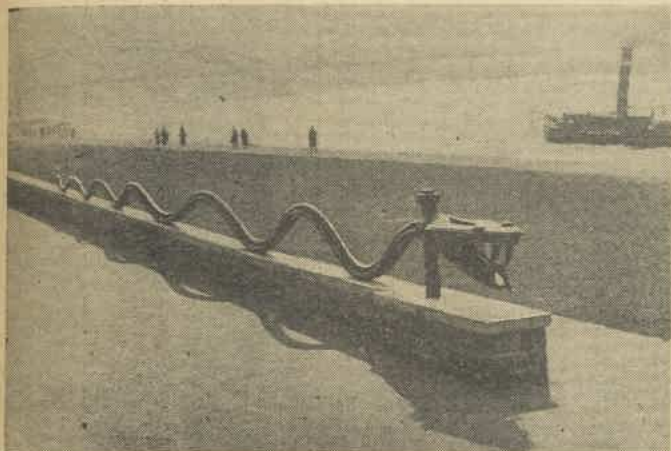
GILLIE
 White or brown trimmings, crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's only.

SUNBEAM
 Crepe sole, flat heel. Men's, Youths and Boys. Also with wedge heel for men.

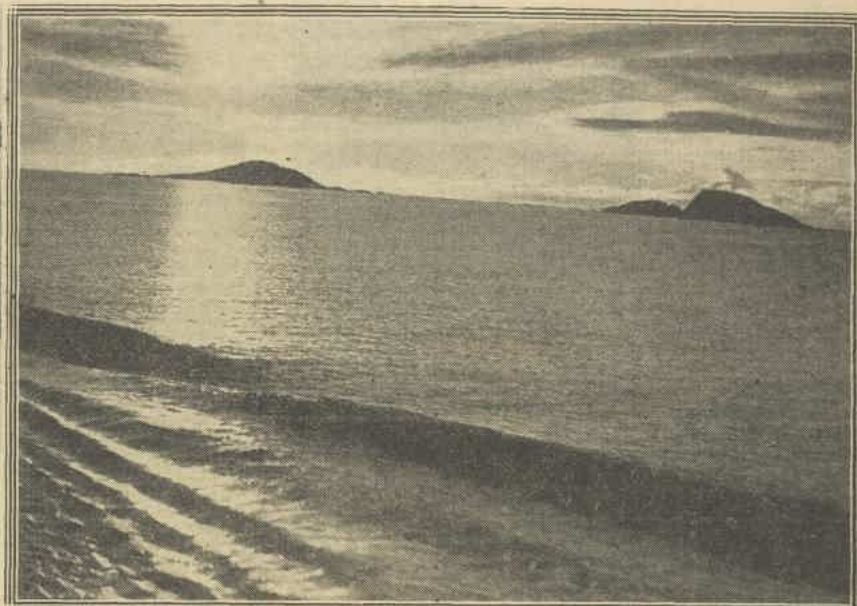
Dunlop Sport Shoes are outstanding value—strong, well-made, comfortable, distinctive in style and of faultless fit and finish. No other shoes at the price can compare with Dunlop for quality. Ask for Dunlop Sport Shoes—the ideal footwear for sport, beach or leisure. In all sizes at all shoe stores.

Dunlop SPORT SHOES
 PRODUCT OF DUNLOP PERDRIAU

A Trip Abroad with Our Camera



A Municipal curio from Dusseldorf, Germany. The famous Iron Snake, which adorns the promenade wharf.



AN UNUSUAL and beautiful view of the midnight sun taken at Hammerfest, Norway, almost at the top of the world—or the bottom, from the Australian point of view. For six months in the year the sun shines like this in the middle of the night.



ITALY. At an annual prize distribution for the best corn crops in Rome, Mussolini presented first prize to the priest seen in this photo in his robes.



These skaters make an attractive couple on the ice in Germany. The girl is only 14 years of age. She is Fraulein Maxie Herber, and is a European champion figure skater.



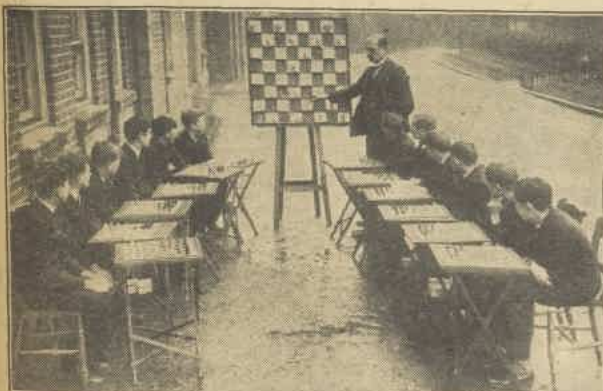
THIS IS the latest fashion for skiers in the Swiss Alps. Thick socks and heavy boots and light bathing costumes, but even in this rig-out ski-ing is hard work, especially when you have to tramp up hill.



SWITZERLAND, where the women toil in the fields. A beautiful study of a Swiss grandmother and her daughter ploughing with cows in Lower Engadine.



HINLEY HALL, Staffordshire, where the Duke and Duchess of Kent have been spending their honeymoon. This beautiful English home was lent to the Royal newly-weds by Lord Dudley.



CHESS is taught to boys at Wednesbury, England, by the High School headmaster, Mr. C. S. Kipping. He is seen here with his class and a demonstration board with movable pieces.



IT LOOKS as though the Capitol at Washington (U.S.A.'s Canberra) is on fire, but what is really happening is that the building is having its annual wash, with the aid of firemen's hoses.



YVONNE DEVAUX, who won a contest in America recently for the world's prettiest barmoid. She is dressed as a French barmoid, or, at least, so she says.



Don't let the 7 stains steal the brilliance of your teeth!

LOOK for the cause of most dull, lack-lustre teeth—and you'll find it at the dining-table!

For the plain fact is that foods stain teeth! Not just one food, or two foods—but every kind of food we eat—from carrots to custard and soup to spinach. All in all, there are 7 different kinds of stain—7 deadly enemies of tooth brilliance—caused by the things we eat and drink and smoke.

True enough, you can't see all these stains immediately. But, unless removed daily these stains accumulate. They gradually dull the brilliance of teeth—much as tar-nish gradually dulls the lustre of newly polished silver.

But, you ask, "why doesn't my toothpaste remove these stains?" Because, sir or madam, most toothpastes have only one cleansing action. And one action is simply not enough to remove all 7 stains. Colgate's has two cleansing ac-

tions. First—a gentle, thorough washing action which removes some of the stains...

Second—a safe, effective polishing action which removes those stubborn stains that are left—leaving your teeth gleaming, stain-free!

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.



If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has two cleansing actions. Sold in bottles at 1/3. D.C.B./L.

Cure your child's constipation with a LIQUID LAXATIVE

Do doctors and hospitals recommend pills or tablets for children? No! A liquid laxative is always prescribed because the dose can be measured to a drop. Therefore its action is under control, and a perfect movement is attained without any discomfort.

A strong and robust adult may be able to take harsh purgatives containing synthetic chemicals and mineral drugs, but they are definitely harmful to children. What kiddies need is a safe, gentle, liquid laxative. "California Syrup of Figs" is particularly recommended.

Next time your child is listless, head-achy or "out of sorts", give her a dose of "California Syrup of Figs". She will love the delicious taste of this natural vegetable laxative. Cassia, mint and cloves are responsible for its wholesome, fruity flavour.

Don't take risks in such an important health matter. "California Syrup of Figs" will not throw too much strain on a child's bowels. It will not form habits. And it will make your child bright, happy, and carefree again.



IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig".

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Some New and Inspiring Ideas on Land Reform

Humphrey Jordan has the gift of making articulate things that often lie deep in the hearts of men, but which they could not themselves express.

He did this in an earlier novel for men who love the sea, and in "Creation's Cry" he has revealed the deep religious faith some men have in the land.

IT would solve a lot of problems if the nation could produce in sufficient numbers men like James Corton and Tony Cotle—not because of their individual achievements only, but because of their faith in the land and their power to enthuse others.

To these men the soil stood as the provider for all creation. They had a big and unusual vision. While admitting the necessity for modern merchandise and trading, they regarded these things as subsidiary products, that depended entirely on man's development of the land, which was the basis of supply for all human needs. They wanted "the land freed—from the fool idea of people plodding wearily home from dull toil on it."

"Creation's Cry" is a good novel, with an interesting plot apart from the deeper meaning underlying it.

One wishes that the author had given more details of Cotle's constructive ideas, particularly of the communal scheme he intended putting into operation in England, and later of the settlement he established in Rhodesia.

However, the book is a novel, not a text book, and it fulfils its purpose of a good yarn, which provides new and inspiring ideas of land settlement, and shows the fervor and single-mindedness of men to whom the soil makes a paramount appeal.

There are numbers of interesting and lovable characters in the book, with ne'er a villain among them. Some are foolish, some are stupid, some are pompous, but none are vicious.

The author shoots some subtle and effective darts at bankers, landholders, politicians, financiers, and the like, but suggests them as trials that have to be borne rather than public enemies.

Corton's Big Work

THE story opens in Burma, where, in the Tha-Chung Basin, one lone Englishman "Dennis" Corton, has established one of the biggest and most ideal developmental schemes in the world.

In six years of utter solitude and suffering he had discovered the possibilities of the Basin and had then founded a development company to carry out his plans.

Corton's work was not inspired by the desire for money or fame. It was his religion, and claimed him, body and soul. He built on foundations that made failure almost impossible, always looking ahead. His great personality and faith inspired men around him; his indomitable will opposed and conquered the opposition of those that wanted quick results or suspected him of being too great a visionary.

Cotle was an international landowner, and regarded his possessions throughout the world not merely as money-making ventures, but sacred trusts. He was brought into the Tha-Chung scheme because of his holdings in that part of the world, and was as enthusiastic as Corton.

When the story opens Cotle had completed several years' work at the Basin, and was preparing to depart with his wife for England and live a life of semi-retirement.

THE early chapters of the book are fascinating with their descriptions of the settlement in the jungle. One leaves the Basin regretfully to follow Tony and Gillian Cotle on their homeward journey, on which they visit many places where Tony owns land, Australia among them.

The Cottles home in England, and life in general there, provides strong and effective contrast to the earlier part of the story, but it is equally interesting.

The pendulum of interest swings constantly between the two lands since Cotle's life can never be entirely divorced from the activities going on in the Basin.

The womenfolk of the story are well worth reading about, too, but women will doubtless feel that Gillian is the super-wife, and of a type that would be difficult to emulate. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"RETREAT FROM GLORY" R. H.

Bruce Lockhart. "Memoirs of a British Agent" established Bruce Lockhart as a writer of great ability, and one who had something worth while to tell. He has followed up that success with an even greater one in "Retreat from Glory," a story of Central Europe after Versailles. The author begins with his return to London from Russia in 1918, and writes of events that rocked the world and of never-to-be-forgotten things and people. He has given a vivid picture of post-war conditions in Europe as well as of his own life in Prague as secretary under Sir George Clerk. It is a gigantic book, but relieved from tedium by the author's ability to recreate episodes that are humorous as well as grave. (Putnam, 10/6.)

"THE SISTERS" V. Veresaeu.

One of the best stories of the Young Communist League at work in Russia. The story is of two sisters, whose mental outlook and enthusiasms are revealed in a joint diary. Both are young, both are educated and intellectual, both long to lose themselves in "the spirit of proletarianism." Lelka, the elder, is the more intellectual, and her intellectualism kills every human emotion within her. She seeks the achievement of her ideals through industry, and joins up with the workers in a rubber factory. She becomes one of the most ardent leaders in a section whose enthusiasms are artificially instilled, and her character and humanity deteriorate to a remarkable degree. Ninka, on the other hand, is more human, more reasonable, and her evolution into an ideal member of the Komsoomol is not along the path of tragedy and destruction that Lelka pursues. A remarkable book, informative and interesting. (Hutchinson, Our copy, Swains.)

HUGH HOLBROOK says, "For the unexcited guard a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrook's Anchovy Paste." 3/6.

"THE SIGNET OF DEATH" Louis

Grey. A human finger with a signet ring in place of the matches he expected to find in the box brought a rude shock to Sandon Berwick and more shocks followed when he realised that the finger was from the hand of his accomplice in crime, whose body had been found floating in the river. This introduction should be sufficient to any thriller and indicate the amount of incidents that would inevitably be packed into it. (Nicholson and Watson.)

"LUCKY DOG." Ian Hay.

The author is at his best in this delightfully whimsical autobiography of a stray dog with no particular pretensions to breed but with every claim for those characteristics of comradeship and fidelity which make them such prized possessions.

Rescued from the gutter by a kindly woman, he is taken to her home and adopted by her, helping to ease the pain and loneliness of her heart that is there because her dream children did not materialise.

But the author carries the story further than the blissful days of companionship. He gives a comforting thought for those who have experienced or fear the final separation from a much-loved animal pet. (Hodder and Stoughton, 2/6.)

"VOYAGE IN THE DARK." Jean

Rhys. In this rather sad and tragic story we learn of the experiences of a young girl whose change of fortune has brought to England from her home in the West Indies. Without the equipment necessary to compete for a living in the overstocked labor market she drifts through a series of sordid experiences. She becomes a chorus girl on tour, favored by a wealthy man, and so on through the various roles that seem to lead to inevitable suffering. Miss Rhys, however, has managed to convey a series of many worth-while things even among the people whose lives seem purposeless, and her book, though tragic, leaves no unpleasant flavor. (Comtable.)



R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART, whose latest book, "Retreat from Glory," recounts conditions in post-war Europe and repeats the success achieved by his "Memoirs of a British Agent." It was published simultaneously in England and America last October by Putnam, and is listed among the best sellers.

£160

POPULAR LINES No. 4 CONTEST

£100 FIRST PRIZE: All three lines correct.
£40 SECOND PRIZE: First two lines correct.
£20 Divided into 50 Consolation Prizes.

PLACE THESE LINES

In the order you think the author originally wrote them. Each line is by an author of repute.

1. Up stood I deeply and drank
2. Chaps fine clean nice are they.
3. If is and now there need ever.

The SOLUTION IS CONTAINED IN THE FOLLOWING:—

LINE NO. 1.

I drank breathe deeply and stood up—
Deeply I drank breathe and stood up—
I breathe deeply drank and stood up—
Up I stood drank and breathe deeply—
Deeply I breathe drank and stood up—
I drank deeply breathe and stood up—
I stood or drank deeply and breathe—
I stood up drank and deeply breathe.

LINE NO. 2.

Nice fine clean shape are they.—They are clean nice fine shape.—Clean nice fine shape are they.—They are nice fine clean shape.—Are they fine clean shape.—Are they nice fine clean shape.—They are nice clean fine shape.—Fine clean nice shape they are.—They are fine clean shape.—Fine nice clean shape are they.

LINE NO. 3.

And now if there is ever need—if now and ever there is need—And now if ever there is need—And there is ever need if now—Now and ever if there is need—And there is need now if ever—if there is need now and ever—And now is there need if ever—And there is now need if ever.

Each Entry of 3 lines 6d. 5 Entries 2/-

The correct solution is held under seal in three separate parts. It is not known to any one person. Entries are handled only by Mr. A. D. Burgeon, A.I.C.A., I.C.A., Public Accountant, 80 Wentworth Street, Melbourne, who will receive and forward the entries and be responsible for the distribution of prize money. All entries are accepted on the condition that his decision will be final and legally binding on all competitors.

Author, book, line and page published.

Closes 10 a.m. Wednesday, January 16.

Results Women's Weekly, January 26.

POST YOUR ENTRIES TO

POPULAR COMPETITIONS

DESK F, 30 Swanston St., Melb.

PERFECT HEALTH

can be yours, no matter how acutely you suffer from BLOOD PRESSURE.

ARTERIOLE TABLETS

(Dr. Neuhauer's German Remedy)

will dissolve the Lime Salts which clog the Arteries, thus causing a stroke and culminating in sudden death.

Why wait until it is too late?

If you suffer from Depression, Oldiness, Pains in the Head, Irritability, Lack of Energy, Unsteadiness in Walking, Loss of Hearing, Hot Flashes, Rheumatism, Failing Memory, etc., etc., that's BLOOD PRESSURE. Be on the safe side with the only Safe Remedy.

ARTERIOLE TABLETS

Price: 12/-, 8 weeks; 22/-, 19 weeks (full course); trial supply, 5/6.

Obtainable all leading Chemists or direct from C. WINTER, 69 Wellington Street, Row, 24, Vic.

STAMMERING CURED

by modern medical-scientific methods. Write for particulars: E. W. HOBSON, M.B., B.S., F.R.C. (Sed. Unit), M.L.S., M.B.Sc.G. (Lond.), 328 Burwood Rd., Melbourne, N.E.W. Late staff R.P.A. and R.A. Hospitals. Postal or personal course. Low fee.

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by...
L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"What do you call a man who always agrees when he really thinks the opposite?"
"Henpecked."



"Just serves you right, Percy! The garage man distinctly said there was a fork in the road."



"Dear, dear! Was that a silent cop I ran over?"
"He is now, Auntie."



"She is my dearest friend."
"Yes, she owes me money, too."

DEWHURST'S "SYLKO" MACHINE TWIST

Strength & Durability
Grace & Beauty

DEWHURST'S "SYLKO" MACHINE TWIST has a strength almost unbelievable in so fine a mercerised thread, and a rich lustre; without doubt the supreme achievement in mercerised sewing thread.

Supplied on 100 yards REELS, Size No. 40, in Black, White and OVER 300 COLOURS, and sold by leading Departmental Stores

LIFESAVER: I thought you told me she was in difficulties?

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

CONVICT (to warden): Would you mind putting your keys down my back? I do believe my nose is going to bleed.

DEADBEAT: Can you help a poor man, sir? Things are very black in my line.

Stillgoing: Oh, what's your trade?
Deadbeat: I'm a catcher of runaway horses, sir.

THE young suitor looked annoyed.
"Doris," he said to his lady friend, "why didn't you introduce me to that fellow you stopped to speak to?"

"John dear," she replied, "be reasonable! How could I? I have forgotten his name."

"What!" he cried. "Then why did you call him darling?"

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"Haven't I just said I had forgotten his name?" she returned.

FATHER had been reading a fairy story. "And they lived happily ever after," he concluded.

"Lucky they didn't get married, dad," commented the modern child.

CUSTOMER: How's hash made in this cafe?

Walter: Made, sir! Ash isn't made. It just accumulates.

FRIEND: Ye've had your room repapered, Donald, but why hae ye put it on w' tacks?

Donald: Ye surely dinna think I'm to bide here a' my life!

WHY BE

Bilious

When Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are Obtainable

One of the most distressing troubles a person can endure is biliousness. It is depressing to the spirits and demoralising to the entire system. The person so afflicted is scarcely able to work or take an interest in anything. This is because the sewers of the body are clogged and need flushing out. The bile is turned from its proper channel, enters the blood and produces that peculiar cast of complexion.

The sufferer may be very restless, uneasy, or sleepless at night, or perhaps the slumber is lethargic and dull. There are usually dull pains, uneasiness under the right side and shoulder blades, a bitter taste in the mouth, sudden dizziness on rising, furred tongue, bowels loose one day and constipated the next. All or any of these symptoms may accompany the bilious condition, and while so afflicted the patient's life is scarcely worth living.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills relieve this trouble speedily. They stir the liver and open the clogged-up system, thereby preventing many impurities from entering the blood, and once more the human mechanism works smoothly and easily.

How to Combat The Ravages of WORMS

There are few ailments, particularly with children, more lowering than worms. They work their vicious harm in a curiously undetectable way, and are often difficult to diagnose. If you are in doubt give a thought to worms. The symptoms are: variable appetite, pains in the stomach, foetid breath, nausea, headache, irritation about the nose, disturbed sleep, disordered bowels.



The first aim in treating worms is to destroy and expel them from the body. This can be accomplished by Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets followed by a dose of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. If unobtainable locally Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets will be forwarded post paid on receipt of price 2/- per tin by The W. H. Comstock Co. Ltd., 23 Lang Street, Sydney.



When a MAN tells you —

that it is years since he had his last dental trouble, that his dentist recommended a good tooth powder and that he has used Calvert's ever since, that as a result he has, at 46, sound white teeth which are the envy of his friends —

Well, don't you think it is worth trying for your teeth!

Made in England by
E. C. CALVERT & CO., Ltd., Manchester, England.

Sound teeth for
a lifetime!



For the Majority

FEW are so fortunately placed that the future holds no problems, and since it is apparent that the majority of people receive moderate incomes, it is just as obvious that the majority can attain financial independence only by systematic saving.

After all, some sacrifice, some self-discipline is unavoidable if anything worth while is to be gained. The Savings Account provides a safe, profitable, and convenient method.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)



• A "Lady Jayne" PRODUCTION •

AWAY WITH DOUBLE CHIN!

Wear the new "REDUCA" CHIN-STRAP. Helmet when reading, resting or sleeping. No creams or lotions required. The helmet simultaneously keeps the face gently in position. FROM HAIRDRESSERS AND STORES.

If unobtainable locally, send to Reduca Ltd., 48 York Street, SYDNEY.

Price
4/11
Each.

REDUCA
PATENTED IN AUSTRALIA
CHIN-STRAP HELMET

THE Ewbank

BRITISH CARPET SWEEPER
is so thorough

The Ewbank never scorns its work. As it glides smoothly over your carpets its potent self-cleaning brush gathers all the embedded dirt and surface dust. How simple it makes the task, yet how clean and fresh it leaves the carpet!

Strongly and beautifully made, with mechanical correctness that ensures perfect sweeping for many years. Ask for the Ewbank at any store where carpet sweepers are sold.



ES4

WHEN IN LONDON STAY NEAR KENSINGTON GARDENS AT THE
189 Queens Gate, **GORE HOTEL** Telephone:
S.W.7. Kensington 5486/7.

Quiet and Comfortable. French Cuisine. Exquisite Cocktail Bar.
Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms.
Fully Licensed. Terms from 3½ Guineas Weekly.

ECZEMA Skin and Scalp Diseases



Sufferers from any of the following complaints—Eczema, Psoriasis, Oen Under Nail, Varicose Veins and Ulcers, Acne, Tropical Ringworm, Barber's Rash, Ringworm, Pruritis, Dan-druff, Rosacea, Dermatitis, Piles, Chills, Scabies, Infantile Eczema, Milking Eczema, etc.—will receive free advice by writing to (enclosure stamped, addressed envelope) or calling on Mr. JOHN J. MURPHY, M.P.S., Ph.D., Consulting and Pharmaceutical Chemist, 1st Floor, 124 Liverpool Street, Sydney (opp. News).
Mr. Murphy has become famous throughout Australia, New Zealand, Pacific Islands, and even U.S.A. America, for the success of his secret formula in the treatment of the most obstinate cases.
Consultation Free from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mondays to Thursdays; 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Fridays; 9.30 a.m. to 12 (noon) Saturdays.

You MADE a Mistake, My MAN

Ten-Minute Story

"You want to know where I am going?" said Mirian. "To get a separation—I'm through with you." Charles was so stunned that he could only stand silent, convinced at last that she did not love him.

HE stood watching Mirian, his wife, throwing expensive things into expensive bags that were flung open on the bed, on the floor, on the chairs. She crushed in armfuls of dresses, soft bright dresses, for it was the end of summer. She flung in rolled-up hats and her gay red slippers. Toward her dressing case she tossed a small leather case that held her jewellery and trinkets. It missed the bag. Its clasp loosened so that it opened, and a ring and several strings of beads fell out.

Charles Bentley knew the ring, a rather nice sapphire left to Mirian by an aunt. He knew the beads, too. One, a small string of real pearls, he had given her in a boom year. Another, and he recognised it with a pang, was a five-shilling string of imitation coral he had bought for her the day they became engaged.

That had been a gay little jaunt. They had been wandering round the city streets in a warm spring rain, lost to the world in the opal mood of having found each other that very afternoon. They had two precious hours, away from the disapproving eye of Mirian's mother, before Charles must rush off to an appointment.

Mirian's glass beads had broken suddenly, and rolled away on the wet pavement. They had laughed, for everything was delicious that day, and Charles had said, "I'll buy you another string."

It was the first thing he had ever given her, and, indeed, it had done duty for an engagement token until he could afford a ring. But he doubted that they recalled that to Mirian in the emotional excitement of this quarrel. They were simply beads, and the pearls were simply beads. She gathered them hastily, angrily, into the box and snapped the lid.

He said one more thing: "Do you mind telling me where you are going?" Her own voice was like the touch of dry ice to the finger.

"I'm going to stay at mother's. From there," she paused dramatically, "I shall get a separation."

He had no way of knowing that she had just thought of that and wanted him to protest against it. He was stunned that it had come to this, so that he could only stand silent, convinced at last that she did not love him at all.

TEN years ago they had been too poor for any kind of safety, and yet, looking back on it now, he saw that it had been a kind of heaven. Mirian had been in love with him then. She had thought he had infinite capacities. If they quarrelled at all they made it up violently, or shakily humble, and marriage went on deeper and sweeter than it ever had gone before.

Now they were rich enough for a comfortable and luxurious suburban existence, for Charles' infinite capacities had at last secured him a partnership with an eminent firm of consulting engineers; and now they were almost on the very point of separation over a very simple little thing.

He had been kept at the office, and so hadn't been able to keep a plan they had made for driving out into the country to see a farm that Mirian had been talking about.

He had imagined that running out to the farm was an excuse for driving into the lovely countryside, and he had been sorry when he telephoned that he couldn't get away. They would go to-morrow, he said. Two hours later he had arrived to find her sobbing with disappointment. To-morrow he would have another excuse. He didn't care if she spent her entire life, alone and neglected, in this hemmed-in old house.

Charles was really startled. The hemmed-in old house had cost four thousand pounds. It had appeared even Mirian's mother. He said gently that he had thought she liked the house—thought she was happy there.

She had not, she assured him, ever liked the house. She was very unhappy, she said, and many other things which were not true.

... By ...
CLARA WALLACE OVERTON

And Charles, now very white, had thought to say, "You don't love me any more, do you?"

She wouldn't answer that, probably to spare his feelings, and so he remained silent and bewildered and hurt. The meaning had gone out of everything.

She was now putting on her hat, one of those tiny ones that showed a lot of her gold hair, and incomprehensibly she was powdering her nose with care. She was so pretty in spite of recent tears and her temper. It was hard to remember that Mirian was thirty-three. Thirty-three and childless, to her sorrow. He felt a sudden pity for her. Of course, she was lonely here.

She hated bridge and clubs and woman stuff in general. She liked the tops of buses and city streets. She liked smart functions and Russian music, yellow roses and tiny handkerchiefs with real lace. It was hard to let her go.

"Will you please take my bags down to the car?" she asked him.

When she had backed out of the drive in her smart little saloon, without any further word between them, he felt as if the world were washing away.

HE read the morning paper listlessly. Just the obvious things while he pretended to drink his coffee. There was a small box feature that caught his eye:

"A lady, who had hundreds of pounds' worth of clothing and jewellery in bags stolen from her car last evening while she was having dinner at a West End restaurant, told detectives that the most important item of her loss was a string of imitation coral."

"Mrs. Charles Bentley, of Sunningdale, drove into town last evening to pay a visit to her mother—"

Mr. Charles Bentley, still in Sunningdale, reached for the telephone. "Darling, can you forgive me about yesterday?"

"Charles, dearest, please come, please hurry. I've cried all night."

"I'm coming now, darling. You mustn't cry any more. We're going back to look at farms right away—"

"I don't want a farm, Charles. I want a little flat somewhere close to the office. I've lost the little beads you gave me to marry you—"

"I'm going to buy lots of beads to-day, darling."

One thing was certain, and he would never doubt it again. It might involve moving from farm to farm, from flat to flat, from bungalow to bungalow, but he didn't care. He knew that she loved him.

(Copyright.)

"I feel as though I NEVER had LUNG TROUBLE"

... Reports a Grateful User of "Membrosus"

"I am very pleased to be able to report further good news. I am feeling very well ... just as though I NEVER HAD LUNG TROUBLE WAS ... I am very thankful, and wonder where I would have been had I not used your 'Membrosus'."

In these words a long-suffering patient describes just how valuable this wonderful inhalation treatment has been in making life worth while for her when she otherwise faced a future of blank despair.

Have You These Symptoms?

Distressing Cough? ... Night Sweats? ... Haemorrhages? ... Lack of Strength? ... Loss of Weight? ... No Appetite? ... Sleepless Nights? ... Congested Lungs?

From people of all ages in all parts of the Commonwealth and beyond, comes astonishing evidence of the work of "Membrosus" as a progressively effective treatment in relieving Lung and Chest troubles by natural means and without operation. If YOU suffer, don't you owe it to yourself to give this wonderful treatment a trial in the face of the overwhelming evidence available that, being entirely different, it achieves far more outstanding results than all others.

CATARRH...HAY FEVER ANTRIM TROUBLE

If you have Head Noises ... Chronic Sneezing Fits ... Running Eyes and Nose ... If your hearing and sense of smell are affected ... If you are troubled with disgusting hawking and spitting ... these things can all be changed. You can enjoy life free from such embarrassing conditions. You can wake in the morning with nostrils and throat quite clear ... go through the day without these insidious complaints affecting and undermining your health.

ASTHMA...BRONCHITIS

This natural inhalation treatment has proved invaluable for these complaints. Sufferers report that they can now breathe freely at all times without shortness of breath, walk up steep hills and play games without getting tired or distressed ... lie down and sleep at night without fear of attacks ... bring the mucus easily away ... stop the wheezing. Attacks become less frequent and severe until recovery is gradually but surely completed.

With "Membrosus" many chronic cases of up to 40 years' standing report recovery without recourse.

Membrosus (Regd.) INHALATION TREATMENT

Because the fumes of "Membrosus" enter the blood stream and actually clear away toxins and strains which cause these troubles, this DRY INHALATION TREATMENT is able to definitely conquer such complaints without operation.

From whatever pulmonary complaint you may suffer, here is the logical treatment ... Reported by hundreds of cases so lately effective. Remember, "Membrosus" is not an experiment, but a tried and thoroughly proven treatment that gives positive and lasting results.

For the interesting booklet regarding this wonderful inhalation treatment, send a stamped addressed envelope with particulars of your complaint to MEMBROSUS, c/o Irvine Limited, Chemists (Incl. 27 years), Sole Distributors for Australia and New Zealand, 123 Victoria Road, Drummoyne.

SHE Missed Her TRAIN



SALLY rushed breathlessly on to the platform. She thought she had half a minute to spare, but as she reached the barrier, the gates clanged together, and she watched the last train for Walthamstow slide away.

"Damn!" she ejaculated, turning on her heel. Sally was not the sort of girl to stand tearfully looking after the train she had missed. As she turned, she collided with a young man who was standing immediately behind her. She stopped abruptly. This young man was no stranger to her, for she had seen him frequently on the station. Mostly he was standing in the corner by the bookstall, doing nothing in particular except watching Sally. She had seen him so often that she looked for him every evening, and about once a week he was there. Lately, half a smile had passed between them as she hurried by.

"Missed it?" he now inquired, raising his hat.

"Do I look as if I'm on it?" she demanded dangerously. Sally had a riot of red curls, and her temper sometimes rioted to match.

He smiled broadly.

"Well, what I meant was—rather rotten luck, and all that, you know. I was seeing a chap off on that train, and I saw you run up. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know why I should bother to tell you," she retorted, "but if you must know, I haven't had time to decide anything yet."

"I can make three suggestions," he said. "One—there is a train that wanders all round London, and will get you home about 1 o'clock in the morning; two—you can take a taxi, which will cost you a devil of a lot of money; three—you can come with me and spend the night at my place."

Sally eyed him grimly.

"I never knew before that I looked that sort of girl. Since I do, it's my misfortune. Thank you for your suggestions—but I shall manage somehow without your help."

She shot him an angry look and turned to go, but he caught her by the arm.

"No, listen. You don't understand. My sister lives with me. We have a gorgeous spare room. Can't I persuade you to try it?"

Sally hesitated. She thought of her landlady's face as she rolled in at 3 a.m.; she thought, too, of her purse. It contained five and eightpence, which did not seem adequate for the taxi-ride from Liverpool Street to Walthamstow.

"Are you sure your sister won't mind?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Sure as anything. Bobs is a scout. She'll love to have you. Is it settled, then?"

Sally nodded, flushing like a wild-rose.

"It'll come. It's terribly good of you. My name is Sally Denner."

"I've wondered about that for a long time," he said softly. "mine is Tim Hudson."

"Hudson!" exclaimed Sally.

"Yes—why? Perfectly good name, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes. It just seemed a familiar sort of name," she murmured hurriedly.

"Come along, then. Here's a taxi. Hop in."

IN the darkness of the taxi she enjoyed her private joke. Tim Hudson was the name of her boss' son; and there was a sister, Roberta—Bobs! It must be the same Tim Hudson. She had never seen him, but the office was agog with tales of the doings of Tim and the vivacious Bobs.

"What a lark!" thought Sally. "What if he wanders into the office one day and meets me?"

"What will your people think?" he said presently.

"I live in digs," she answered. "I shall have to tell my landlady that I stayed with a girl in town. As a matter of fact, I've been seeing somebody off on the last train from Victoria."

By
V. Wynn-Griffiths

Tim was obviously a man of means. His flat spelt "250 per annum rent" to Sally.

He led her to a cosy book-lined room, and turned on the electric fire. "Sit here a minute, will you? I'll just go and get Bobs. I expect she's in bed. Then I'll ring for some supper. There's an all-night service in this place."

He went out, and Sally sat by the fire, and wondered what a rudely awakened Bobs would say when confronted by a perfectly strange girl. She teased herself comfortably, for there was a nip in the spring night. She hoped supper would be fairly substantial; she had had no dinner, and tea was a dim memory of the early afternoon.

Soon she began to wonder what was keeping Tim so long. Perhaps the unknown Bobs was not so delighted at having to get up and play hostess at one o'clock in the morning.

Tim was a very long time! Sally became conscious of an uneasiness. She crept to the door and listened, but there was not a sound anywhere. She edged around the room a bit.

What on earth had happened to him? she muttered. "Even if she won't get up, he could come back himself."

Idly, she took out one or two books and looked at the fly-leaf.

"Tim Hudson, Oxford, 1933," she read.

She giggled to herself.

"I bet it is old Hudson's son! Wish the boss could see me now."

A CLOCK chimed softly. She looked at it aghast. She had been alone now half an hour. Sally decided to investigate. Carefully she opened the door, and peered out into the corridor. Silence met her. There was no sound of voices anywhere. A row of doors faced her; she opened each one of them quietly. Bathroom, a very luxurious one in scarlet and black, with chromium fittings; bedroom, obviously that of the mysterious Bobs, from the huge and marvellously equipped dressing-table; her room again, much smaller, this time, and very plain with a narrow white bed. ("Tim's room," opined Sally).

Then came a modernistic dining-room. On the other side were a spare bedroom and a large dining-room, in addition to the little den where Tim had taken her. But nowhere in any of the rooms was there a sign of Tim Hudson and his sister.

Sally was conscious of a chill of doubt as she completed her tour, and returned to the comfort of the electric fire.

"I'll give him another half-hour," she thought, "and if he's not back then I'm going to bed. I refuse to wander out of this heavenly place with five and eightpence in my purse, at this time of the night—no morning."

She found some biscuits and ate them. She found some cigarettes and smoked them.

"Serve him right," she thought viciously. "If I use up everything he's got."

The clock chimed again, and she rose with great determination. She went into Bobs' room and annexed some mauve silk pyjamas off the bed.

"They'll just suit me," she murmured complacently, holding them up against her, and admiring herself in the mirror. She went into the gorgeous bathroom, and turned on the tap. The water ran boiling hot, and Sally skipped delightedly.

"I've never been in a black bath before," she thought, as she tipped half a bottle of bath salts—"Sous les Lilas"—they filled the place with a most gratifying and expensive smell. She soaked herself blissfully, then, arrayed in the mauve pyjamas, she went into Tim's room, and slid into his bed.

"And if he does come back to-night," she murmured drowsily, "he can sleep in his beautiful spare room."

Sally was one of those fortunate

people who can awaken at any hour set for themselves overnight. So, at 6 o'clock next morning, she jumped out of bed. All was still and silent in the flat, but she could hear somewhere the drone of the electric cleaner.

Rushing to the bathroom, she surveyed grimly the mess she had left the night before.

"I hope he will find it before they tidy it up," she thought, as she hastily washed. She dressed herself, and leaving the bed unmade, she let herself out into what appeared to be a main entrance hall for a vast block of flats. She scouted carefully, but there was no one to be seen at that moment, and she dashed out and into the street.

The morning air was bright and chilly. Sally looked around, and found she was near the park. A cup of coffee was clearly indicated, and boarding an early bus, she nodded farewell to the imposing mansion from which she had come.

"That's that, Mr. Tim Hudson. I hope you slept as well as I did last night."

SALLY appeared at the office at 9 a.m., looking as trim as though she had slept that night like a Christian in her own bed. There were faint shadows smudged beneath her eyes, for from 2 to 6, is not sufficient sleep for a healthy girl, but otherwise she was her usual brisk and competent self.

The office day wore on its appointed way. Sally rattled her typewriter industriously, while her mind kept up a running accompaniment of questions. "Why did he leave me there alone? Where did he go to? What did he think would happen to me? And I hope he found the mess I made in his bathroom!"

About four, the bombshell fell. An office boy wandered with an early evening extra, which was promptly annexed by the girl at the next table.

"Oh, Sally, look at this!" she cried after a moment. "I bet old Bobsy-face is in a fine state. Bobs Hudson's jewels were worth any amount."

For no reason Sally's heart went with a thud to her boots.

She grabbed the paper.

"Let me look!"

On the front page she read:

"Daring robbery at luxury flat. 'Some time during last night, Miss 'Bobs' Hudson was robbed of her jewels, valued at about £10,000. Miss Hudson spent the night with a friend, and Mr. Tim Hudson, her brother, who lives with her, was also away. There are some mysterious details—the thief presumably borrowed Miss Hudson's pyjamas and slept in Mr. Hudson's bed, and from the state in which the bathroom was found, he apparently took a hot bath. The police have two clues—in the bathroom was found a girl's handkerchief, with the initials 'S.D.' embroidered in one corner; and the porter at the Winchester, where the robbery took place, declares that about 6.30 this morning he caught a glimpse of a young, red-haired woman dashing out of the main entrance. An early arrest is expected."

Sally continued to stare at the paper for quite a long time after she had read it. Her cheeks were burning, her mind in a maze of consternation.

"S.D.," commented her friend, who was looking over her shoulder. "AND

red-haired! Sally, those are your initials—it might have been you!"

"Don't be a fool!" Sally bade tersely, and went back to her typewriter. She thumped the keys feverently, her mind working meanwhile at double-pressure.

"Oh, mercy, what have I done? Damn the man! He probably wasn't. Tim Hudson at all. I suppose he did the job while I was sitting waiting for him. But why did he take me there? What a fool I've been."

There came another, more terrifying thought.

"If it really was Tim Hudson, he might walk in here any moment and see me."

Sally quailed inwardly at the thought of Tim stalking into the office, and pointing an accusing finger at her.

"Oh, help! What am I going to do. But I didn't take the damn things, anyway."

She went virtuously home on the early train from Liverpool Street, fearing almost to set her nose outside the

World's Richest Chorus Girl



THE WORLD'S RICHEST chorus girl. The news that she is heir to almost a million pounds probably makes Miss Erika Balatkova, of America, the richest chorus girl in the world. She was informed that an aunt who had died two weeks ago in Czechoslovakia had left her the fortune. She intends to stick to her dancing work despite the money she has inherited.

door, lest a heavy hand should fall on her shoulder. For days she walked delicately. If a stranger in the street caught her eye she stared at him defiantly, seeing in everyone a Scotland Yard official.

THE office was agog with talk of the robbery, and Sally stood more than her share of leg-pulling. The coincidence of the initials and the red hair were too good to be overlooked. She laughed at the jokes, while inwardly she said bitterly:

"Yes, if you only knew, you fools, if you only knew!"

She went all goosey when she thought how she had incriminated herself—her landlady would say she had not slept at home; Tim Hudson had only to see her to recognize her as the girl he had taken to the flat.

"What a mess," commented Sally. But presently as the days slid by, and no Tim Hudson appeared accusingly at the office, she persuaded herself that the Liverpool Street friend was not Tim Hudson at all, but just an ordinary thief. She hated to think of the pleasant-faced stranger as a thief, but on the other hand, to think of him as Tim Hudson was more appalling.

"No more talking to strange men, Sally," she admonished herself firmly, "see where it leads you, my girl."

Nevertheless, every evening in her homeward rush for the 6.35 she glanced towards the corner by the bookstall, but there was no one there. Sally felt a distinct blank in her life, but the paths of virtue are notoriously uninteresting.

One rainy night she arrived with her usual scurry for the train, and tacked herself on to the crowd at the

barrier. Then someone took her by the arm and drew her gently away. The color drained from her face. She turned and met the eyes of the man who called himself Tim Hudson.

"You," she whispered. Then her temper boiled over. "Go away," she said, "you've led me into any amount of trouble. I don't want to talk to you again."

"Come over here," he said quietly. "I've something to say to you."

He led her firmly down the deserted platform where the empty Harwich train was waiting.

"I owe you an apology," he began. "I should think you do," she interrupted, "but I don't want to hear it. You pretended to be Tim Hudson and led me to that beastly flat, then made away with the jewels while I sat there waiting for you."

She paused for breath.

"But Sally," he protested smiling. "I am Tim Hudson. Anyone could tell you that!"

She stared at him a moment, taken aback. Then her spirit reasserted itself.

"Well, if you are, I didn't take the rotten jewels. You can believe me or not, but I didn't. And now you can go away. I don't want ever to see you again."

HER eyes were wide and fierce, but the tears were perilously near.

"Sally, give me a chance and I'll explain everything. Let's sit down a minute, no one will interrupt us here. About those jewels; I know you didn't take them because the thief was captured two or three days ago."

"That doesn't explain why you left me alone that night," she said shortly. He looked at her, smiling sideways through his lashes.

"I was afraid of you, Sally. You see, when I went to look for Bobs, I found a note from her saying she was stopping the night with a pal. Well, I didn't want you to burst out again. Sir, do I look like that sort of girl?—you would have, wouldn't you, if I'd shown you that note? You would have accused me of knowing all the time?"

"Probably," admitted Sally.

"Yes, I knew you would, so I crept out and stole over to the pal's studio to look for Bobs. When I got there I found that the two of them had gone off with a crowd to an all-night party somewhere. I didn't dare face you, so I went home for the night. I rolled up about seven in the morning, full of explanations."

"Did you find the untidy mess I'd left everywhere?" demanded Sally.

"I did, and I found that you'd slept in my bed. It was sweet of you, Sally."

She ignored this.

"And did you think I'd taken the jewels?" she asked.

"Of course not."

"Not once?" she persisted.

"Not once, you've got an honest face, darling."

His eyes were full of laughter as they met hers.

"Sally, I'm sorry things turned out so rottenly. I've wanted for ages to know you. You've guessed that, haven't you? I saw you once on the station when I was coming home from Harwich—I'm in charge of our Continental Branch, you know. Since then, I've looked for you every time. That night you missed your train was pure luck, it seemed such a glorious chance. Am I forgiven, Sally?"

"I think so," she said magnanimously. "After all, there's nothing to forgive, is there? And now, I must have missed a dozen trains. I must get the next."

He caught her hands and drew her into the obliging shade of a dark arch.

"Sally, we know each other now. I want us to be friends, great friends. Let's go somewhere to-night, for a start, shall we?"

"I should love to," said Sally simply.

(Copyright).

A Complete Short Story

red-haired! Sally, those are your initials—it might have been you!"

"Don't be a fool!" Sally bade tersely, and went back to her typewriter. She thumped the keys feverently, her mind working meanwhile at double-pressure.

"Oh, mercy, what have I done? Damn the man! He probably wasn't. Tim Hudson at all. I suppose he did the job while I was sitting waiting for him. But why did he take me there? What a fool I've been."

There came another, more terrifying thought.

"If it really was Tim Hudson, he might walk in here any moment and see me."

Sally quailed inwardly at the thought of Tim stalking into the office, and pointing an accusing finger at her.

"Oh, help! What am I going to do. But I didn't take the damn things, anyway."

She went virtuously home on the early train from Liverpool Street, fearing almost to set her nose outside the

barrier. Then someone took her by the arm and drew her gently away. The color drained from her face. She turned and met the eyes of the man who called himself Tim Hudson.

"You," she whispered. Then her temper boiled over. "Go away," she said, "you've led me into any amount of trouble. I don't want to talk to you again."

"Come over here," he said quietly. "I've something to say to you."

He led her firmly down the deserted platform where the empty Harwich train was waiting.

"I owe you an apology," he began. "I should think you do," she interrupted, "but I don't want to hear it. You pretended to be Tim Hudson and led me to that beastly flat, then made away with the jewels while I sat there waiting for you."

She paused for breath.

"But Sally," he protested smiling. "I am Tim Hudson. Anyone could tell you that!"

She stared at him a moment, taken aback. Then her spirit reasserted itself.

"Well, if you are, I didn't take the rotten jewels. You can believe me or not, but I didn't. And now you can go away. I don't want ever to see you again."

HER eyes were wide and fierce, but the tears were perilously near.

"Sally, give me a chance and I'll explain everything. Let's sit down a minute, no one will interrupt us here. About those jewels; I know you didn't take them because the thief was captured two or three days ago."

"That doesn't explain why you left me alone that night," she said shortly. He looked at her, smiling sideways through his lashes.

"I was afraid of you, Sally. You see, when I went to look for Bobs, I found a note from her saying she was stopping the night with a pal. Well, I didn't want you to burst out again. Sir, do I look like that sort of girl?—you would have, wouldn't you, if I'd shown you that note? You would have accused me of knowing all the time?"

"Probably," admitted Sally.

"Yes, I knew you would, so I crept out and stole over to the pal's studio to look for Bobs. When I got there I found that the two of them had gone off with a crowd to an all-night party somewhere. I didn't dare face you, so I went home for the night. I rolled up about seven in the morning, full of explanations."

"Did you find the untidy mess I'd left everywhere?" demanded Sally.

"I did, and I found that you'd slept in my bed. It was sweet of you, Sally."

She ignored this.

"And did you think I'd taken the jewels?" she asked.

"Of course not."

"Not once?" she persisted.

"Not once, you've got an honest face, darling."

His eyes were full of laughter as they met hers.

"Sally, I'm sorry things turned out so rottenly. I've wanted for ages to know you. You've guessed that, haven't you? I saw you once on the station when I was coming home from Harwich—I'm in charge of our Continental Branch, you know. Since then, I've looked for you every time. That night you missed your train was pure luck, it seemed such a glorious chance. Am I forgiven, Sally?"

"I think so," she said magnanimously. "After all, there's nothing to forgive, is there? And now, I must have missed a dozen trains. I must get the next."

He caught her hands and drew her into the obliging shade of a dark arch.

"Sally, we know each other now. I want us to be friends, great friends. Let's go somewhere to-night, for a start, shall we?"

"I should love to," said Sally simply.

(Copyright).



ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT!

TO enjoy good health you MUST have proper sleep and rest. If you are being kept awake by pain or nervous unrest, take NYAL ESTERIN tablets. NYAL ESTERIN contains Esterin Compound, a new sedative that acts directly on the nerve centres and brings natural sleep to the sleepless. NYAL ESTERIN contains ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the prompt relief of pain. Take NYAL ESTERIN for sleeplessness, rheumatic pains, neuralgia, headaches, toothache and all forms of nerve pain. Your chemist sells NYAL ESTERIN tablets at 1/3d. a tin of 24 tablets.

NYAL ESTERIN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to: The Nyal Company, 41/43, Gt. Brunswick Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

W.V. 12/1/35

If you have a problem child, tune into Richard Want, B.A. on 2GB, each Tuesday, at 10 a.m. His "Child Psychology" talks will help you.

Music of the Week

FIRST Nights of GRAND OPERA... A Brilliant Spectacle!

During the week just past Sydney music-lovers have been regaled with two first nights of the Royal Grand Opera Company at the New Tivoli Theatre.

AN Australian-born soprano, Francesca Duret, was admirably cast in the name part of "Madame Butterfly."

For some years past Miss Duret has been known in Italy as the "singing actress," and her histrionic powers are used with subtlety and charm in the role of Cho Cho San.

The recent production was a memorable one, and versatile Mr. Ben Williams the most convincing Lieutenant Pinkerton that Sydney audiences have ever seen. The role of the American Consul was portrayed with strength and sympathy by Appleton Moore, whose baritone voice is musical and of an excellent timbre.

"The Valkyrie," the second of the operas incorporated in "The Ring," constituted a masterpiece of singing, acting, and production. As Brunhilde, Florence Austral has achieved international fame, and is considered the greatest living interpreter of this role. The exceptionally strong cast included Walter Widdop, Muriel Brunskill, Horace Stevens, Thea Philips, and Norman Alibi.

The tremendous enthusiasm of the audience proved that Sydney music-lovers have an intense admiration and appreciation of these rarely-heard Wagnerian operas.

A feature of this performance was the

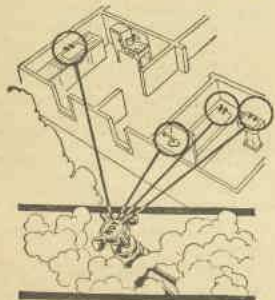


FRANCESCA DURET, the Australian soprano who takes the name part of "Madame Butterfly" in the present Fuller Royal Grand Opera productions.

manner in which the orchestra was perfectly controlled by M. de Abrahanel. Even in the most dramatic ensemble work the voices of the soloists were clearly heard.



A 4-point Hot Water System for £30 (installed complete)



£30

Installed Complete

4 points

BATH - SHOWER

BASIN

KITCHEN

Think of it—a 1935 Hot Water System installed complete for £30 cash (or on easy terms). An instant supply of steaming hot water night and day over the sink, to the wash hand basin, to the shower, to the bath, for an average monthly cost of 9/6 (20 gallons per day). For 30 gallons the average monthly cost is only 11/6, whilst for 40 gallons per day it is 13/6 per month. Never before has automatic storage water heating been offered at such a low price.

The Heater is guaranteed for 5 years, the system is automatic, and every system we install will be inspected and serviced periodically. At the price mentioned—a hot water system is no longer a luxury—it is something the average home can afford. Get in touch with our Hot Water Section, and our hot water engineers will show you how easy it will be to install a 4-point Gas Automatic Storage Hot Water System in your home.

At your Service always

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY

(Hot Water Section)

Haymarket - Near Central Station - Phone M 6503

GAS GIVES STEAMING HOT WATER - ANYWHERE - ANY TIME

£50 for New Year Wishes

HAVE you entered for The Australian Women's Weekly New Year wish competition, for which we are offering cash prizes of £50? The competition will definitely close on January 10, at 5 p.m.

A first prize of twenty-five guineas, a second of five guineas, a third of three guineas, and 25 consolation prizes are offered for the best New Year wish sent in by our readers. The wish may be a personal one or may relate to relatives and friends, or the world in general.

It should be briefly written on a single sheet of notepaper, and will have a better chance of getting among the prize-money if it contains only from 15 to 20 words. Thousands of entries have already been received from all parts of the Commonwealth.

Entries should be forwarded to reach P.O. Box 137 CC not later than 5 p.m. on January 10.

Why Teachers Need Not Fear Amateur Competition

By GEORGE MATTHEWS

One knows that here and there music students are being exploited by poorly-equipped teachers, but it is extremely doubtful whether the certificate scheme—again being advocated in some States—would be a wise counter-stroke.

UNDER this scheme a teacher, before being allowed to teach, would have to pass a test by a board of examiners. Such a system, while possessing certain merit, would deprive people of the right to teach music privately unless they could pass specific tests.

Doctors and lawyers are protected from amateur competition, and one sympathises with those qualified music teachers who feel they should be protected similarly. Their protection at present—a good protection—is a teacher's ability to produce results.

Any art, particularly the art of music, depends for its life on inspiration and imagination. These have never been, and never will be, calibrated by academic tests. Music is very different from other callings, and musical receptivity may develop at an amazingly early age.

At fourteen Mozart was head and shoulders above most contemporary musicians. Mendelssohn at eighteen had already touched the mountain-tops of his genius. Neither of these reached exalted heights by passing examinations. Wagner, Elgar, and Rimsky-Korsakov were largely self-taught. They filtered through no academic sieve, and no board of examiners pronounced them fit for music patronage.

IN Australia to-day there are singers and instrumentalists who devote part of their time to teaching. Some of these rebel at tests but are more successful in their work than certain teachers with more degrees than a thermometer.

No one could fairly belittle the importance of conservatorium and school

musical training by people who have passed tests. Without finely-trained teachers and conservatoria, our whole musical fabric would be in grave danger of collapse.

We should think carefully, however, before depriving men and women with great natural gifts, who have made up for their lack of academic schooling by self-instruction, of the opportunity to teach.



RAYMOND LAMBERT, solo pianist, and Rita Miller, coloratura soprano, who will commence their national broadcasting engagement this week. —Lafayette.

Spivakovsky-Kurtz Trio

Broadcast Recitals Commence

SCHUBERT'S B Flat Major Trio, opus 99, and the Beethoven Sonata in F Major for piano and violin, opus 24, were the two works chosen for the first of the series of broadcast recitals planned by the Spivakovsky-Kurtz Trio. Both compositions are well known to lovers of chamber music. It is a tribute to the performers as well as to the long-dead composers that, listened to again, over the air, they had the interest and freshness of something heard for the first time.

To those who have had the good fortune to hear these three musicians on previous visits to Sydney and broadcasting, the first concert of the present season will not have come as a surprise. The Schubert Trio was beautifully performed. There was that perfect co-ordination and harmony among the players which stamps all first-class chamber music combinations.

THE Beethoven Sonata was played by Jaucha Spivakovsky and his brother, Tossy, piano and violin, respectively. The work was admirably treated, the rich feeling of the composer being fully appreciated and translated by both players. The only criticism that could be levelled against this performance, in fact, applies to the second movement, where there was a slight tendency to hasten the tempo of the music, and a consequent loss of clarity.

Future concerts promise to be even more interesting. The trio intends playing several works little known in this country, among them being the Bach Violin Sonata in G Minor, and a sonata for violin and violoncello by Ravel. Apart from the interest which will centre in these compositions for their own sake, there will be that of studying their treatment at the hands of the present artists.—S.H.

Kurtz' Brother for Conservatorium

ARVED KURTZ, the violinist brother of the Kurtz family—Edmund (cellist), and Efreim (conductor), who was in Adelaide in 1929 with Pavlova—is coming to the Elder Conservatorium of Music this year as principal violin teacher and soloist.

At the early age of seven he commenced playing the violin, and when still a child studied with Leopold Auer, in Petrograd. Since the war he has been associated with various prominent teachers, both as pupil and friend.

The Naturally Gifted Men



Mr. James Lyons

Mr. Barnes Lyons

ARE NOW AT
THE GRAND HOTEL
HUNTER ST., SYDNEY

Those who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity of consulting the REMARKABLY GIFTED MEN while they are in Sydney, should now make an appointment for an interview by writing or calling to the above address. Messrs. Lyons' Book, "The Romance of the Naturally-Gifted Men," will be sent Post Free on application.***

WANTED TO PURCHASE

OLD GOLD, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street).***

HORT HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my ginger. I call it Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar.***

Special £5 Prize!

£5 for the prize letter and 10/6 for every other letter published on the "So They Say" page is being awarded each week. This offer will continue until further notice.

DOWDY WIVES

WHY is it that the majority of smart and attractive business girls change to dowdy women a few years after they are married? I have noticed this in many instances.

Of course, we quite understand that a married woman cannot be expected to go on dressing herself on the same money as she did when she only had herself to keep, but smartness and style of dress do not necessarily call for money—it is just an idea of what to wear and how to wear it.

It is a great pity that women allow themselves to become careless with their appearance like this. How can they wonder that their husbands pay more attention to the single girls introduced to them by their bachelor friends than to their wives?

£5 for this letter to Miss Grace Dayne, 60 Finlayson St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

ONLY WONDERFUL LOVE

"POVERTY is no disgrace," so they say, but, as the Irishman said, "it's mighty inconvenient."

I wonder if any of your readers agree with me that many marriages would be happier but for the nerve-racking strain of poverty? Trying to make ends meet, continually struggling to keep the wolf from the door, incessant worry in the effort to clothe and feed the family—what else could one expect but that tempers would be frayed and irritable? It would be a wonderful love that could withstand such trials, and it could only be where there was perfect understanding, sympathy, and love between husband and wife that happiness could survive.

Mrs. A. Walsh, c/o G.P.O., Toowoomba, Qld.

SLOVENLY SLIPPERS

HAS any reader an opinion on the subject of bedroom slippers? Mine, for one, is very decided. I think that the sight of a person always in slippers is an indication of a slovenly nature, and I am sure that most people desire a slattern.

Of course in some instances, as in the case of a hurt foot, it is quite excusable, but there are people who, though all unwittingly, seize every opportunity of losing both their own self-respect and the respect of others—for that is, in reality, what they are doing. I am certain that if they would only think about it, they would realise how horrible it is, and perhaps pull themselves up. It always fills me with disgust to see slippers being worn, especially in parties and other public places.

Miss C. Hocking, Earlwood, 41 Service St., Hampton, St. Vic.

BETTER KITCHENS

"THE heart of the home is the kitchen," and the kitchen, incidentally, is most women's fate. Yet, looking about, how many homes have really nice kitchens—kitchens that are roomy, airy, and light?

Strangely enough, most of them seem to be built on the hottest side of the house, supplied with a minimum of light, and registering a heat in summer which often reduces a woman to a flapping bundle of nerves, and gives her a loathing for the sight and thought of meals to be prepared.

Why is it? Have women no say at all in the planning of their homes—or do we want women architects?

Miss B. Noll, Wood's Flat, via Blanchetown, S.A.

WITHOUT SANCTITY

YET another couple have desecrated the marriage ceremony by having it performed, this time, in a lions' den. One wonders whether their strange behaviour is actuated solely by a desire for the unconventional or, more obviously, to gain a form of cheap notoriety.

If they deliberately choose to forgo the beauty and sanctity of the orthodox marriage service, surely they will be visited with regrets and a sense of having spoilt the most wonderful moment of their lives.

What do other readers think?

Mrs. G. S. Hutchison, Aldgate, S.A.



Black Lips and Nails Show Very Poor Taste

I AGREE with Elizabeth Frost (22/12/34) with reference to freak nail and lip fashions. Yet one must not assume a superior attitude to polished nails and discreetly-plucked eyebrows. It is as important to be well-groomed as to have rows of letters after one's name.

It is perfectly true that, in the long run, it is character and intelligence that count in life. Yet the vast majority of human beings are apt to judge one by first appearances. First impressions do count, and possibly, the type who indulge in freakish fads want to make themselves noticed but have not sufficient intelligence to know that simplicity is the keynote of refinement.

Miss G. Waygood, 24 East St., Lutwyche, Brisbane.

Just Freakish

I AGREE with Miss Frost that black lips and finger-nails must be revolting indeed.

To help bring out the natural color of lips and nails is all very well, even to add a little natural pink if they are pale is well within reason, but to make them entirely different from what nature intended is just freakish. Especially funeral black. No woman could possibly look beautiful with black lips and nails. Why try and find something more beautiful than nature's color scheme? It cannot be done.

Mrs. G. W. Kitson, 43 Monmouth Rd., Westbourne Park, Adelaide.

It Is Barbaric

THE trend in modern fashion towards the decidedly inartistic painting of women's faces, ugly imitation nails, and unnecessary hair-dyeing seems to me barbaric, for since the beginning of savagery, uncivilized races, etc., have painted themselves in such hideous ways. To over-paint our bodies in this way is surely not civilised!

Miss N. McDonagh, 32 Boronia Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Which Is More Desirable?

I, TOO, hold the same opinion which Elizabeth Frost expressed, concerning lip and nail fashions.

Which is the more attractive woman: the one who blackens her lips and paints her finger-nails hideous colors, or the woman who leaves her lips as nature meant them to be, and manicures her nails carefully, not ruining their appearance by painting them? Most certainly the latter woman is more desirable, as she exhibits simple but good taste.

Miss Joan Wormald, 115 Sailor Bay Rd., Northbridge, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

FRANCIS LEDERER IS CONSIDERED THE MOST ADEPT AND COURTLY HAND KISSER IN HOLLYWOOD. IVAN LEDERER WAS FORMERLY THE UNOFFICIAL FILM CHAMP OF THE ART.

ADOLPHE MENJOU. SO SUAVE AND SOPHISTICATED ON THE SCREEN, WAS SO FLUSTERED WHEN HE RECENTLY APPLIED FOR HIS MARRIAGE LICENSE THAT HE SIGNED ON THE WRONG LINE AND HAD TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN.

JANET GAYNOR'S HOUSE WAS ENTERED RECENTLY BUT NOTHING WAS STOLEN. IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE INTRUDER WAS SIMPLY AN UNUSUALLY DARING FAN ANXIOUS TO GLIMPSE THE STAR'S HOME.

JUNE KNIGHT'S AUTOGRAPH.

Encouraging the Young Idea To Look Too Old

SURELY Miss Berryman is frowning too sternly upon our young daughters! Admittedly they are trying to appear older than they really are. And to do this they imitate their elders in choosing dress and employing cosmetics (horrible thought!). But what the writer fails to remember is that "growing up" is a natural instinct in all young people.

To check this, to force our daughters to remain schoolgirls, is to repress their innermost spirit. Miss Berryman wishes us to compel them to "enjoy the days of childhood." Who are we to dictate enjoyments to our children?

If we are to condemn their dress and "paint," should we not then condemn ourselves, whom our children imitate?

A. Freeman, P.O., Bankstown, N.S.W.

One Good Turn...

Deserves Another

THE Australian Women's Weekly has now become a necessary part of our home life and is appreciated more and more by every member of the family. I should think, however, that most readers would realise that the modest sum charged for the paper does not give the proprietors sufficient recompense in proportion to the value received.

In view of this, and to assist them to keep it at its present high standard, I think it would be only fair for all readers to make a point of patronising, as much as possible, the advertisers in The Australian Women's Weekly who help to make the paper what it is.

Mrs. E. Leslie, Oakfield, Mudgee, N.S.W.

Some Develop Early

REGARDING these "old young girls," I think Miss Berryman should remember that some children develop far more quickly than others. Would it be fair to expect a girl of fourteen or fifteen, who is well built for her age, to dress in childish clothes, socks, and have no powder on her nose? Some girls have left school at that age and, possibly, are even working. They have naturally a different outlook from the schoolgirl, who usually dresses in uniform, and even schoolgirls are thankful to get out of uniform into something more grown-up.

Mrs. J. Lawson, 10 Ocean St., Merveth, N.S.W.

What They Like ... and What They Don't Like

I AGREE with Miss Satori (29/12/34) that it will be entertaining to hear here are my likes and dislikes. Sea chanteys, church spires, real life stories, Princess Marina's speaking voice, billy tea, aeroplanes flying in V-formation, helping a bride to dress for her wedding, the smell of printers' ink, taking a child for its first visit to the Zoo, and the mental stimulus of living in a great city. Oh, and spending money, of course.

My pet aversions are "southerly busters," beetles, the American accent, people who persist in using my fountain pen, lukewarm soup, the expression, "Come up and see me some time," and radio advertisers who use classical music as a background for a dissertation on the merits of somebody's brassieres or dentifrice.

Mrs. W. Cropper, 7 Currawang St., Concord West N.S.W.

Cackling of Fowls

ANSWERING Miss Alva Satori's letter, here are my likes and dislikes: I live on a poultry farm, so I love to hear the fowls cackling. I like my husband in a good humor. I love the sound of rain falling on the roof at night.

I don't like my husband in a bad humor. I don't like the sound of mosquitoes buzzing, and I don't like answering the doorbell when I smell something burning in the oven.

Mrs. J. C. Abbott, care Manly P.O., Qld.

Homely Taste

THESE are some of my likes and dislikes—all very homely ones:

Likes: Sunday mornings with the house clean; flowers, and a clean tablecloth, shining china and cutlery, long hours by the sea with plenty of books, lying in bed on a winter's night, listening to the rain, a nice day and my little girl and I off out to lunch with a friend, listening to organ music.

Dislikes: Walking on crumbs or sugar, cooking a nice hot meal and husband not coming to eat until half-cold, cleaning up after washing, washing windows, and last, but not least, washing the dishes after the evening meal.

Mrs. L. B. Ward, Glynde Rd., Firle, S.A.

Likes Our Artists

IN answer to Miss Alva Satori's letter (29/12/34), here is a list of the things I like most, and some of my dislikes:

Sunny days, the drowsy hum of bees, and water shimmering in the moonlight. Lovely clothes, and the perfume of violets. Children's laughter, and the back of a baby's neck. The drawings of Boothroyd and Wynne Davies. My husband's profile, and the big blue eyes of my little daughter.

Knowing I'm needed, and being loved. I dislike thunderstorms, and spiders, and illness, and hearing babies cry. And quarrelling, and owing money, and women who call me "dear" when they hardly know me.

Mrs. J. Quinlan, No. 1 Cromie St., Murlon, Vic.

Dislikes Chocolates

SOME of my likes are: Norma Shearer's sincerity, liquorice, sun-baking and Oriental slippers, cocoa, and English pottery, and honesty.

A few of my dislikes are: Those fat, wealthy men who twirl their moustaches, smoke cigars, and wear signet rings on their fingers. Blood-red finger-nails, and turnips. Chocolates and fly-blown cakes in shop windows, and people who are too lazy to hold their shoulders up.

Miss E. Light, 14 Clree St., Hamilton, Brisbane.

Dislikes New Shoes

I LIKE bargain-hunting, sea travelling, old friends, washing clothes, brainwaves, diamonds and emeralds and polishing floors, and dislike new shoes, busybodies, duststorms, window-cleaning and heaps of other things.

Mrs. E. Semmens, 60 Cromwell Rd., South Yarra, SE1, Vic.

Music Above All

MUSIC above all else—especially symphonies—Australian water-colors, dancing, birds, cream cakes, the ocean in its angry mood, chocolate, blue skies after rain, new clothes, the solitude of the bush, sunsets, and orchids.

My dislikes are few, but quite definite. Musical talkie shows, scandal-mongers, empty conversations, and spoilt children.

Miss K. Chalmers, 394 Church St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

THE CITY SPIRIT

WE have been besieged during past years by novels and films from abroad expressing life in the great cities—London, New York, Vienna, and the like. In answer to these, Australia offers its literature and movies of bush and country life.

Yet we have not seen here a book or film which reveals the real spirit of the Australian city. Apart from a few splendid examples showing the Australian town as it was, such as Barnard Eldershaw's "A House is Built," all the Australian author has done is to place a cosmopolitan plot in a general city setting and called this setting "Sydney" or "Melbourne."

Why cannot our writers and our film-producers do for the city what "Coonardoo" for instance, has done for our wild bushland? Nobody will deny that there is a something about the Australian city which distinguishes it from foreign cities. And can these new arts of our nation—the novel and the film—be truly called "advanced," until this elusive city spirit has been captured?

A. L. Hertzog, P.O., Panchbowl, N.S.W.

JUST WHISPER!

BEING one of the deaf clan, I cross swords with the well-known psychologist referred to in "Most People Unobservant" (29/12/34) in defence of the inattentive(?) woman who, not being able to hear normal voices, was supposedly tested because she easily followed whispered "spicy scandal."

Evidently she was lip-reading—perhaps unconsciously—as the whispered

ETIQUETTE



DON'T TALK about people unknown to those present.

word, being much better formed than the normal tone, is as easily read as the printed page.

This fact, by the way, were it generally realised, would greatly lessen difficulties in intercourse between the hearing and the deaf.

Whisper, and we shall see!

Mrs. Mabel Brook, Longwood, Vic.

ROWDINESS AT NIGHT

WHY do so many people, when coming home at night through the quiet streets of a suburb, insist on shouting, laughing, or discussing (with the necessary exclamations) the night's entertainment? Then, when parting at street corners, about their adieus and last-minute instructions, disregarding the fact that behind open windows only a few yards away people are asleep (or trying to sleep).

And young people are not the only culprits! Only a few nights ago two elderly men stood for over an hour beneath our bedroom window discussing the events of the day—that at 11.30 p.m. Is it just thoughtlessness or lack of consideration for others? What do other readers think?

Mrs. H. Souwer, 40 Mary St., Anchen-bower, Brisbane.

IT'S THE MEN

THERE is a lot of controversy raging at the present time regarding the alarming decrease in birth-rate.

Women all over the world are being bitterly criticised and condemned for having small families. They are too frightened, they don't want to give up their good times, are just two of the many reasons given. Yet how many men are there who want large families? There are not many!

In the average household very young children cause nearly as much inconvenience to the father as they do to the mother, and I think it is time the critics left off attacking only the women.

Mrs. E. Doel, Carlyons, Baradine, N.S.W.



NORMA SHEARER as Elizabeth Barrett, with Charles Laughton as her father, Edward Moulton Barrett, in the film version of Rudolf Besier's play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

How CHARLES LAUGHTON Became an ACTOR

From Our Hollywood Correspondent

PRAISE from the most fastidious critics has greeted Charles Laughton's interpretation of a variety of roles during the last few years. Yet his acting career is still quite brief. He is already known to Australian audiences for his work in several films, of which "The Private Life of Henry VIII," an English production, is the most notable.

His latest film, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," made in Hollywood, is now being given its first release in Australia.

What is the secret of his exceptionally swift rise to his present pre-eminent position?

It took a world war and an act of God to make an actor of the hotel clerk, Charles Laughton.

"The war," he said, "abook me into first considering acting, and my brother's arrival was the act of God."

It was while he was seated on the set of "The Barretts" in an interval of production that Laughton made these comments. He was garbed in mid-Victorian costume and was wearing the mutton-chop whiskers and grey hair of Edward Moulton Barrett, a character entirely different from any he has attempted before.

In this film version of the famous stage-play, Laughton's first American film since winning the recent Motion Picture Academy award, he plays the role of Norma Shearer's father. Norma Shearer is, of course, Elizabeth Barrett, who later becomes Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Fredric March plays Robert Browning, her poet lover.

Hotel Management

BORN into a family of hotel owners, Laughton was trained for that profession. "But I was always a bad clerk," he admits, "spending most of my time and all my money in the galleries of theatres."

After becoming first a clerk at Claridge's Hotel in London, he left England to serve in France with the 7th Northamptonshire. He returned to England resolved to become an actor. But his father's hotel in Scarborough needed attention. Laughton worked there faithfully for four and a half years, "becoming more bored every month."

Then came the act of God in the



LAUGHTON holding the silver statuette, the Motion Picture Academy award for 1933, given for his work in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

person of his brother. "He told me he wanted to go into the hotel business," Laughton recounts simply. "So I said: 'Fine; take this one. I'm going on the stage.'"

And he did. Joining the Academy of Dramatic Art in London in 1927, he emerged a year later with a small part. Before another year passed he was well on the road to success. The rest is theatrical history. Soon his name was appearing increasingly larger in print and critics were searching for adjectives to describe the new technique in acting he introduced.

Although, as he says, he was "scared blue" when he came to Hollywood the first time, Laughton learned a good deal in "Payment Deferred," "Sign of the Cross," and several other pictures.

After his successful characterisation of King Henry in Alexander Korda's production, "The Private Life of Henry VIII," Laughton was inundated with screen contracts.

The Old Vic.

HOWEVER, he turned deaf ears to all offers, and joined the stock company at the Old Vic Theatre in London. There he worked an average of fourteen hours a day for eight months. His parts were often small, but always different. "They gave me the experience I needed," he says sincerely.

Following on "The Barretts of Wim-

pole Street," Laughton is to play Louis XVI in "Marie Antoinette," in which Norma Shearer takes the title role. His wife, Elsa Lanchester, is cast with him in an important role.

Laughton's future plans are vague. "But I shall probably do another picture with Korda after about three in Hollywood," he said. "And by that time I'll be ready for more stage work."

Whoever is interested in the art of acting, he doesn't care what sort of parts he plays "so long as they are varied."

"I would rather," he says, "be called a versatile ham than a one-part actor."

Academy Award

LAUGHTON was given the Motion Picture Academy award of 1933 for his work in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

Speaking of the award, the coveted silver statuette given by Hollywood each year for the best individual performance, Laughton said: "It was in the middle of a stage performance in London when the news came. Naturally I was highly pleased. It is the most sporting gesture I ever heard of, awarding such an honor to an English actor in an English production."

It is interesting to note that this award has been given on previous occasions both to Norma Shearer and to Fredric March, who share with Laughton the honors of "The Barretts."

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★★ THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET

Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Charles Laughton. (M.-G.-M.)

WITH some slight misgiving, despite reassuring reports, we approached this film. For how would American players, even though possessing the skill of Norma Shearer and Fredric March, support the stuffy formalism of early Victorian London? Then, too, with the idea in mind of that distinguished actor, Cedric Hardwicke, who created the stage role in London, we wondered what that other great English actor, Charles Laughton, would make of Edward Moulton Barrett. But we need not have feared. The three principals, ably seconded by the rest of the cast, have interpreted their characters in a manner to compel our warmest admiration.

It was no light task to transfer this play to the screen. Centring most of its scenes round a sick woman's couch, it must be deficient in movement. And there are bound to be longish stretches of dialogue. But the intensity of the psychologic drama more than makes up for that. We are filled with pity no less for the tortured soul of the misguided father than for his victims, and with terror lest the frail postess should not be able to break away from her prison without being herself utterly broken.

Miss Shearer gives a beautiful performance as Elizabeth, and March expresses the biceps manliness that could lend her hope. As for Laughton, he is terrifically like in his cold restraint, his burst of anger, and his self-revelation. Maureen O'Sullivan, as the rebellious Henrietta, is good. But special praise must go to Una O'Connor's faithful maid, Wilson. The dog, Flush, both as part of the curiously studied setting and as an individual actor, merits hearty commendation.—St. James; com. Jan. 9.

★★ CRIME WITHOUT PASSION

Claude Rains, Margo, Whitney Bourne. (Paramount.)

AS hero of the film version of "The Invisible Man," Claude Rains, the well-known West End actor, made a great impression. Here, being enabled to use his darting eyes and mobile mouth as well as the modulations of his fine voice, he gives a distinguished performance. His presentation of the New York criminal lawyer, who is so clever at getting malefactors off that for him stupidity becomes the only crime, has fire and originality. He is one of those divided souls. He can be an aloof spectator, coldly analysing his own and others' motives. Yet he is trapped between his intrigue with a dancing girl, whom he has grown to hate but cannot, according to his code, appear to cast off, and his new passion for a girl of higher social status (Whitney Bourne).

The production has flashes of brilliance, too, in the leaping background before which this drama of love and jealousy and crime is presented. And the quiet tones of all the voices in these highly emotional scenes make them all the more forceful. Margo, a Spanish-American dancer, new to the screen, has the right kind of sensuous but not very expressive beauty for her part.—Civic; com. Jan. 4.

★ THE AFFAIRS OF CELINI

Constance Bennett, Fredric March, Frank Morgan. (20th Cent.; U.A.)

WHAT we have here is American farce, with a dash of picturesque romance, done up in the trappings of 16th century Florence. These same trappings are very handsome, though the subtle lighting, no doubt considered appropriate to the time, does not reveal them at their full brilliance. Of course, it is permissible— it is fashionable at the moment—to render the past in terms of present-day matter-of-factness. But there is a good deal of difference between the levity with which the character of Henry is treated in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," coupled with the deliberately modern ring of some of the dialogue, and the crudity into which "The Affairs of Cellini" lapses now and then. Henry is a romantic as Laughton presents him, whereas Constance Bennett, whose voice is not very pleasing, resembles a consort of the Medici not at all.

Nor does Fredric March, for all his athletic scramblings over palace balconies, fill the legendary character of the scapegrace Cellini. Pay Wray fits the bill as the stupid model, Angela, and Frank Morgan leaves the whole lump. Having conceived the Duke as a vaguely futile, henpecked creature, a sort of King of Hearts always amenable to blandishments, he carries on with admirable consistency.—Plaza; com. Jan. 4.

★ NOW AND FOREVER

Gary Cooper, Shirley Temple, Carole Lombard. (Paramount.)

WELL produced and well acted, this story seems to us to rest on false assumptions. It appears that a young widower (Gary Cooper) and his fair travelling companion (Carole Lombard) have each a grouse against fate, and it is suggested that their career of hotel

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

hiking and frauds on the stay-at-home working community is thereby justified. At least, Miss Lombard, whose reason for heart-sickness is not made clear in this version, is sure that it is all right as long as they continue to enjoy it, but she is beginning to doubt how long that will be. Cooper, on the other hand, is convinced that his true meter is that of gay adventurer.

It is when she learns that he has a child in Connecticut, whom he now proposes to make over absolutely to his detested brother-in-law for a stiff price, that Miss Lombard breaks. And it is the child—whom, after all, he finds he cannot forgo—that brings them together again in Paris. Going South to the Riviera, they are faced with the problem of the child's education. It is then that Cooper heroically takes on a mild job of work at 35 dollars a week.

Young Shirley's own education is going to be a problem, we should say. The child has conspicuous ability. But she grows noticeably more self-conscious here. The latter part of the film reeks with false sentiment.—Prince Edward; com. Jan. 5.

★ TROUBLE

Sydney Howard, George Curzon, Muriel Auld. (R.D.F.)

There is a liberal allowance of slapstick humor in this indifferently produced comedy concerning the misadventures of a very maladroit ship's steward. Sydney Howard gets bumped into the hold, spills soup and water over passengers, and is perpetually incurring the wrath of the chief steward (Wally Patch).

But Howard is one of those thrice-blessed comedians who do not get their laughs by ludicrous situations alone. His precise, rather wistful dignity, his mal-only walk and the movements of his hands are enough to tickle us. Muriel Auld, as an inquiring passenger with a parrot, bowls him some easy ones. But it is the manner quite as much as the matter of his reply that scores him a clean sixer every time.—Mayfair; com. Jan. 5.

★ KISS AND MAKE-UP

Genevieve Tobin, Cary Grant, Helen Mack. (Paramount.)

WOMAN'S eternal quest for beauty, keener than ever now that more women have more leisure to devote to it and that a whole industry has been built up in exploiting their desire, offers plentiful material for satirical comedy. The theme has been developed here in some detail. We are shown beauty parlors in full swing with apparatus and treatments and a doctor (Cary Grant) who has abandoned ordinary practice for this far more lucrative kind. Presently we are introduced to his masterpiece of beauty culture (Genevieve Tobin), a delectable piece of confectionery, to be sure.

Her husband (Edward Everett Horton), however, complains that she had been converted into a mere walking advertisement of the cult, a creature who may not dine or risk sunburn, but spends hours on end in titivating. By contrast the two men find Grant's secretary (Helen Mack), a girl with a hearty appetite for corned beef and cabbage, more companionable.

We enjoy seeing Horton got up here as Curlylocks. The main idea of the film, too, is good. But it should have been handled with a lighter touch. Some of the double meanings are too much underlined.—Prince Edward; com. Jan. 5.

HERE COMES THE GROOM

Jack Haley, Mary Boland, Patricia Ellis. (Paramount.)

IF there is any fresh joke to be extracted here from the situation of the supposed bridegroom who has to spend the night with a girl to whom he is not married, we did not observe it. But perhaps the jest lies in the fact that the hero (Jack Haley) is a burglar so miserably unsuccessful that his girl taunts him with preferring to play the piccolo, and goes off to crack a crib on her own. Stung by her remarks, he does his poor best at the hold-up game and, as a result, gets involved with a deserted bride (Patricia Ellis), who forces him to pose as her newly-wed husband, a radio crooner who, probably for self protection, always performs in a mask.

Anyway, it seemed to us a labored farce on which the talents of Mary Boland, as the bride's purring aunt, are distinctly wasted.—Civic; com. Jan. 4.

SPECIAL FEATURE SECTION

Saturday, January 12, 1935.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

21



EUROPE'S Most Spectacular COUPLE

Barbara Hutton, Now Georgian Princess, Gives £7000 Party

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.

New Year parties in Australia or elsewhere pale before the Oriental splendor and extravagance of that with which Prince and Princess Mdivani recently dazzled their guests at the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

It was an occasion of interest to Australians, as the Princess, formerly Barbara Hutton ("The richest girl in the world") heiress to the Woolworth millions, visited there in an American luxury liner a year or two ago.

With a famous hotel, converted into a

Moorish palace, with every imported luxury in the shape of food and wine, the young host and hostess summoned by plane their guests, their entertainers and their band. Truly their minds run along Roman Imperial lines, and tend towards Bacchanalian feasts.

The reason for the party was three-

fold. It was held in honor of the princess' 22nd birthday, in honor of her departure for New York, and in honor of Prince Alexis' departure for India and polo.

The affair, therefore, was on a super-scale. They commissioned the famous Ritz hotel for the night. At a cost of £100 an hour, and taking 24 hours, they converted the ballroom into a Moorish street, and the lobby into a Russian prince's home.

The ceiling of the ballroom was blue and covered with stars. The tables were oval, and each one had a different color scheme, carried out in different flowers. And to give it a strangely cosmopolitan flavor, in the centre of the Russian lobby stood an extremely modern

American cocktail bar, with the best-known and most efficient French cocktail-mixers standing behind.

Luxuries from Everywhere

IN keeping with the general scheme, special Russian delicacies had to be imported by plane from Russia. All sorts of unusual and delicious dishes were the order of the day. There were eight courses, and eight wines. The very cheapest liqueur cost £5 a bottle.

Cabaret entertainers were brought from London, the band also coming from London. They flew across by plane. The total cost of these per-

formers was £2000. The cabaret where the entertainers usually appear was suitably recompensed. The total cost of the party exceeded £7000.

The guests came by plane from London, Vienna, and Madrid. Imagine the excitement as planes from all sides bore down upon Paris—the hub, the Paris Ritz, the reason, a birthday party for a Georgian princess!

And the clothes were as exotic as the party. The Princess herself flashed rubies and diamonds. One of her guests wore a red and yellow glass jacket. And so in a burst of splendor the Mdivanis depart, the one for America, the other for India. In their short but hectic married life they have given the world something to think about.

The Outdoor Girl ... Sunbathing!

SUNBATHING is comparatively a new cult — a hundred years ago it was non-existent—to-day it is the fashion all over the world, and especially in Australia. McClelland Barclay gives us this week the sunbathing girl—healthy, slim, and brown!

What Women Are Doing

On Show Committee

WOMAN'S organising ability is apparently appreciated in Alstonville (N.S.W.), for the Agricultural Society there has a woman secretary and a woman on its committee of management.

Miss F. A. Laidman, the secretary, has been an energetic worker for the Agricultural Society for a long time, and her appointment a short time ago to an executive position caused general satisfaction.

Mrs. E. J. Booker, who is a committee member, is a recognised authority on Jersey cattle.

Australian Returns From Texas to Her Home Town

BORN and brought up in Melbourne, Mrs. Hugh Cypher is visiting her home town for a few months after

twenty years in Texas. Her home is in Borger, in the middle of the Panhandle oil fields, where apples are sold by the dozen, and bananas by the pound, and you can't buy a cauliflower under 1/8.

Mrs. Cypher is district historian of the 8th District, Texas, of the Parents and Teachers Association, which is a national organisation throughout the 48 States of U.S.A.

Practically all the mothers and 60 per cent of the fathers in America belong to the organisation, which sees that each child begins its school life thoroughly fit, and installs a nurse and medical man in all schools, and generally keeps parents in touch with school life.

Educational and entertaining programmes are arranged for the parents, and it is no uncommon sight to see father and mother spending an evening sitting at the desks occupied by son or daughter during the day.

Though she manages her household of husband and four children unaided, Mrs. Cypher finds time to spend every afternoon at the office of the Red Cross as executive secretary. The American Red Cross has a big peace-time job. It handles much of the Government relief work, such as clothing, housing, and the issue of prescriptions for the sick, etc., and is a very good friend to all unfortunates.

Mrs. Cypher is a poet of no mean ability, and this Christmas, for the third year in succession, her verses are included in the "Modern American Poetry," the anthology published by the Galko Press Co., New York.

S.A. Women Aim To Safeguard Milk Supply

AT least two women's organisations in South Australia were interested in the news that the Dairy Industry Bill for the State was to be re-drafted.

The S.A. Housewives' Association, led by Mrs. W. Evans Hardy (now the Federal president) attended every session of Parliament when the Bill was discussed, because it was then thought to form a board controlling milk supplies, and, although the association was opposed to such a board it was determined, if possible, that if one were formed a woman should represent the consumers upon it, and the name of Mrs. Evans Hardy was suggested.

The other body that showed deep interest was the Country Women's Association, and its president, Mrs. Frank Rymill, openly expressed her disapproval of the Government in shelving the Bill.

South Australia has inquired into both Victorian and Western Australian methods of controlling the milk supply, and it seems that the fight is on again. As it is a question that concerns every householder it is expected that women will take up their cudgels again and continue to fight for their interests as well as those of the producer.

In Business on Her Own Account

AFTER her trip to Europe and America, Miss Nell Cunningham, daughter of the Strathmore squawking family, did not find station life to her liking.

Around she had seen so many young women making a success of business life that she decided to follow their example. Now she is installed in a business of her own, which has its headquarters in Sydney.

Home From World Tour

THE collaborators of "A House Is Built," the Australian novel which instantly won fame, are together again, for Flora Eldershaw returned to Sydney last week, and has, no doubt, already discussed with Marjorie Barnard the new book that the public is eagerly awaiting.

Miss Eldershaw's year abroad was crammed with interesting experiences, many of which do not fall to the lot of average tourists. Her reading public will no doubt be enriched by her observations and the knowledge she gained in her contact with people of older civilisations.

Toy Koala Was a Source of Interest Abroad

COMPLETE with her travelling companion, a toy koala of large dimensions, Mrs. Violet Kennard has just returned to Sydney after an interesting world tour. The traveller attended post-graduate courses in Great Britain and the North-Western University, Chicago, and represented Australia at the Dental Congress in Scotland.

During her tour Mrs. Kennard gave an impromptu travel talk about Australia at the Hall of Science, World's Fair, Chicago, and she found her audience and other people that she met most anxious to hear first-hand information of this country. Since her return large parcels of Australian literature have been despatched to various corners of the earth by Mrs. Kennard.

In all centres she visited the greatest interest was taken in the lifelike replica of Australia's much-favored native bear.

Notable Achievement of Young Blind Girl

FOR the first time in the history of the Blind, Deaf and Dumb Institution, at Brighton, South Australia, Marney Kimber, a blind girl of 16, sat for the qualifying certificate. A special examination was held for her benefit at the institution, which she passed with flying colors, gaining 627 marks out of a possible 700. The tests were conducted by means of Braille and an arithmetic slate.

Not a little credit in this child's brilliant pass is due to her teacher, Mrs. E. M. Harvey, who until a few months ago had no knowledge of Braille whatever. She had been a teacher of the Education Department, but left it upon her marriage. When a vacancy on the staff of the institution occurred seven months ago Mrs. Harvey filled it, and continued the teaching of little Marney Kimber and her colleagues, on the lines practised by the Education Department.

Within three weeks of joining the staff, she had mastered Braille and the use of the Braille arithmetic slate.

Melba's Family To Be Together in London

VARIOUS members of Melba's family will soon be reunited in London. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Mitchell, is now living at the Cowdray Club, while the George Armstrongs have a flat in Mayfair. Melba's sister, Mrs. Harry Box, arranged to set off for London early this year.

Combines Architecture With Many Other Interests

MRS. P. D. PHILLIPS can claim a definite interest in three States. She was born in Brisbane, and Sydney



Mrs. P. D. Phillips.
—Dickinson-Montrath.

remembers her as Lorna Lukis, one of the first three women to obtain a degree in Architecture in their University. Since her marriage Mrs. Phillips has lived in Melbourne, but she is still a busy architect.

Mrs. Phillips has designed many alterations for the Free Kindergarten Union in Victoria, and is particularly proud of the Prahran Kindergarten.

Ten years ago she planned the Lyceum Club rooms in Collins St., and when they moved a few months ago she was called in to collaborate with the architect of the bank building in which they are now settled.

This busy person is also the first chairwoman of the Journals Committee of the Royal Victorian Institute of Architects.

In addition to her architectural activities Mrs. Phillips is also on the committee which is determined that the Melbourne University will soon have a Women's College similar to the one in Sydney.

The site (the old Carlton Cricket Ground) has been allotted, the plans for the building are finished, and there is some money in hand. The committee plans a definite collecting campaign for 1935, and it will not be many months before the college is begun.

Y.W.C.A. Officer Returns Home From the East

AFTER an absence of four and a half years Miss Flora Clarke, general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. at Oeylon, is now home in Adelaide, and will spend the greater part of her nine months' furlough with her sister at Rose Park. She is brimful of vivacity and stories of life in the East, where she says it is quite unnecessary to speak any language other than English, for if you address a native in his own tongue he will answer in English!

Before leaving for Ceylon, Miss Clarke was secretary of the Adelaide Y.W.C.A., and on reaching the East took the position of hostel secretary of Ceylon Y.W.C.A., and remained in that post for three years, when she was made general secretary. She has crammed many interesting experiences and plenty of travel into her four and a half years and has spent some time in the Malay States meeting well-known Australians practically at every turn.

Among these were Misses Annie Bignall, Gertrude Owen, and Jean Begg.

The last-named Miss Clarke said is the national general secretary of the Y.W.C.A., and she will possibly be passing through the various Australian States about next March on her way to New Zealand, where she will spend her furlough.

Ex-Politicians' Holiday in Adelaide Hills

TO bury herself in the Adelaide hills, and so escape from anything in the way of public life, Mrs. Crawford Vaughan, in company with her husband, arrived at the South Australian capital just before Christmas.

Mrs. Vaughan is better known as Miss Preston Stanley, the feminist leader, and the first woman to gain a seat in the Parliament of N.S.W. Her husband was a former Labor Premier in South Australia.

His sister Miss Dorothy Vaughan, is president of the S.A. Women's Non-Party Association.

A Trio from Korea On Holiday in Australia

MISS C. NAPIER, who arrived in Melbourne a few weeks ago for a few months' holiday, has twenty-two years' service in the mission field to her credit. She is attached to the Presbyterian Mission Board, and is matron of the fully-equipped mission hospital, the Paton Memorial Hospital in Chinzu, a Southern province of Korea.

She has two companions on the trip. Miss P. L. Clarke is the kindergarten teacher from the school attached to the hospital, and the third member of the party is Miss San Nan Ri, a Korean girl graduate from the missionary school, who is making her first visit to a white man's country.



Dancing Teachers Prepare For Overseas Visitor

IN preparation for the visit of M. Felix Demery, examiner for the Operatic Association of Great Britain, Miss Eunice Weston will conduct a special teachers' course in Sydney in conjunction with Mr. Richard White, beginning on January 12.

Miss Weston, who is an Australian, is the association's liaison representative in Australia, and it is chiefly through her untiring efforts that the visit of the examiner has been arranged.

During his stay in Melbourne M. Dandré visited Miss Weston's school to see her classes practicing. He takes a personal interest in her school, as Miss Weston was a friend of his wife, Mme. Anna Pavlova.

Music-Makers of the Sunny South

FOR the past three years Gladys Rhys Davies has been burning the midnight oil rather consistently.

In the daytime Miss Davies, who



lives with her mother in East Melbourne, Vic., makes use of the special teachers' course she did at Melbourne University Conservatorium by teaching the piano, but all her spare time is taken up in compiling the almost completed general history of music.

musicians from the 12th century onwards. The book is yet unnamed, but it bids fair to be something much more entertaining than a text-book.

While she was busy hunting up facts for the bigger work Miss Davies discovered so many Victorians among musicians who have made a name for themselves that she decided to do something that nobody has ever thought of doing before—to compile a general survey of music and musicians in her own State.

The result is "Music Makers of the Sunny South," which includes thumbnail biographies of all those people who have contributed to Victoria's musical history, beginning with Sara Flower, the first professional singer to come to Victoria, who made her appearance with Rowe's Circus in 1853. To these music makers who have come into the public eye within the last few months.

Miss Davies has also written a biblical play which was successfully presented by amateurs last year.

Honors Fall Thick Upon Her

WHEN Nora D'Arge, the South African soprano, broadcast a recital to Australia the other Sunday night, there was another reason besides her lovely voice why Australians should be interested in the broadcast.

That reason was her accompanist, Vera Buck, the Melbourne girl whom we all remember for her delightful performances over the air before she left for England and fresh fields.

Incidentally, Miss D'Arge sang one of Miss Buck's compositions, "Fairy Music," a ballad which is to be published shortly. London likes her compositions, and she recently set to music G. E. Chatterton's poem, "The Donkey." This will also be published soon.

Apparently Miss Buck spent her early youth winning scholarships, and her fellow students at the Albert St. Conservatorium, Melbourne, remember that she had a prodigious memory and at one time had a repertoire of 100 songs.

In private life she is Mrs. Burridge, and her compositions include piano music. Another honor that fell to her brought her into the "talkies." She was the author's chosen pianist for the film "Evergreen."

IN and OUT of SOCIETY --- By WEP.



Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE:

Ambassador Vandergriff: Who has been robbed of important papers.
The Cobra: An arch-criminal, possessed of supernatural powers.
Inspector Sheldon: Of the U.S. Secret Service.
Barbara: His daughter.

Tommy Lord: Sheldon's assistant.
Mandrake: The Master Magician and The Cobra's sworn enemy.
Lothar: Mandrake's Nubian slave.
Gordini: One of The Cobra's organisation, on the same liner as Inspector Sheldon and his party.



SEARCHING FOR THE MYSTERIOUS AND POWERFUL COBRA, HEAD OF A FANATICAL SOCIETY THAT SEEKS TO THROW THE WORLD POWERS INTO A GIANTIC WAR INSPECTOR SHELTON OF THE SECRET SERVICE, HIS DAUGHTER, BARBARA, AND HIS ASSISTANT TOMMY LORD, HAVE BEEN THE VICTIMS OF SEVERAL ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATIONS. EACH TIME MANDRAKE AND HIS SERVANT LOTHAR HAVE COME TO THEIR RESCUE. NOW, HOWEVER, BARBARA HAS BEEN MANDRAKE ATTACKED BY A GANG OF UNKNOWN MEN AND TOSSED OVERBOARD IN MID-OCEAN.

WE'VE SEARCHED THE SHIP INSPECTOR. THESE THUGS MUST BE AMONG OUR OWN SAILORS. I'M HAVING AN INSPECTION MADE NOW. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD RECOGNIZE THEM, MISS SHELTON?

IT WAS DARK, BUT -- I THINK SO, CAPTAIN MERRIWEATHER.

TAKE YOUR TIME, MISS SHELTON. PICK THE MEN -- WE'LL DO THE REST.

I'LL SAY, WE WILL!

WHAT'LL WE DO IF SHE ---?

SIT TIGHT -- SAP!

BARBARA IS INSPECTING THE SHIP'S SAILORS IN AN EFFORT TO PICK OUT THE MEN WHO MURDERED MANDRAKE.

DON'T BE AFRAID, DEAR. POINT THEM OUT.

DAD -- I FEEL -- STRANGE -- I --

BARBARA! SHE'S FAINTED!

LIEUTENANT ROGERS -- DISMISS THE MEN -- CALL DR. HEATH.

PHEW -- THAT WAS LUCKY!

LUCK! DON'T BE A SAP. HE WAS WATCHING! YOU DON'T THINK HE WOULD LET A SKIRT JAM THE WORKS, DO YOU?

ANY CHANGE?

NO, TOMMY. TWENTY-FOUR HOURS -- AND STILL UNCONSCIOUS. LET'S GO ON DECK FOR A MOMENT.

WHAT DID YOU MAKE OF IT, SIR?

DR. HEATH SAYS SHE'S PERFECTLY NORMAL -- BUT HE CAN'T WAKE HER UP, TOMMY. WE'VE SEEN STRANGE THINGS, FRANKLY, I'M AFRAID.

AFRAID? AFRAID OF WHAT?

WHILE MANDRAKE WAS HERE, HE WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO KEEP US FROM THE UNKNOWN. BUT NOW -- HE'S GONE --

ISN'T IT STRANGE THAT BARBARA SHOULD FAINT JUST AT THE WRONG TIME? AND NOW -- WE CAN'T WAKE HER UP, TOMMY. SHE DIDN'T FAINT! SHE'S UNDER A SPELL -- THE SPELL OF THE COBRA! AND YOU AND I WILL BE NEXT!

BARBARA -- STILL UNCONSCIOUS. I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! WHAT HAPPENED TO LOTHAR? MAYBE LOTHAR IS --

MR. SHELTON!

SO THEY GOT YOU TOO, TOMMY. I WAS WALKING DOWN THE HALL. SOMETHING HIT ME. I CAME TO HERE. BARBARA'S UP THERE -- ALL ALONE -- UNPROTECTED. IT LOOKS LIKE THE END, TOMMY.

SOLICITED AND TIED IN A LOCKED ROOM, TOMMY AND SHELTON AWAIT THEIR CAPTORS.

WE'LL PROBABLY GO THE WAY MANDRAKE WENT -- OVERBOARD, TOMMY -- WHAT'S THAT -- ON THE FLOOR?

FIRE! THEY CAN'T -- BURN US TO DEATH!

CAN IT BE ---?

MANDRAKE! AND LOTHAR!

YES -- AND QUITE ALIVE. I'VE ALMOST LET THINGS GO TOO FAR. IT'S TIME FOR ACTION!

TO BE CONTINUED



PHOTO of a FAIRY

NOT a real fairy, of course, in the strict sense of the word, but a little girl of six enjoying that wonderful age when a corner in a garden is a place of fairy wonder, peopled by fairy creatures of the imagination, as far removed from grown-ups and adult life as heaven is from earth.

UNIQUE MUSEUM... Made by a WOMAN!



"See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail but a work Divine!"



Perhaps it was these lines, which she subsequently framed and gave an honored place in her collection, which inspired Mrs. Ada Windsor to undertake the amazing work of constructing her shell museum.



A CLUSTER of roses made by Mrs. Windsor from pink thorny oysters.

From the shells around the beaches near her home she fashioned, in a half century of loving labor, a museum which is surely unique. With incredible patience and rare artistry she designed and made flowers, furniture, ornaments, bedspreads, and innumerable other articles. She also made the cases to contain them, and now, fourteen years after her death, her museum is to be sent on tour throughout the Commonwealth and probably, later, to Europe. Part of the proceeds of the tour will be devoted to charity.

RIVALLING in beauty Titania's Palace is the wonderful collection of marine shells gathered together in her lifetime by this Australian woman, Mrs. Ada Pitt Ripley Windsor, and by her fashioned into articles of beauty that almost defy description.

When Mrs. Windsor passed away in 1921, her collection passed into the hands of a sister living in Canada, and for more than a decade it has been hidden from the public view. Recently, it was purchased by Mrs. F. Wright, of Cronulla, (N.S.W.), who has opened it for public inspection and intends during the present year to display the unique collection in all the capital cities of the Commonwealth and in many of the larger country towns of all the States. Portion of the proceeds of the tour will be devoted to charity.

Mrs. Windsor commenced collecting sea-shells when quite a little girl, and the majority of the shells used in the display were actually taken from beaches near her home.

The extraordinary patience of this wonderful woman and her creative genius have amazed all who have seen her handiwork. Some idea of the beauty of the shell work carried out by her during her lifetime may be gained from the exclusive studies on this page made by



SHELL IMAGES, representing Japanese men, designed by Mrs. Windsor.

The Australian Women's Weekly photographer.

When His Majesty King George (then the Duke of York) visited Australia at the beginning of the century, Mrs. Windsor was presented to him, and he expressed his warm admiration of her skill and artistry.

Incidentally, the King was then shown a cambric and lace bonnet, nearly 100 years old, which was worn by Queen Victoria as a child, and which was also in the possession of Mrs. Windsor. It was presented to her by an old Granville lady, who had been a retainer on the Queen's estates in England in her younger days.

ONE amazing piece of handiwork, which must have taken years to fashion, is a miniature bedroom, complete in every detail, all made out of little sea shells. The bed drapings are made with rice shells threaded together in the most artistic manner, and when it is remembered that 603 of these shells

end on end only make up three feet in length, it will be seen what a stupendous task the gifted woman undertook.

Another beautiful exhibit in the collection is a bridal veil made entirely of fish scales. The veil was used at a wedding some 60 years ago, when a relative of Mrs. Windsor was the bride.

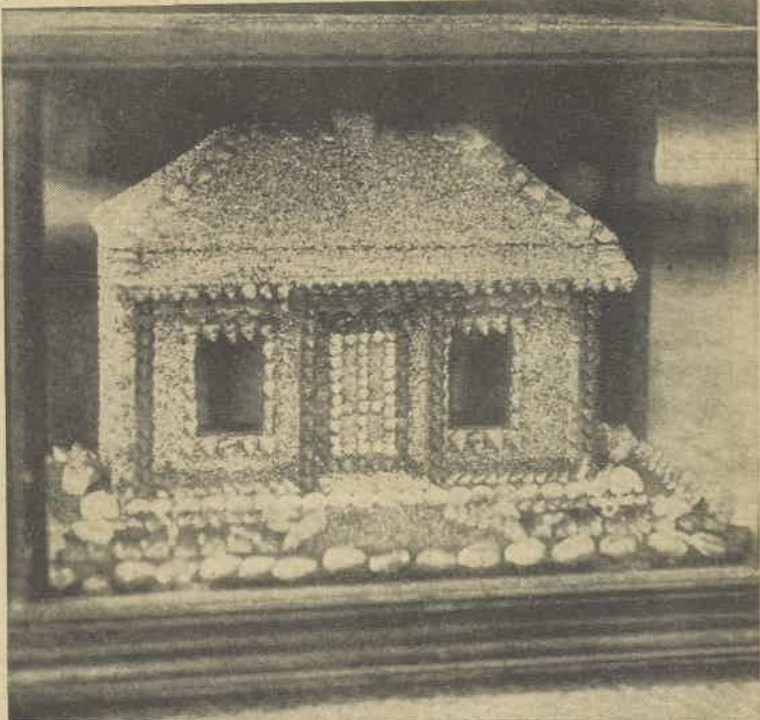
Sir Neville Wilkinson, on his recent visit to Australia, inspected the collection of shells at Cronulla, and expressed the opinion that it was almost impossible to conceive that such genius and artistic skill could have been found in a woman who had had absolutely no training.

A PART from the unique collection of shells, Mrs. Windsor had a striking assortment of curios brought to her by seafaring men from all parts of the world.

Interesting among these is a linen post stage guide showing the time-table of the first railway service opened between Manchester and London, and a mighty lock and key which is authentically



MINIATURE bedroom complete in every detail, showing the marvellous skill and ingenuity of Mrs. Windsor. Most of the furniture is made from sea shells picked up by her on beaches near her home.



THIS miniature house made entirely of seashells was constructed by the first white settler at Champion Bay, West Australia, early in last century. It is now in the Windsor museum.



LIFELIKE studies of flamingoes made by Mrs. Windsor from cockleshells.

stated to have been one of the locks of the Bastille in Paris at the time of the revolution. Another valuable, a beautiful curio, is under water in 1810.

"THE SENIOR STORE" "Truth in Advertising"—the salt of business

ANTHONY HORDERNS'

Half Yearly Genuine SALE

"The Sale of the Sale Season"

Begins Thursday 10th

GENUINE BARGAINS
in every
DEPARTMENT

ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS LTD.

Phone M2401
Day and Night

SYDNEY

Postal Address:
Box 2712C, G.P.O.

For your Health's sake



Make certain that your light Summer meals are complete in nutritive value by drinking a glass of delicious **OVALTINE** with them

TRIAL SAMPLE of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of packing and postage.

Remember, there is only ONE 'OVALTINE'

G & B BIFOCAL

Modern science has developed an entirely new type of BIFOCAL. These lenses afford much sharper vision, and in addition show no disturbing colour fringes, which irritate the eyes and cause undue eye fatigue. G & B BIFOCAL lenses give you the eyes of youth—the power to see near and distant objects with the one pair of glasses.

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.
OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS

C. A. GIBB, Optometrist,
6 HUNTER STREET
(3 Doors from George Street)

J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist,
378 FITT STREET
(opposite Anthony Horderns).

SYDNEY, and at Newcastle.

DO YOU remember the reading you used to love when you were young? Present-day children will find it all there in the new colored **FATTY FINN'S WEEKLY**.

DO MEN Hate Women ? Do Women HATE MEN? Is There a Sex Antagonism?

.... Louise Mack Advises

Some men, entering their very own homes, are made aware, subtly or otherwise, that the female members of the household don't want them about, as if the house belonged to women only and men were only there on sufferance.

SOME women, when their menfolk show up in the lounge, where they are smoking, gossiping, or maybe sewing, make petulant remarks, like the grasshopper who complained, "Lord, you DO make me jump!"

Is this sex antagonism? Do women conceal deep in their composition a basic dislike to men?

The poet tells us that:
"Each man kills the thing he loves:
Some do it with a sword."

So it is not incompatible with human intercourse that women might dislike men, yet love them, and pursue them, and do everything they can think of to win them for their own, and share life with them in the closest relationships, hating them all the time secretly.

AWAY in the background, far, far within, quite hidden out of sight at first, is the curious female antipathy that may be going to reveal itself some day, greatly to the man's surprise.

He thought he was doted on, and he finds he is hated.

That is an awful moment for a man to face.

He finds that his wife has a perpetual grudge against him, and he never can unravel the nature of that grudge, try as he will.

And all the time the grudge is simply that she's a woman, and he's a man, and nobody has ever yet solved the true inwardness of that grudge.

Let us see what we can do about it.

ALEX writes: "I heard a man say the other day that men hate women for their complacent superiority, and they hate them for assuming that whoever bears the brunt of the trouble—whoever pays—whoever gives way—it could not possibly be the woman. Do you think women are going too far, and making a new rod for their own backs?"

Men have control of the levers of the world; many women bear them a grudge for that.

Always to play second fiddle is irksome to ambitious dynamic women who crave to lead their own orchestral symphonies; but what can they do?

A male writer declares that women hate men because men let business or principles override personal feelings. They hate them for being hard to get. They hate them because their own success must still be measured in terms of men, and they hate them because economics and the prestige of being able

to control men forces them to secure one.

All that! And yet they love them. That's undeniable, isn't it?

But we are only just beginning to understand that under the greatest love of man for woman, or woman for man, lies the antipathy that blazes suddenly into a husband's eyes, or into a wife's, creating an immense surprise, an immense consternation.

IT would be sad if it were true that marriage to men represents defeat, to women conquest.

Some men think that women are using men as a convenience merely for building up a home.

Men are aware that women say to one another about an engagement, "How ever, did she bring him to the point?" or, "Clever of her to get fixed up before she began to show her age."

But I should hate to agree with John Carey who declares that "Men getting married consider in their heart of hearts that they are throwing in their hands, making a losing bargain with an enemy."

ALL that may be true. Underneath, all these ironic, antagonistic phases may lie dormant in our subconsciousness. Probably they have been there always, or since human nature began its course.

But hasn't there been also another note, truer, brighter, drowning the irony in its tenderness?

You can break down that mood of cynicism. You can oppose it with the sound of wings beating across the upper air, and old ideals soaring upwards again towards our old visions of love and devotion.

In fact, not in the least obsolete is Scott's tribute to woman:

"When care and sickness wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

OF course, nobody can help noticing how frightfully men and women quarrel nowadays.

Men get on better with men because they understand them. That would be natural, wouldn't it? And women get on better with children for the same reason. They understand them. And that is natural also, seeing that the women bring the children into the world.

The trouble is, nobody can understand all, and love can only battle along blindly, "believing, where we do not see," as Tennyson sang, in "In Memoriam," long ago, but as though it were to-day.

MYSTERY of the ... Indian ROPE TRICK

Is it a Myth or Can it Really be Done?

What is called the Indian rope trick originally came from China. A traveller of Tangier, journeying through the East, claimed to have seen the trick performed at Hangchau.

AFTER that, it seems to have disappeared from the lists of magic, until two centuries later, when it was seen at Magdeburg in Germany. This particular performance was said to have been very wonderful, thousands witnessing it.

In this famous trick an Indian throws a rope into the air and it remains suspended apparently from nothing. A small boy climbs up the rope and disappears. The Indian climbs after him with a knife and also disappears. Then the boy starts to fall from the sky in pieces. The Indian climbs down the rope, puts the pieces in a basket—covers it with a cloth and then when he removes the cloth the boy steps out alive and unharmed.

A century later, the rope trick was staged in China, where the people believed it had been handed down from the White Lily Murder Sect.

Later again, it was performed at Delhi, this being its first appearance in India—yet, in spite of all these claims, no one has ever really been able to describe the rope trick. For fifteen years the committee of the Magic Circle has been investigating it, but among the

people they have interviewed, there has not been one whose evidence would stand the least chance of being accepted in a court of law. Their statements are full of contradiction.

Lord Meston and Sir Michael O'Dwyer, both men with very long and very distinguished careers in India, say they have never met a native of India who claimed that he had seen the trick performed. Even our Royalty have been unable to see the trick, during their visits to India. They asked especially for it, but no one could be found to do it for them.

On Friday, January 12, at 11.45 a.m., Dorothy Vautier will include the famous Indian rope trick in a talk on "Magic" during The Australian Women's Weekly Sessions from 2GB.

These special sessions are broadcast to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly twice daily from 2GB at 11.45 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. In this way our readers are given a free service of news and world events. For those who are unable to listen-in during the day, there are two half-hour programmes at 9.35 on Saturday and Sunday nights, when the world's greatest artists entertain you.

TODAY'S FINEST SALMON VALUE

To suit all tastes, Ally—the always reliable brand—is now obtainable in two grades.

RED LABEL

The well-established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.

GOLD LABEL

A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.



In 1/2 and 1 lb. tins

ALLY SALMON

PILES

Royds Pills and Ointment after exhaustive tests have proved the most effective internal and external treatment for Haemorrhoids (Piles).

Send 4/- for Complete Treatment to the Sole Distributors, ROYDS.

21 Kerr Street, Mayfield, N.S. Wales.

SAFE RELIEF FROM HEADACHES

WHEN your head throbs after business, study, shopping, housework or worry, get quick relief (1 to 8 minutes) by taking genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C., as recommended by doctors, chemists, dentists and nurses. Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. is prepared on the scientific formula used in Australia's largest hospitals. 12, 1/6; 24, 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores, or direct from Vincent Chemical Company, Sydney.



GENUINE VINCENT'S A.P.C. TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

Left Nervy & Sleepless

Result of a Motor Accident

"Eight years ago I was involved in a motor accident, which left me in a low, depressed condition," states Miss G. S. E., of Haberfield, N.S.W. "I got sleepless, very irritable, with occasional melancholy turns, and had headaches and other pains. I lost my appetite and always felt languid. Various treatments only relieved me for a time, and then all the misery would return again."

"My mother kept telling me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills but, being doubtful of their efficacy for such a long standing case, I delayed getting them. Fortunately for me, my mother gave me a bottle, and I was astounded with the results. Persuading with these pills, I was soon relieved of the headaches and pains. Sleep is now sound and refreshing. The irritability and melancholy are things of the past. My appetite is good, and I'm brighter and look very fit. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me all that is claimed for them, and I strongly recommend them to all sufferers."

You will also be astonished and delighted after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are the supreme strengthening tonic for a run-down, nervy, anaemic condition of health. Buy a 3/- bottle to-day—at chemists and stores—

OPAL RINGS from 7/6. See E. E. Smith at "The Opal Mine," 113a Pitt St., near Hunter St.***

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know, Juliet—

That Mrs. T. H. Kelly has cabled from New York to say that she will arrive in Sydney on January 28 by the Monterey?

Interstate Wedding

BOTH Sydney and Melbourne society were agog over the Dennis-Mackay Sim wedding arranged to take place on January 9.

The bride, Madeline Mackay Sim, is a very popular Sydney girl, and the groom is equally well known in Melbourne.

The church chosen for the ceremony was St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Rose Bay. Two sisters of the bride, Deborah and Flora, Valerie Bayin, and Shirley Ross, of Melbourne, were the attendant bridesmaids, and Penelope Mackay, a niece of the groom, was the train-bearer.

While in Sydney for end-of-the-year festivities, Heather Brown, of Belwara, Gladstone, New South Wales, added sparkle to her holiday by announcing her engagement to Alton Marsh Lillie, of Toorak, Melbourne.

Palaces and Parties

A VISIT to the Palace of the Sultan of Johore was included among the sightseeing done by Miss Rose Merivale in the East. Last letters from her came from Singapore, where she was enjoying the delights of the city to the full. From there the traveller intended visiting friends at Penang, and then returning to Singapore before setting sail for Europe. There will be great jubiliations when Miss Merivale meets her niece, Rosemary Shepherd, in London.

Rosemary is now in the midst of the hunting season's festivities, and is among the keenest of the followers to hounds. She recently tripped off to Scotland to visit yet another relation, and experienced intense cold there and lots of snow.

There is one thing we like about Mickey Mouse—he's never said he could rather play Hamlet.

Fairy-tale Locks

SPUN gold, however hackneyed the phrase, is the only adequate description of Mrs. Jascha Spivakovsky's lovely hair. I admired it as she dispensed tea to her famous pianist husband and Edmund Kurts at the Hotel Australia during the week. Much as she enjoys her constant travelling, Mrs. Spivakovsky is looking forward to the life domestic at Selsden Flats, Potts Point, while the Sydney season lasts. She has left her baby daughter, Rachel, in Adelaide with her people. Rachel is learning to talk English, but her parents have an assortment of languages in readiness for her to learn before kindergarten days.

The rabbit is the king of beasts, as far as the fur business is concerned.

Farewell to Philip

COMMANDER Charles Gifford was very definitely not depressed by the poignant story of "Madame Butterfly" at the Wednesday night performance. His hearty laughter could be clearly heard ringing around the dress-circle after each act as he cracked a joke or so with his companions. The whole of the front row was occupied by an unofficial party from Government House, which included General and Mrs. A. T. Anderson and their daughter, Mrs. Alan Foott and her husband, Philip Game, in whose honor the party was given; Major Shannon, and Flight-Lieutenant Moir, Captain and Mrs. Seacombe, and Githa Connolly were also present.

Future Home in India

MUCH interest will be taken in the news of the approaching wedding of Denice Friend, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Friend, of Potts Point, to Terence Burrows, of the Royal Engineers, son of Lieutenant-Colonel Burrows and Mrs. Burrows, of London. Denice, who has made so many friends during the few years of her sojourn in Sydney, left Australia some months ago for London, where she was bridesmaid to Jean Hiley, daughter of Sir Haviland and Lady Hiley.

Wedding bells will ring for Denice in July and then she will leave with her husband for two years in India. Mr. and Mrs. Friend will shortly leave for England and intend making a stay with friends at Gibraltar en route.

Opera Fashions

WHAT a thrill it was, Juliet, to see every single seat filled at the opening night of the "Valkyrie" at the New Tivoli Theatre. Everyone in their best dresses. I noticed that the long kid glove vogue has petered out with the exit of Royalty, and the advent of summer nights. To Lady Fuller must go the honors for smart dressing. Night after night she appears in the right-hand box with her new small-curl coiffure set off with the most lovely toilettes. On Thursday she wore a frock of moonlight paillettes that shimmered softly in the electric lights.

Dr. Zeelos, who is frequently to be seen enjoying musical entertainments all alone, was accompanied by a maid with such pretty nut-brown hair, done Marina fashion. The audience looked quite fresh and soignée at the end of the four hours of Wagnerian music. I think the Continental idea of a meal in between acts is not a bad one.

ment House for the At Home given by the Vice-Regal couple, and the following Friday will be the occasion of the theatrical garden party. Exclusively for men is the levee to be held at Government House next Monday afternoon, at which about 1000 representatives of Sydney's diverse circles will attend. This will be followed by the conversation arranged by the Lord Mayor at the Town Hall at night.

Hot Motor Trip

HEATWAVES and insect plagues have little terror for the George Main family, of Retreat, Illabo. They have just set out on a motor trip to their home city of Adelaide, accompanied by Agnes and Hugh.

George's brother, the political Hugh, is ensconced at Double Bay with his wife and young family. That is he spends all the time he can spare from his manifold duties in the country, at his new harborside residence.



AN ATTRACTIVE garden study of Miss Clare McMahon, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McMahon. Miss McMahon is a keen gardener and our photographer secured this picture she gathered flowers in her home garden at Vaucluse.

—Women's Weekly Photo.



Cocktails at Vaucluse

QUAINT wooden boxes from Switzerland which played elusive little tunes when touched, and displayed cigarettes in abundance when opened, were novelties that were much admired by the guests at the cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Gulson during the week-end. Mr. Togo, the Vice-Consul for Japan, had much to talk over with his host and hostess, who made an extensive tour of the Orient not long ago. Another guest, Mr. Tom Lawson, has just returned from Japan and enthused greatly over the Orient.

Everything pleasant in life is either wicked or indigestible.

Festive Children

DAME EADITH WALKER entertained at a children's party at Yaralla, Concord, on Thursday afternoon. The hostess is famous for the de-luxe parties that she gives. One of her favored modes of decoration is to have a marquee completely lined with fresh roses cleverly intertwined in fine wire mesh for her supper parties.

The children spent a marvellous afternoon disporting themselves in the swimming pool at Yaralla, and pursued each other with very imitation sharks and whatnots. Camden Park was also the scene of another happy party where mothers as well as the children came away laden with presents.

I cannot cook, I cannot draw,
I don't resemble Venus.
I cannot sing, I cannot write,
I guess I'm just a genius!

Travellers' New Fashions

JULIET, I do hope you have had the forethought to have creases in your shallow-brimmed felt hat. If not, there will be nothing for it but a visit to the old clothes dealer and a new outfit with the proceeds, Miss Patricia Quinn has recently returned from two years of study at the Oxford University, and her new alpine headgear is in just the very latest fashion. The crown is moderately high with a twisted ribbon band fastened by a diamante clip, and a shady brim is slightly rolled up at the back. Another fashion highlight of the moment, Juliet, is the shortness of the shingles effected by the returned wanderers, Patricia and her sister, Mrs. Colin Galbraith.

Blue stockings, in fiction and fact, have ceased to have any existence.

Grand Old Lady

WELL past her allotted three-score and ten years, Mrs. A. E. Alpha is one of Sydney's very grand old ladies. Scorning the bus, Mrs. Alpha until her recent accident was to be seen every morning briskly walking from her home in Sutherland Crescent to the tramline, en route for her voluntary work at the Red Cross Junior Cafe in George Street, where she presided very cheerily at the cash register.

Mrs. Alpha had the bad luck to dislocate her hip, and is at present convalescing at St. Kilda Hospital. Nothing daunted, she is expecting quickly to resume her work for the Red Cross.

Jane Anne

WOMEN CRICKETERS make Records in Second TEST MATCH

By RUTH PREDDEY

The Sydney Cricket Ground will have other records to add to its already well-filled book of statistics, for the women cricketers in the second Test created two records which are likely to stand for a long time.

THE record partnership of 145 by Miss MacLagan and Miss Snowball, England's opening pair, was an outstanding achievement. Miss MacLagan is the first English player to score the coveted century in a Test match.

Perhaps one of the hardest workers on the field is Miss Betty Snowball, who is England's foremost keeper. She has kept consistently right throughout the matches, and although her form behind the stumps in Sydney was not as brilliant as in former matches, there is not the slightest doubt that she comes first in the class of wicketkeepers.

This remarkable player fills the dual role of opening bat for England, and

after a trying day behind the stumps she is called upon to open the English women's innings.

This is no mean feat for a man, but in the case of Miss Snowball she can be relied upon to make a score every time she bats. On this occasion she made 71 runs in the partnership with Miss MacLagan.

NOTEWORTHY right throughout this match has been the number of people who have criticised the Australian team for its slow-playing tactics, but every one of the Australian players has admitted that the bowling was so accurate that it was difficult to take any liberties with it.

And from an onlooker's point of view

the bowling was so deadly that the batsmen had no other alternative than to play each ball carefully. Certainly there were a few balls that could have been scored from, but on the whole the bowling demanded watching right on to the bat.

Every match of this tour has had its thrills and its incidents, and the sixty thousand or more people who have watched the English women cricketers' play since their arrival in Victoria in December have certainly had their money's worth.

Men Look On

THROUGHOUT these matches men have always been in the majority among the spectators, and that they have attended the whole three days of the Test matches speaks volumes for the interesting cricket these women are staging.

The Sydney Cricket Ground trustees stated on Monday that they intend to spend many thousands of pounds on improving the Cricket Ground stands. Suitable dressing-rooms for the women cricketers might be included in the scheme.

2GB HIGHLIGHTS

318 Love Letters for £15,000

In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, love does play a great part in the lives of most women, and even in the lives of many great men.

For instance, the other day 318 love letters, written by Napoleon Bonaparte to the Empress Marie Louise, were purchased at auction by the French Government for £15,000. These letters had so far remained unpublished, but they show the influence love had on the life of Napoleon.

JOSEPHINE, we have been told often enough, was the only true love of Napoleon's life—his star of love and destiny, yet these letters are said to reveal him as equally infatuated with Marie Louise, and seemingly more concerned during the tragic retreat from Moscow that her letters should not fall into the hands of the attacking Russians than that he should bring the remnants of his army safe back to France.

There is something superhuman and at the same time very human, in the paradox is allowable, in a mighty conqueror in his hour of defeat turning to writing passionate letters to his Empress. "The Star of Destiny," an EMI Price production, from 2GB on Monday, January 14, will have something to say on the place of love—and Josephine—in Napoleon's life.

There was also Lady Jane Grey, the one woman who reigned on the English Throne, who had neither desire nor aptitude for the post. She preferred love. All the others, Elizabeth, the Marys, Anne and Victoria were women who proved themselves well above the average king in ability and forcefulness. With them love was a secondary matter. But Lady Jane Grey, placed on the Throne by the ambition of her father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, wanted nothing more than to be left in peace with her husband, Guildford Dudley. Whether he shared his father-in-law's ambitions, or was satisfied to love and be loved, George Edwards may tell us in "Lady Jane Grey," the historical drama from 2GB on Tuesday, January 15, at 9.30 p.m.

OLD SAM AND "DUKE"

THERE are some types of humor that are very funny to listen to once, or even three times, but after that the element of surprise has completely vanished, and there is nothing funny left. Old Sam, created by Stanley Holloway, has the distinction of still being funny after six hearings. The reason is his common humanness. And in spite of the half-dozen records he has since made, none is quite so funny as "Pick Up That Muck," wherein the whole blustering army falls to move Old Sam, whilst one reasonable word from "Duke of Wellington" does.

Selections from the repertoire of Stanley Holloway will be followed by orchestral selections from "Carmen." Most of this is music of the Toreador Song type, but there is one overture to one of the acts which opens for all the world like "The Minstrel Boy." It is one of the loveliest melodies in opera. Feature Session, from 2GB, at 9.15 p.m. on Saturday, January 12.

FUN WITH CLASSICS

THERE was an opera "Poet and Peasant," once, and another opera, "Raymond," has anyone in Australia ever heard either of them? Yet everybody who has ever listened to a band performance knows the overtures of both, knows them so well that they would almost recognise them if they were played backwards, and probably applaud just as vigorously. There are some things that can't be killed. Look what the "Novelty Apprentices" have done to these two overtures in "Crazy Overtures." Raymond becomes the cat that won't come in. Neighbors, the cows and ducks, all join in the nocturnal din caused by Raymond's courting. Then a brick hits the glass-house, and all Raymond's friends scatter for the night. In "Poet and Peasant" the ears of the poet are assaulted by the din of a brass band. The poet set his bounds on the band, the farmyard denizens join the uproar, and the horse bolts through a window. So matter how crazy these overtures become, you never lose the music you know so well. But then there are some things you can't lose. "Crazy Music and Mirth," from 2GB, Saturday, January 12, at 9 p.m.

THE YOUNG SCHUMANN

WHEN Schumann was a young man he roamed the countryside, drinking more than was good for him, smoking like a chimney, and shamelessly begging money from friends, relatives

and strangers alike. His moods alternated, as might be expected, between grim despair and wild hilarity. In the course of his wanderings he met a man named Heine, a Jew, who became the national poet of Germany, until the Nazis dispensed with any such un-Aryan "foolishness." We wonder whether Heine would have been the more surprised to know that his statue would be pulled down by his beloved Germans in 1934, or that this unruly and unblushingly indigent student would one day immortalise many of his poems in music.—Schumann the Composer, from 2GB, at 12.15 p.m., Sunday, January 13.

A MODERN MASTER

SIBELIUS, admitted one of the master composers of to-day, is known best as the composer of a trifle, "Valse Triste." It is part of the music for a drama called "Death," and its yearning and shuddering sadness is explained by the scene it illustrates. It is night; a son sits by the bedside of his dying mother, and, exhausted by the watch, has fallen asleep; unearthly music creeps into the room; the old lady awakens, and with her long nightdress held as though it were a ball gown, beckons to the ghostly guests to enter. They dance the waltz with her, gyrating in a wild, mad rhythm. Then there is a knock at the door and death stands at the threshold. The guests vanish and the music dies away.—"Valse Triste" will be featured in the World Broadcasting programme of Wide Range Recordings, "Jewel Box," from 2GB on Sunday, January 13, at 2 p.m.

THE REAL SEA SONGS

MOST singers sing sea chanteys as though they want it to be clearly understood they are gentlemen, and don't have to work for a living on nasty windjammers. They forget that the men who originally sang them were as crude as the vessels they sailed in and had voices that drowned hurricanes. Otherwise there was no use singing, and they weren't at all particular what misdeed they ascribed to "Nellie Brown." For a true interpretation of the sea chanteys you'll find a Fantasia of Sea Chanteys played by the London Symphony Orchestra most satisfactory. It has a rollickous, boisterous way with it, and not a trace of an Oxford accent, since there are no words to it. "Fantasia," a quarter-hour session from 2GB, Sunday, January 13.

SOMETHING IN A NAME

SAID to be one of the Continental successes of the moment is a song by name "Marie Louise." (You may have heard the record made by Browning Mummery, the Australian tenor with the present Grand Opera Company.) It seems that, given a girl's name, it's a poor composer who can't write a song about it. Though why a name like Marie Louise, old-fashioned in the extreme, should prove popular at this late date, is hard to say. Perhaps there is going to be a return to the old-fashioned names, and we may expect a crop of Marie Louise Smiths. From the hundreds of name-songs, Lance Jeffree has selected three for a programme presented from 2GB on Tuesday, January 15. There will be "Sylvia," "Eleanor," and "Marie Collette." "Name Songs," at 9.15 p.m.

CLASSICS OF ADVENTURE

WHY are the classics proving so popular on the air? These grand old books when produced on the stage or screen rarely achieve success, but their radio production seems to have met with the approval of listeners. They were mostly written in a more leisurely day than ours, and any one of them contains three times as much riches as the average modern book. Confronted with all this wealth of material, incident, and character, the dramatist and scenarist must choose only enough to fit into two or three hours, and must often reconstruct the whole plot to meet the demands of the screen or stage.

For the past few months 2GB listeners have been hearing "Treasure Island" and "Westward Ho" nightly. Both these presentations are drawing to a close, and towards the end of the month they will be replaced by two more classics of story-telling.

Big News

BIGGER BETTER QUALITY
BATH TOWELS
THAN EVER BEFORE!!
FOR SIREN SOAP
CROSSES

EXTRA LARGE 45" x 23"
EXTRA THICKLY WOVEN
FOR 48 CROSSES
(12 BARS)



FREE GLASSCLOTH TOO!

PURE IRISH LINEN
32 INS. x 23 INS.
FOR 24 CROSSES
(6 BARS)



HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT
Take your crosses to: GIFT SHOWROOM, 385 KENT ST.
(near King Street), SYDNEY, or PARKES HOUSE, 9 HUNTER
STREET, SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with crosses, addressed to "GIFT DEPARTMENT," J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD., BOX 1590B, G.P.O., SYDNEY. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER

FROM

ENCLOSED

CROSSES, SIREN SOAP

GIFT REQUIRED: BATH TOWEL GLASSCLOTH
(Cross out gift not required)

12-18-15



SIREN SOAP
made from fine, soft oils

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

CUPID SCORES... over PRINCE of POLO PLAYERS!



Miss Irene Anderson and Mr. James Ashton Engaged!

Of interest not only in Australia, but also to very many abroad, is the announcement of the engagement of Miss Irene Marie Anderson, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Anderson, of Overthorpe, Double Bay, to Mr. James Hay Ashton, eldest son of Mr. James Ashton, M.L.C., and Mrs. Ashton, of Tueila, Double Bay.

For a number of years the four Ashton brothers have constituted Australia's most notable family of bachelors. Their fame is not confined to Australia, as their polo-playing prowess has made them figures of international interest wherever this sport of princes, rajahs, and horse-loving commoners is played, which seems to be just about everywhere except Cotopaxi, Bali, and a few other similarly unreal lands.

JUST imagine four handsome, gallant, and otherwise eminently eligible young bachelors all in one family! What a challenge to Cupid!

The little god could scarcely be expected to allow such a state of affairs to continue. Recently a little blue-eyed slip of a girl, just out of the schoolroom (Miss Janet Thatcher, to wit) cut the first swathe in the ranks of the Ashton bachelors by annexing Geoffrey, the second youngest of them. Now comes the news of the engagement of Miss Irene Anderson to the eldest and most famous of the quartet—James, prince of polo players.

The official announcement of the engagement did not come as a surprise to the many friends of the popular young couple, as they have shown a definite interest in each other for some time past.

A keen follower of polo, Miss Anderson is always early in the field when the four Ashton brothers are scheduled to match their skill against other teams.

Tall, dark, and handsome, Miss Irene Anderson is a striking figure in Sydney's social circles, being a member of a family which, for many years, has occupied a leading place in Sydney society.

Miss Anderson's mother was formerly Lily See, youngest daughter of the late Sir John and Lady See, and in her day was a reigning beauty. All the See sisters were noted for their good looks. Mrs. Anderson's sister, Lady Hordern, was also a well-known beauty, and both sisters are still very handsome women.

Miss Irene Anderson and her sister Jean present a piquant contrast in good looks. Irene being a brunette and Jean a striking blonde.

Goulburn's Captain

MR. JAMES H. ASHTON is best known as the captain of the successful Goulburn polo team, and in three continents is regarded as an outstanding exponent of the equine sport. He first started playing polo in Western Queensland. When his father, Mr. James Ashton, bought a property at Crookwell, Jim went down there to manage it, and

he commenced to play with the Goulburn team, keeping a few ponies in Goulburn.

He quickly improved, showing great aptitude for the game, and then his three younger brothers also took up polo. They were able to practise and play at home, and they studied the theory of the game thoroughly. They travelled round the Southern District carnivals, and also to Sydney, taking part in many contests.

Great Combination

THE Goulburn team started to show great improvement, but the turning point in their success was the visit of the Army in India team eight or nine years ago. The Indian players introduced here a new standard of hitting, and the Goul-

Woman Mason Installed as Grand Master in Ceremony Lasting 3 Hours

From MURIEL SEGAL, our Special Representative in Europe.

An Honorable Fraternity of Ancient Freemasons has solemnly installed their new Grand Master with due pomp and ceremony.

Charming Mrs. Seton Challen, a thoroughly feminine and delightful person, made a radiant figure in her white satin dress, with all the emblems of her masonic rank, an ermine-tipped cloak and train gold-embossed with design of roses and acacia.

THE order has been in existence for 22 years and it is said that not only has it practised all the secrets of the men's Order of Freemasonry, which it has found out in some mysterious way, but it has also guarded these secrets very strictly. No men are ever allowed to enter the beautiful temple in Westminster.

All the pomp and ceremony of masonic ritual was used at Mrs. Seton Challen's enthronement, and she wore the richest masonic regalia ever designed for a woman mason and said to be an exact replica of that worn by the Duke of Cornwall, Grand Master of England. The ceremony lasted for three hours and women from distant parts came to London especially for the ceremony.

Mrs. Seton Challen is working to establish women's lodges all over the world.

"And," she says, nodding her pretty blonde head, "it will happen some day. Women make splendid freemasons. They take up the work with extraordinary enthusiasm and seem to find just that satisfaction and wider interest in life they yearn most for in their association with this movement. The reason for the remarkable growth in this all-women's Order of Freemasonry is that women of all classes find it gratifies all shades of thought—literary, scientific, mystical and practical—and, in addition, provides them with the means of developing character building and for charity service as few other women's movements do.



MISS IRENE ANDERSON, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Anderson, of Overthorpe, Double Bay, and her fiance, Mr. James Ashton, eldest son of Mr. James Ashton, M.L.C., and Mrs. Ashton, of Tueila, Double Bay. Mr. Ashton is mounted on Checkers, the star performer of the 25 Australian ponies taken by him on his English and American tour.

burn club was the first to adopt it, and from that time on the players improved very much in combination play.

The four Ashton brothers were all young men, and through being able to practise at home together they developed great combination.

When an Australian team was selected to go to America in 1929, Bob and Geoff Ashton were picked to represent Australia, with Jim as first emergency. That trip fell through, and the four Ashton boys, as a private team, took their ponies to England, where they played a number of matches with great success.

The work of getting 25 ponies away to England in good condition fell on Jim Ashton, and he did such an outstanding job that they were playing in hard matches a month after they landed in England.

Victory in England

THE Ashton brothers beat practically all the best teams in England at some time or other, and won an international reputation. Afterwards they went to America, where they played a few games as a club, and they then disposed of their ponies.

Since their return they have been unbeatable as a club team in Australia, and they recently won the Centenary Gold Cup against all comers.

Jim Ashton is now on his own property at Millanolong, near Mandurama. Geoff is at Markdale, and the other brothers have property at the Assan, Canowindra.

Mr. James Ashton, their father, was for many years Minister for Lands in the N.S.W. Government, and for a time acting-Premier. He has just returned from a trip abroad.

Jim Ashton is a fine type of athlete, who was an excellent boxer as a school-boy. Apart from his pastoral activities, he occupies a responsible position on the Executive of the Graziers' Association.

The wedding, scheduled for March, will be the most important social event of its kind since the wedding of Miss June Ballieu, of Melbourne, to Miss Andersen's cousin, Mr. Samuel Hordern, of Sydney.

HORDERN BROTHERS

SUMMER

Sale

Special Clearance of ALL-WOOL SURF SUITS

These smart and distinctive Surf Suits are astoundingly reduced. They have low backs; in an assortment of styles, colors and sizes. Usually at 15/11. Sale Price, each 9/11



CHILDREN'S ALL WOOL SURF SUITS

In cardinal red or royal blue.
Sizes 24 26 28in.
Usually, each... 3/6 3/9 3/11
Sale Price, each 2/11
30, 32in. Usual 4/6, 4/11 ea. Sale, 3/6

5/11 LADIES' OVERALLS, 4/11

Cross-over Overall in guaranteed British Cloth with roll collar and short sleeve. Fast colors of saxe, blue and green. W.: Usually 5/11. Sale, 4/11. O.S.: Usually 6/11. Sale Price, 5/11



STRIPED Ladderproof VESTS AND BLOOMERS

Wonderful value at special sale, pricing! Vests have open top. Pink, white and sky. S.W., W. and O.S. Usual 2/6. Sale, 1/11

MAIL ORDERS
POST FREE

SENSATIONALLY REDUCED!

Well-known leading manufacturer's ex-gradings — faults hardly noticeable. These De-luxed Pyjamas are in pretty two-tone styles with wide legs. S.W. and W. Season's Retailing Price, 9/11. Sale, 6/11

Listen, Mum—and just a minute, Dad!



The Lad himself.

Exciting and thrilling stories for the girls include a special boarding school yarn.



"The Honour of the Legion" is a new story of daring and adventure—there are many others, too!

Tales of buccaneers and treasure, tales of school teachers and school chums are here to thrill girls and boys alike.



CUTTLEFISH



FRENCH CHARLEY

DO YOU remember, Mother, how you used to love those happy schoolgirl stories of YOUR schooldays? And how, too, you delighted in stealing a glorious half hour with your young brother's periodical? Well, FATTY FINN'S WEEKLY offers all those reading joys to your girl.

And, Dad, don't you recall the relish of your boy-

hood's weekly—the thrilling adventure yarns, the tales of travel and school fun, the stories of ships and seas. Your young chap is exactly the same. So why not take him home this week's FATTY FINN? Sixteen bumper pages of healthy, happy entertainment, instruction and amusement—and a chance to share in £20 in cash prizes.

16 PAGES OF STORIES

COMICS-HOBBIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

The Biggest Comic in the World

Young Australia's Own Magazine
FATTY FINN'S WEEKLY
Prepared by Australian talent especially for Australian children up to 16 years of age.
Every Tuesday : All Newsagents Only 2d.

NEW thrilling serial, "For the Honour of the Legion." A great story of deeds of daring and adventure.

NEW complete stories of "Under the Southern Cross" series, and several other long complete stories. Never a dull moment while there is still one of these to be read.

NEW full-page comic, "Slurk's Circus," and five other big comics to make happy laughter for the little ones. There are riddles, puzzles, and games for them, too!

£20 IN CASH PRIZES

is to be given to young readers of FATTY FINN'S WEEKLY. Full details of this easy, interesting, and helpful competition in this week's issue now on sale:

BOYS		GIRLS	
1st Prize ..	£5	1st Prize ..	£5
2nd Prize ..	£3	2nd Prize ..	£3
3rd Prize ..	£2	3rd Prize ..	£2

Have it delivered regularly with your Women's Weekly

Fatty Finn 2^d

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

January 12, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

31

WONDER HOMES of 1935

... By ...
OUR HOME DECORATOR

Amazing Possibilities with the Founding
This Month of a New Revolutionary
Firm of Interior Decorators in London

KEEN to give you the very latest information concerning interiors and house-planning, I have been in communication with Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe, and she has forwarded by air mail news of some rather amazing departures listed for this year.

Along with this she sends the glad tidings that our beautiful woods are being utilised for the finest furniture. Two of the photographs received are reproduced here.

HOUSES that can be entirely refurnished two or three times a year; hangings and decorations that are many times interchangeable; lending libraries from which pictures and ornaments can be borrowed or exchanged. . . . These are just three of the extraordinary possibilities likely to become actual fact when this enterprising firm gets going.

I wonder who will be the first to follow suit here in Australia?

The man behind the scheme is Edward Carrick, a film Art director, who is a grandson of the late Ellen Terry, the famous actress.

Mr. Carrick states that designing and building "sets" for the films has given him an entirely new idea about furnishing and interior decorations.

People want change and still more change in their houses, and the only way to meet this demand is by applying the technique of building film "sets" for the home itself!

He considers that it will be possible to do this decorating at such a low cost that people will be able to have different surroundings two or three times a year—say, a Charles II house for the winter, and a cubist one for the summer months—if they want it!

Old furniture will be taken as part exchange, and this will in turn be passed on to someone else at second-hand rates.

Brilliant Idea

THE lending library for pictures and ornaments is a brilliant idea to my way of thinking. And Mr. Carrick is right—they are always a problem, and most people are more glad of change of pictures and ornaments than anything else.

Run on the same lines as the book libraries, people will be able to borrow pictures and ornaments, and return them or exchange them for more when they are tired of them.

By the same token, this scheme has its amusing possibilities. One can visualise the same few vases and bowls, a statue or two, being met with in various homes at respectable intervals!

And this is not all. . . .

Some More Surprises

MURIEL SEGAL stated in her letter that, amongst the many surprises in interiors and house



IN ENGLAND, Empire woods are definitely coming to the fore in the fashioning of modern furniture—and especially Australian woods.

ABOVE, you see our beautiful maple utilised by Bowman Bros., one of London's foremost designers, in unit furniture. Each piece in this bedroom suite is split up and may be bought separately—a boon to the young couple just starting out on the Great Adventure. This unit furniture has another advantage—it can be adjusted to various shaped rooms when one moves.

HERE ON YOUR LEFT, is another bedroom suite, made by Heal and Son, London, from Australian maple. The design is very new, very modern and full of interest for enterprising home decorators. The handles on each piece are chromium-plated.

planning to be found at the Exhibition of Contemporary Industrial Design being held at Dorland Hall, Regent St., the fur-covered chairs are the most amazing. Not a very good line for the Australian climate, perhaps, but still it's the sort of thing you will hear talked about. A huge easy-chair covered in polar bear skin and looking so fat and square as to look like a polar bear itself is the most prominent.


to the dressing table and curtains in pink and white spots. In contrast there is a charming, restful bedroom all in black and silver-grey. The plywood walls are painted glossy black. The bedstead is covered in padded grey silk studded with grey buttons, and the bedcover is of silver lame.

Flexible Walls

IN many of the rooms the walls are flexible. The material is quite new for making these flexible walls and ceilings, and whole rooms can be done in one piece, so that there is no join. The rolls come ten feet wide, and seventy-five feet long, and cost 8/6 per square yard.

Another point worthy of note is the use of unit furniture; and several of the most attractive interiors were designed so that every piece of furniture throughout, including kitchen, pantry, etc., can be bought in separate pieces in order that the young couple just starting out may add as incomes grow.

In the top picture you see one of Bowman's (the well-known designer) ideas for a unit bedroom, where each detail is split up and may be bought separately and also adjusted to various shaped rooms when one moves.

HOST BOLLEBROOK says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich? 

CLEVER IDEAS

I HAVE often been asked how I managed to obtain such a brilliant polish on my aluminium kettle. The secret is a simple one. While the kettle is still hot I rub it over with a piece of steel wool well lathered with the white soap which is found in each packet of Steelo. The heat of the kettle will dry the soapy lather. If the kettle is then polished with Brasso in the usual manner the resultant shine will delight the housewife and give not only "polish," but personality also, to that very humble but necessary utensil, the kitchen kettle.—Fella Harcus, 27 Coventry St., Homebush, N.S.W.

TO BOTTLE jam without waiting for it to cool, try standing the dry, clean bottles on a wet cloth. No matter how hot the jam is it can then be poured in without breaking the bottles.—Mrs. Ada M. McLaughlin, Bockleton, Springvale, Qld.

IF THE rubber grip of your suspender is broken, a button placed under hose and caught will answer the purpose in emergency.—Mrs. Bakke, 29 Herbert St., Sth. Plympton, S.A.

IF THE inside of a mince tart or pie is first coated with beaten white of egg and left for 1 of an hour before filling with mixture, it will prevent the bottom of the pastry from becoming sodden.—Mrs. E. Magee, 166 Nelson Bay Rd., Bronte, N.S.W.

WHEN A constant supply of hot flannels is required, place a steamer over a saucepan of boiling water, lay the flannels in steamer; in this way, they are much hotter than when wrung out of hot water.—Mrs. J. Stone, Evelyn St., Wilsonton, Brisbane.

DON'T THROW egg-shells away, but put them in a glass jar, cover with hot water, and stand for two or three days. Use the liquid for watering pot or window plants. It has stimulating properties.—G. Johansson, 1 Suttons Flats, Lyons Rd., Drummoyne, N.S.W.

ONE OF the best and easiest ways to peel walnuts when wanted for a cake, etc., is to soak them in cold water for a few minutes. Almonds left in hot water for five minutes will peel as you touch them.—Mrs. A. M. McLean, P.O. Bellarine, via Geelong, Vic.

WHEN WASHING lace or net curtains, do not iron, but hang up again while damp and pull into place. In this way they will hang perfectly and without creases.—Mrs. Wilkes, 31 Northcote Rd., Chullora, N.S.W.

NEVER THROW away any left-over coffee. If it is not wanted, then it will make a delicious coffee mould, or it could be added to a pudding made with cornflour and milk.—Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

NEVER DISCARD any socks which are beyond repair. Put them into a case free from moths, and you'll find them ever so handy, especially for elbow repairs for children's woollies. Find a shade to match. Then cut off the strongest parts of the socks, and unravel some for darning. If the elbows are just thin, I put a patch underneath and darn through the two; and if much worn I cut the piece neatly out of the elbow and, with the piece of sock, patch as if it were material. When neatly done it is very hard to notice, and lasts well.—Mrs. W. J. Cooper, Boyleton, S.A.

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

Respects the Wireless Bird

MY young cousin's birthday was approaching, and her greatest ambition was to hear her birthday greetings over the wireless.

One day her mother found her pulling the heads off the roses and scolded her. "What will God think of you for doing such a naughty thing, and what will the wireless bird think?" she asked. "I knew about God, mummy," the youngster answered, "but I'd forgotten about the wireless bird."—Bea.

Do Not Waste the Water

THE hungry flames licked fiendishly at the firemen as they strove to remove what they could from the burning building. In and out of the burning rooms they darted, while from below thousands of gallons of water were being flung with tremendous pressure into the building. The air was laden with the hot stifling smell of steam and scorch-

ing paint and varnish. The Entrance Hotel was a-fire, and members of the Gosford fire brigade were working feverishly on their first big job. Suddenly, one of the men climbed down the fire escape and appeared from out a cloud of smoke which hung round the building. Calling out to his fellows, he showed them a placard he had taken out of the bathroom door. It read, "Do not waste the water!"—L.M.G.

Cured the Corns

HAVING to remain in bed for a long period has its compensations, even if they are small ones. When I went to bed I had a corn on practically every toe. They used to give me great pain at times, and I could scarcely bear to walk. A severe illness confined me to bed for two years, and when I got up again the corns had completely disappeared. They have not yet reappeared, either.—W.T.

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them in The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

A Witty Porter

MY aunt and I were going to Katoomba, and at Central she was not sure where the platform was. Going up to a porter, she said, "Could you direct me to No. 9 platform, please?"

"Yes," said the porter. "Turn to the left, madam, and you'll be right."

My aunt, who was feeling cross that day, said, "Don't be impertinent, young man."

Not to be outdone, the porter replied, "Very well, turn to the right and you'll be left."—A.E.

Joy-riding Again

A TAXI-DRIVER was telling me the other day that, when business is bad, he throws an empty purse on the floor of the car and leaves the door open. He said, "You have no idea how many people jump in for a short ride when they see it."—B.L.

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

By Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

Most mothers are far more afraid of under-feeding their babies than of over-feeding them, yet the former is not nearly so serious in its results as the latter.

FREQUENTLY one encounters this question, "Baby is restless and crying nearly all the day. I suppose he isn't getting enough food. Will you please tell me how to increase it?"

Nine times out of ten one finds that such babies are suffering from wind, colic, and frequent motions due to over-feeding. Far from telling the mother how to increase her milk, one has to advise a considerable reduction in the actual feeding time.

Signs of Under-feeding

WHAT, then, are the signs of under-feeding? First of all, baby fails to gain weight. He may weigh the same for three weeks or so running. Then he begins to lose weight. His motions are infrequent, and he is often constipated. The over-fed baby's motions are frequent and loose. Baby seems very hungry, crying after, as well as before, feeds; he appears to be in pain or crying from temper.

The under-fed baby's abdomen appears sunken, and there may be a lessening in the amount of urine passed.

If baby is weak, the under-feeding may go unnoticed, because he may sleep nearly all the time, lacking the energy to cry for more food. He may suck feebly and go to sleep before he has had enough.

An under-fed baby does not suffer from indigestion as an over-fed baby does. With a gradual increase of food he begins to put on weight, and his motions become more regular.

Sometimes a mother is aware that her baby is getting barely enough from her, though not being actually under-fed.

An Uplift Brassiere

IF that is the case the mother should see that her breasts are well supported by a sensible home-made uplift brassiere, with wide shoulder-straps which meet at the centre back.

This additional support results in the formation of an ounce or so of milk, which makes all the difference between a not quite satisfied baby and a completely satisfied one. If this measure is not sufficient, the mother should increase her supply by doubling the breasts with alternate hot and cold water, and by massage.

Before giving any extra food from a bottle, it is absolutely necessary to know how much artificial food to give.

This can only be found out by weighing baby in his clothes before and after each feed to ascertain how much food he is receiving from the natural source.

Make up the deficiency with properly humanised fresh cow's milk, being sure to under-feed very slightly, in order to make baby go hungrily to the breast. When complementing, never substitute a whole feed of humanised milk for the breast, or your milk will decrease the more. Both breasts must be stimulated by suction every three or four hours, as the case may be, in order to increase the milk supply.

Dilute Artificial Food

OF course, the food given as a complement to breast milk must be diluted at first and only gradually worked up to full strength. The hole in the teat must not be too large, or baby, being lazy by nature, will prefer the bottle to the breast, and even refuse the breasts after a time. This will also happen if the mother gives a too sweet artificial food. Procure the correct recipe for your own baby, and do not add more sugar of milk or cane sugar than the recipe states.

If baby is only slightly under-fed and is under three months of age, when he may be given as a temporary complement. Do not continue giving a complement once the breast milk has increased to baby's needs.

The mother who wishes to increase her supply of breast milk should drink about 11 pints extra fluid daily.

An extra chop may be eaten at the mid-day meal. Do not take more than two pints of milk daily. This amount includes that used for the mother in cooking. It is a mistake to drink frequent cups of cocoa; one cup daily is quite sufficient.

To Make Whey

TO make whey for complementary feeding of a baby under three months old, note the following directions:

Melt one junket tablet in a teaspoon of cold water. Add to one pint of tepid milk. Pour into a cold saucepan and mix well. Then stand saucepan aside until milk is set. When well set, beat up with a fork. Put on stove and boil until the whey is well separated from the curd.

Place ready a scalded strainer, lined with double, scalded butter muslin (close mesh), and tie the muslin to the strainer with scalded tape. Strain the whey into a scalded, graded measuring jug. To every five ounces of whey add one level teaspoon of "Karllic" sugar, procurable from all chemists.

If "Karllic" is not at hand, ordinary sugar of milk may be used, but not cane sugar. Boil again for one minute. Strain, cool, and keep cool.

"I have never been so delighted with any product as with PERSIL..." Says

PERSIL WASHES Automatically WITH ACTIVE OXYGEN-CHARGED SUDS

Now you can forget that you ever had to rub the clothes! Just mix Persil according to the instructions and pour the solution into your washing water. As soon as you pour it in it begins to release countless tiny bubbles of oxygen—nature's own purifier and cleanser! These little bubbles push busily to and fro, passing right through the closest weave. Deep in the fabric their dirt-loosening oxygen does its work—these bubbles work like thousands of eager little hands. They wash while you watch. Out comes the last speck of dirt—and this without a moment's rubbing. You save your energy, and you save your clothes from rubbing wear—and wait till you see them on the line!

DID YOU EVER SEE CLOTHES so Bright

Because Persil is so thorough, in spite of its gentle washing, your clothes dry with a brightness that makes them look as new as the day you bought them. The whites dry really white—with never a trace of grey. The colours sparkle so, you wonder how you ever thought them dull.

PERSIL WASHES BEST ALONE!

DO NOT USE ANYTHING ELSE Absolutely

NO BAR SOAPS WASHING TABLETS SOAP POWDERS NEEDED !!!

THE SIMPLE WAY is the

For Best Results — SPECIAL PERSIL METHOD



1 Allow one heaped tablespoon of Persil to each gallon of water. Mix to a smooth paste in a bowl with a little cold water.



2 After thinning down the paste with more cold water until it is a milky liquid, add to cold water in the copper.



3 For silks and woollens make a solution of Persil, as above, and add to warm water. Full directions on every packet.

KEEPS Woollies SOFT AND FLUFFY... Silks AS GAY AS NEW....

Even in hardy-warm water Persil washes thoroughly. That is why it is the safest thing for all your dainty silks and woollies. Everything you wash is safer in Persil—and there's nothing kinder to your hands.

P.S.—I have a guest house, so you can imagine the many uses I find for Persil, besides the big wash."

£100 GUARANTEE THAT THIS LETTER IS GENUINE & UNSOLICITED

3,500,000 WOMEN IN ENGLAND USE PERSIL FOR EVERYTHING THEY WASH... Let Persil wash for you.

Persil WAY

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

If Persil does not give you the easiest washing-days and the brightest washes you've ever had! Write to the address below.

PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., Box 1590B G.P.O., Sydney.



Children ... Made Happy Sydney Rest Home Feeds 100 Daily

One of the most deserving, and also one of the most appealing, of Sydney charities is the Free Kitchen, at which 100 poor children from the industrial suburbs are fed every day.

YOU must have seen it hundreds of times, passing down George St. West, to and from Railway Square, Sydney—yet have probably never known it existed.

Side by side with other obscure shop-fronts, it has "Free Children's Kitchen" printed on the blue-curtained window. Nothing else to distinguish it. And yet here is one of the brightest spots in this rather drab part of the metropolitan area, for it is the place where a hundred poor children are fed and made happy daily.

This Free Kitchen is but one of the many charitable ventures of the Original Sunshine Rest Home. Here every day school children—boys and girls from the age of about four to thirteen—are given a hot, nourishing meal—more often than not the only hot meal they will receive in the whole day.

Any school day you may call and be made welcome. Come at half-past twelve. . . .

Come a few minutes earlier and you'll see a regular gathering of the clan: Bare-footed, shouting, fighting little boys, groups of chattering little girls, all impatient, eager for half-past twelve to come with the opening doors. These are children from Blackfriars, St. Benedict, Glebe, Forest Lodge.

Eager, Expectant Faces

WHEN the doors are opened, there is a general scattering and sorting out; big boys at the back, little boys next, girls in the front and at the long bench at the side. This is to ensure that there will be no fighting, and that even the tiniest child will not be passed over.

Make your entrance now if you would see eager little faces, each face expressing healthy hunger.

It is not a very large room. The benches are lined with blue American cloth. Where possible the club's colors are introduced. For this is a club, and not a charity, and no one is allowed to feel the heavy hand of obligation upon them.

Then walk through into the next room, where you will find Mrs. Howley, secretary of the Sunshine Home, busy at work—and if you are lucky, you may get a few words with her in the midst of the hustle.

Building Them Up

"WE regard this as a natural work," she says. "We try to build the children for their school work ahead of them. To some—to most of these children—the meal they get here is the only hot meal they have each day, and so we make it as body-building as possible. Every day we give the kiddies a plate of nourishing soup, with vegetables and mashed potatoes, and rounds of wholemeal bread. Every Wednesday and Friday they have lemon custard as well."

Mrs. Howley, a charming woman, is completely engrossed in her work. She first started on children's work at the Red Hill (Brisbane) Infants' School, and for the past two years has been secretary to this Original Sunshine Rest Home.

Conversation is carried on above the ceaseless clatter of dishes, for there is a continual flow of children. Children from Cleveland Street, Darlinghurst, now make their appearance. Sister Pyke, who gives up her lunch-hour to this work, hurries through with a tray for each.

"They are up to all the tricks," she smiles. "The favorite one is to push the plate away as far as possible so that it

Successful Fruit and Vegetable Bottling as Simple as A.B.C.



And with Fruit and Vegetables Plentiful and Cheap, now is the time to bottle them ready for the Winter months . . .

MANY housewives who make their own jam never attempt fruit or vegetable bottling. This seems a pity, for since the advent of the bottling outfit preserving fruit at home is so easy. The type of outfit shown in this picture is not at all expensive and may be seen at Grace Bros.

Such quantities of luscious fruit just now bending the trees with their weight, glowing in the shop windows, or piled high on street barrows, make many of us wish the summer months were longer, or that these delicious fruits would ripen all the year round! That, of course, can never be, but we CAN have the next thing to it—and that is rich, ripe fruit bottled and preserved to retain all the flavor of the freshly-picked fruit.

BY preserving now—while fruit is so cheap and plentiful—you can actually have it on hand all through the year, ready to use at a moment's notice.

Many women have hesitated about going in for fruit bottling because of previous failures, or reports of failures by others, but success or failure invariably depends on the method employed. The best way to ensure success is to use a proper fruit bottling outfit—these outfits are quite inexpensive, and not only simplify the work, but achieve the most satisfactory results.

At the moment, apricots, peaches, plums and cherries are very plentiful and quite cheap. Choose a firm, ripe variety, and with the aid of a correct bottling outfit, you'll find you cannot go wrong!

A feature of this method is that the bottles are automatically sealed during the sterilising process—an advantage every woman who has ever tried any other

looks as if they haven't had their serve. If we have it, we never deny a second helping."

The teachers recommend the children who come to the Kitchen as deserving and needing a meal. Each name and each day's attendance is carefully marked down.

Sometimes a mother will bring her children to the kitchen—safe across dangerous streets. And at the close she may slip in herself and have a plate of soup if there is any over. One confessed that it was the only meal she was likely to have that day.



A STERILISER, as seen here, ensures success in fruit bottling. Note the thermometer at side for gauging and maintaining the exact temperature at which fruit is to be cooked. On the right of the picture is demonstrated an ingenious little packing stick, costing only ninepence, which enables fruit to be placed and packed in bottles to the best advantage.

method will especially appreciate. The bottles cannot leak, being hermetically sealed, and will actually preserve the fruit for years!

And best of all, the process is so very simple! After the fruit is packed in the bottles, and covered with syrup or water, the rings, covers and clips are adjusted, and the bottles are put into the steriliser; water is then added.

The whole is then heated on any stove to the desired temperature (indicated on the thermometer at side of steriliser), and this temperature maintained throughout the sterilising period.

Bottles are then taken out, clips removed, and you have a glowing array of delicious fruits to store on your pantry shelves for months to come!

These simple operations could not prevent any woman from being an expert fruit bottler—and after fruit, vegetables, soups, meat, puddings, and even fish and poultry can be preserved with equal success!

Readers are reminded that free booklets are obtainable containing brief instructions and details of various outfits; also prices. Why not write in for one? It will be mailed you immediately on receipt of your request.

DON'T ... FORGET

Classes in first-aid and home nursing will commence at the headquarters of St. John Ambulance Association, January 20 and 21. Candidates should communicate with the organising secretary, B.W.225.

Luncheon in honor of Mr. Jonathan Cape, the London publisher, at David Jones', January 25, arranged by the Fellowship of Australian Writers.

Here's three-act play "The Master Builder," will be presented by Scott Alexander, at the Kursaal Theatre, January 12.

"Bread and Butter Women," by Patrick White, will be performed at Bryant's Playhouse, January 23. The author is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor White, and is at present studying at Cambridge.

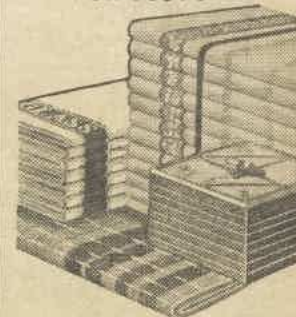
The Independent Theatre will re-open at the Savoy Theatre, January 19, with a production of "And So to Bed."

Mr. Frank Albert will give "Some Thumb-nail Impressions of Russia" at a luncheon at the Arts Club, January 17.

DOES YOUR MAYONNAISE CURDLE?

When the mayonnaise is inclined to curdle, add a few drops of very cold water, and this will put it right.

Save your SUNSPRAY labels!



FREE BATH TOWELS, TABLECLOTHS, PILLOWSLIPS, GLASSCLOTHS, HANDKERCHIEFS . . . FOR SUNSPRAY LABELS

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT

Save 10 Sunspray Powdered Skim Milk 1lb. labels or two 5lb. labels and obtain a pure linen Glass Cloth; or Pillow Slip (enveloped and).

Save 20 Sunspray Powdered Skim Milk 1lb. labels or four 5lb. labels and obtain a coloured Bath Towel; or a Tablecloth with coloured border.

Save 30 Sunspray Powdered Skim Milk 1lb. labels or six 5lb. labels and obtain a Box of Ladies' or Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs; or a Tablecloth 54 in. x 54 in. with coloured border.

When you have saved the necessary number of labels, post or bring them to the Sunspray "Gift Department," enclosing the coupon below. Fill in the coupon clearly and completely. Do not enclose a letter with your parcel.

NOTE—Make certain to put the correct postage on the parcel, and carefully check your labels before mailing.

CLOSING DATE DEC. 31st, 1935



Copyright 1935

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH YOUR LABELS

"Sunspray Gift Dept.", 17 Foveaux Street, Sydney.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

LABELS ENCLOSED _____

GIFT REQUIRED _____ W.W. 12/1/35

FREE TO YOU!

Sensational purchase of entire mill output of the famous "Red Line" double full silk stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth 5/- a pair. We offer to you three pairs for 5/-, Post Free. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include, absolutely free, a pair of finest quality Dreammakers' Cutting-out Shears. These are made from finest Mirror Finished, Stainless Steel, and length is full 9 inches. Don't miss this opportunity, and mention "The Women's Weekly."

The Salvage Stores
(Regd.)
36 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

Backache?. Headache? ... banish it with

Do not suffer Pain. Here's instant, amazing relief. Presto is a new, improved A.P.C. that is quicker, surer, safer. It contains no harmful drugs, and does not affect the heart.

Try Presto for—Headache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Influenza, Colds, Toothache, Sleeplessness, Sore Throat, Earache, and all kinds of Pain. Presto also relieves indigestion.

The Purity of "PRESTO" Powders is Guaranteed, because they are manufactured by Eliott's and Australian Drug Ltd., the largest manufacturing chemists in Australia.



Box of
12 Powders
or
Bottle of
25 Tablets

1/6

P.10.12



A Diverting Hobby

Why Not
Take Up
POKER
WORK?



Above: THREE pieces of modern pokerwork: Two breadboards, one round, one oblong. The round board has a most intriguing border of luscious fruit, designed very realistically. And there is a cigar-box with a club's badge skilfully worked.



At Left: WITH huge antlers, he gazes into space—a stag, cleverly burnt into the wood makes a most effective fire-screen and is another beautiful example of modern pokerwork.

—Women's Weekly Photos

And to-day there are so many new ways to apply this craft!

Haven't you ever admired the shining gloss of pokerwork, the brilliant hues and patterns which look so well against any background in a home, sighed with longing at the seemingly unattainable? For all work that is done by hand seems so expensive....

AND yet, you can do pokerwork quite easily yourself—and quite cheaply, and it makes a fascinating hobby. It is indeed one of the first things one learns at Art Class in High School.

To turn out a first-class job you must

INFERIORITY COMPLEX

Are you anxious to overcome inferiority? Complex, Nervousness, Blushing, Self-Consciousness? Would you like to develop a bold, fearless, dominant personality? A keen, super-alert brain, charm and magnetic power that will win you success in life? My new system is guaranteed to bring you strong nerves and a strange new personal magnetism in 30 days. Details free privately.



A.F.C. Principal

Mail Coupon for Free Book.

ADULT PHYSICAL COLLEGE,

35 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Send me your Free Book. Enclose stamp for postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

W.W. 12/1/35

INVISIBLE MENDING

Damaged Garments Re-woven. Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc. INVISIBLY Re-woven.

SYDNEY WEAVING CO.

90 PITT ST. Phone: BW6982

have, of course, a certain amount of artistic ability to begin with. You will need, too, the plain, white, unvarnished shape, a few waterproof inks, two or three paint brushes, and some good, clean lacquer.

And for a small sum you will be able to get splendid instruction at David Jones', buy all materials, as well as the use of the pyrographic machine for burning in the pattern.

The very latest form of decorating wooden vases, etc., is by painting scenes with water-colours. No actual poker work is in the design at all.

If you have a photograph of your home or some well-loved scene, it is quite a beautiful thought to immortalise it in this way. David Jones, by the way, will draw the scene for you and give full directions for the coloring at a charge of 2/6 for each three-hour lesson.

Another attractive way of decorating wooden articles is to have a conventional design, very highly colored. These designs are drawn for you, and all you have to do is outline them with the poker needle and then color them in.

When complete, it is very highly polished, and gives a glass-like finish.

Very effective work can be done with the poker-needle alone, using no color at all. The design is outlined and the background very heavily burnt in; when polished, the wood takes on a deep cream hue.

Who would not be charmed with an old school, college, or club badge? These may be done in pokerwork on card boxes, stool boxes, bookends, etc. The badge is colored in the correct shades with a trimming band of the school colors.

Society can also be painted on pottery vases and when polished look most effective.

GRACE BROS. NEW YEAR MARK-DOWNS

Save on these Dress Fabrics!

British 36 inch CHIFFON VOILES

Extra Special Voile Values! Floral and Fancy Check designs in Apple Green, Red and Black grounds, with contrasting colourings; also two-tone Checks of Green / Black, Red / Black and Lido/Black, on White grounds. Fast colours.

New Year "Mark Down"

9 1/2 YD



36in. LACE WEAVE VOILES

Delightful, colourful designs on White grounds. Guaranteed fast colours in Brown, Red, Apple Green, Saxe, New Blue, Apricot, Reseda and Navy. Super quality, best British make.

New Year "Mark Down"



1 1/3 YD

Special Job Purchase! 36in. AMERICAN BATISTE MUSLINS

Special offer in the popular Muslin Fabrics available in Neat Spots, Fancy Checks and Striped designs in colourful effects on White grounds. Colourings: Red, Lemon, Apple Green, Saxe and Navy. Guaranteed fast colours. Usual Value - 1 11 1/2 yd.

New Year "Mark Down"



1 1/4 YD

Special Job Purchase! 32 inch HORROCKSES' LINGERIE LAWN

Special quality and washing weave for Lingerie wear. Plain shades of Pink, Sky, Salmon, Lemon, Nil Green, Apricot. Fast colours. Usual Value 10 1/2 d. New Year "Mark Down"

6 1/2 YD

36 inch CREPE MAROCAIN

All wanted colourings, including Black, Navy, White, Brown, Lido, Green, Rose, Brick, Reseda, Beige, Nigger, Almond, Fawn, Red, Marina Green, Navy, etc. Usually - 1 1/11

New Year "Mark Down"

1 1/3 YD

SILKS at 6 1/2 d

Two numbers grouped at one special "MARK DOWN" PRICE! 27in. SILK SPONGE CLOTH in Navy or Black floral effects, also Black/White Spot. 27in. WOVEN PLAID SPOT TAF-FETA in Green/Brown or Black Orange only.

Usually - 1 1/3 yard

New Year "Mark Down"

1 1/3 YD

USUALLY 29 inch SPUN WHITE RAYON CHENE

White only. The ideal washing silk for sports frocks, shirts, lingerie, etc. Usually - 1 1/6 1/2 yard

New Year "Mark Down"

1 1/2 YD

36 in. PRINTED MAROCAINS

Smart & effective designs in Greens, Reds, Black, Saxe, Brown, Fawn, etc. In floral, two-tone and geometrical effects. Usually - 2 1/11 & 3/6

New Year "Mark Down"

1 1/2 YD

GRACE BROS. LTD. BROADWAY SYDNEY M6506

THIS Week's BEST Recipe PRIZE WINNERS

This week's recipes, sent in from readers, have quite a cosmopolitan flavor. They include Indian coffee creams, empanadas, Cleopatra pudding, and ambrosia—that food of the gods!

Why not send in one of your own home recipes, tested in your kitchen? All are eligible. We are giving each week a first prize of £1, and twelve consolation prizes.

INDIAN COFFEE CREAMS

Two cups plain flour, 1 cup castor sugar, 4oz. butter, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, vanilla, chopped nuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add coffee and vanilla, add egg well beaten. Then add flour, soda, and cream of tartar. Roll out and cut into thick biscuits, brush over with egg, cover with roughly-chopped nuts, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. When cold, join together with filling made with 1

tablespoon butter, 1 cup icing sugar, coffee essence to taste, and enough boiling water to make a stiff paste.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Laidler, Wallend St., Stamford Merthyr, via West Maitland, N.S.W.

DIFFERENT LEMON CHEESE

Half a pound apples, 1lb. sugar, rind and juice of 2 lemons, 2oz. butter, 2 eggs.

Prepare apples and boil to a pulp. Grate lemon rind and pour this, with the juice, over the apples. Add sugar and well-beaten eggs, and stir thoroughly. Melt the butter in a saucepan, pour in

the apple mixture, and stir for about 30 minutes over a slow fire. Let cool and then place in jars ready for use. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Barry, 41 Mavho St., Bentleigh, SE14, Melbourne.

EMPANADAS

One pound flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, a pinch salt, 1lb. melted dripping.

While dripping is still hot, pour it over the well-mixed dry ingredients, and add enough warm water to make a stiff dough. Leave till cold, roll out very thinly, and cut into rounds each the size of a small saucer.

For the filling: Chop finely 1 large onion, 1lb. any cold, cooked meat free from gristle, 1 hard-boiled egg, and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. Fry onion in a little dripping, add meat, egg, and parsley, 1 tablespoon sultanas, and 1 tablespoon water. Season well and fry the mixture for about 5 minutes. Put 1 dessertspoon of the mixture on each of the pastry rounds, wet edges, double over, pinch edges well together, and fry in deep fat till golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. H.

Kleeman, c/o Cummins Private Bag, Bonegilla, Vic.

CURRIED BANANAS

Six green bananas, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon sweet chutney, 1 teaspoon sugar, a little cayenne and salt.

Put coconut in a basin, pour milk over it, let stand for 1 hour, then put in saucepan with other ingredients. Peel and slice bananas and add to the curry. Simmer for 10 to 15 minutes and, just before serving, beat up the egg and stir in. Serve hot with boiled rice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. R. Litchfield, 17 Sea View Terrace, Brighton, S.A.

MANGO MOULD

Peel and slice three large green mangoes and stew in a little water, adding sugar when the fruit is boiling. When cooked, remove from the fire and separate the fruit from the juice. Set some mango which has been soaking for a few hours or overnight. When the sap is cooked in the juice, add the fruit, stir a little, and pour the whole into a wetted



mould. When set, turn out of the mould and serve with a thin custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. H. Keen, New Farm, Eton, via Mackay, Nth. Qld.

CORNEBEEF LOAF

One ounce gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup meat stock, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon pepper, 3 cups corned beef (minced), 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon mixed mustard.

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water, add lemon juice, meat stock, Worcestershire sauce, and pepper. Allow the mixture to chill. When slightly thickened, put in corned beef, onion, and mustard. Turn into a loaf pan, chill until firm, turn out, and serve in slices on crisp lettuce, and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Dyball, Kunama, via Batlow, N.S.W.

CLEOPATRA PUDDING

One cup desiccated coconut, 1 cup biscuit-crumbs, 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup stewed apple (not too moist), 2 or 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon butter.

Mix together coconut, biscuit-crumbs, and sugar, then add milk which has been warmed (not boiled), and to which has been added the butter. Separate the whites from the yolks of eggs, beat yolks well, then add to the mixture. Butter a pudding, pour in half the mixture, then the apple, and the remainder of the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for about 1 hour. Whip whites of eggs, add 2 tablespoons sugar, and place on top of the pudding. Return to the oven until a golden brown. Sufficient for six servings.

Stewed apricots, peaches, etc., from which the juice has been strained, may be used instead of apples.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Reynolds, 53 Prince's Highway, Kogarah, N.S.W.

AMBROSIA

Juice of 3 oranges, juice of 1 grapefruit, juice of 1 lemon, 4 cups sliced pineapple, 1 slice chopped pineapple, 1 cup shredded coconut, 1 chopped Marschblue cherries, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 cups water.

Put the sugar and water together into a saucepan and simmer for five minutes, then allow it to cool. Mix the fruit, cherries, pineapple, and coconut, add to the sugar syrup. Consolation Prize of 1/2 to Miss G. Thompson, 22 Turren Road, Franklin, Adelaide.

APRICOT BUTTERSCOTCH

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup fine sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 3 eggs, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 small tin apricots or some fresh apricots.

Beat butter and fine sugar to a cream, add yolks and flour sieved with baking powder, and two tablespoons of the apricot syrup. Then fold in the stiff-beaten whites of eggs. Grease a cake tin and cover the bottom of it with brown sugar, place contents of tin of apricots on top and bake in a moderately hot oven for half an hour.

Consolation Prize of 1/2 to Mrs. R. R. Ennis, 22 Water St., Toowoomba, Qld.

RAISIN CHOCOLATE SQUARES

One cup sugar, 1 1/2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 cup milk, 1 square chocolate (unsweetened), 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1/2 cups seedless raisins, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1/2 cup fondant.

Combine sugar, syrup, butter, and 1/2 cup of milk, and bring to a boil, then add remaining milk gradually, so as not to stop candy from boiling. Cook until a spoonful dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Then add chocolate and cook to a hard ball. Remove from fire and add salt, vanilla, and fondant. Beat fast and thoroughly. When well mixed, add raisins and pour into a greased pan. This may be cut when cold, but is better if allowed to set overnight.

Consolation Prize of 1/2 to Mrs. R. Heath, 65 Broadmeadow Rd., Newcastle, N.S.W.

JAM ROLL

Break 3 fresh eggs into a basin, whisk for 5 minutes, add slowly 1/2 cup sugar, whisk in one direction about 15 minutes, then add lightly 1/2 cup flour. Pour into a greased jam roll tin and bake in a quick oven about 10 minutes; turn out on a floured cloth and roll up quickly; unroll, spread with jam, and roll again.

Consolation Prize of 1/2 to Miss M. Chadwick, Stanley Terrace, Taringa, Brisbane.

MEAT PUFFS

Four slices of cooked ham, 6 or 8 slices of cold mutton or beef, a sprig of parsley, mixed up nicely with a dash of salt and pepper.

Mix all with a tablespoonful of stock or gravy from under dripping. Have ready some puff paste cut into twelve squares of 4 inches each. Lay a dessertspoonful of the meat-mixture on one side of puff little square, and turn the other side on top, pinch the sides together, pop on baking tin, and bake for ten minutes. Brush over with an egg beaten up 5 minutes, before quite cooked, which makes them a rich shiny yellow.

Consolation Prize of 1/2 to Mrs. A. S. Hazzel, Coghlin St., Kapunda, S.A.

SAVORY BAKED TRIPE AND EGGS

One pound cooked tripe, 4 hard-boiled eggs, 1 pint well-made white sauce, bread-crumbs, 1oz. butter, pepper and salt.

Cream a pie-dish thickly. Slice eggs and cut tripe into neat squares. Place a layer of tripe in pie-dish, then a layer of eggs, and pour white sauce over. Continue in this fashion until all ingredients are used, having white sauce on top. Sprinkle with fine bread-crumbs, place pieces of butter on top, and bake in the oven till a golden brown. Serve hot, garnished with sprigs of parsley. To serve four persons.

Consolation Prize of 1/2 to Mrs. C. Branch, Murphree Rd., Roworth, N.S.W.

HOST HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar is a brew of excellent quality.

"What means this saucy intrusion"
—Sir Walter Scott.

HOST HOLBROOK SAYS:

"No intrusion, but just a suggestion to create an appetite.

My Worcestershire Sauce will give a zest to the soup, and add a piquant relish to every meat and savory dish."

The World's Appetiser!
HOLBROOKS
WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE

HS.4.

GIVE an EXCITING TOUCH ... to Sunday Night's Tea!

You can do it easily with the minimum of expenditure in time, cost and trouble

By OUR
COOKING
EXPERT

WHY is it that although most Australian women show quite a lot of enterprise with regard to meals, the food served up for tea on Sunday night is so often the unimaginative remains of Sunday's midday dinner? The answer is simply this: The busy housewife, having spent all the morning in preparing the hot midday meal, feels disinclined to do any more cooking for supper-time, and so her family sits down to the usual cold meat and salad... Yet with very little extra time and trouble on her part, they could partake of a tasty menu that would be one of the pleasantest of the week.

FOR it is a very simple matter to prepare some savory dish that can be left in the cupboard or refrigerator and served cold at supper-time. And most savories require no other accompaniment than toast or bread and a salad made from the delicious vegetables that are one of the chief joys of this bountiful land—lettuce and tomato salad for instance, or potato salad, made with cold boiled potatoes, minced parsley, lettuce and mayonnaise, or yet again lettuce with green peas and carrots. All these would be delicious with your supper dish, provided it was a comparatively simple one.

Of course, if you fancy something hot for supper, there are obliging dishes that can be prepared several hours beforehand and cooked in a spare half-hour before supper and then, *heigh presto!* there is a dish hot as well as tasty to serve your meal. But in summer most of us want to eat cold meals whenever we can, so here on this page are some dishes that you can get ready while cooking the arduous Sunday's dinner, and then serve up hours later to your astonished family. They simply won't be able to imagine when you found time to do it!

For sheer utility as a supper dish nothing surpasses a jelly. Not only can you utilise an infinite variety of ingredients for it (and, let it be whispered, "left-overs" are in the majority of these), but you can make your jellied dish the day before it is wanted and simply leave it in the ice-chest to set. And jellied dishes are, above anything else, most acceptable during the summer months. They are delightfully cooling, and they look lovely—especially when arranged in a nest of crisp lettuce leaves and served with creamy mayonnaise.

Below I give you a particularly delicious one, made of pork and vegetables, that you will find useful as a stand-by for luncheon as well as supper.

JELLIED PORK WITH VEGETABLES

One cup chopped-up cooked pork,
1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup cooked salad

Rosella Fruit Juice

Cordials

are pure juice of fresh ripe fruit, delicious and healthful.

Simply add soda or water to the two latest varieties.

Orange
or
Lemon
IN THE NEW
FROSTED
BOTTLES



STUFFED TOMATOES—an ideal way of using the health-giving tomato when other ways pall. They should be daintily arranged on a dish lined with heart of lettuce leaves. See recipe.

carrot, gelatine (powdered), 1 pint boiling white stock, 2 teaspoon salt. Brush a mould with olive oil and carefully arrange the slices of carrot and peas on the bottom. Dissolve the gelatine in a little of the stock, then add it to the remainder of the stock with the salt and the chopped-up meat. Pour the

ALL recipes on this page have been tested by our own cooking expert in The Australian Women's Weekly Kitchens.

mixture carefully and slowly into the mould, being careful not to disarrange the vegetables. Stand in a cold place till set. When required, turn out into a nest of lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise.

VEAL CAKE

One pound veal, 1 lb. bacon, 3 eggs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 pt. stock, gelatine, one small onion, bunch of herbs.

Cut veal and bacon into cubes, add seasoning, the onion cut up into small pieces, and the herbs. Cover with water and let it simmer until tender. Hard-boil the eggs, peel and slice them, and arrange them in a mould which has been brushed round the inside with olive oil. Strain off the stock from the meat and dissolve the gelatine in a little of it. Arrange the meat in layers in the mould till it is full; then add the dissolved gelatine to about 1 pt. of the stock, and pour it into the mould. Leave to cool and serve with a vegetable salad.

NORFOLK PIE

One quarter pound veal, 1 lb. cold, cooked ham, two teaspoons chopped parsley, one teaspoon chopped mixed herbs, brown stock or gravy, slices of bread, salt and pepper to taste. Mix ham and meat together well after chopping them up finely. Add the parsley and herbs and season the mixture with pepper and salt to taste. Butter a pie-dish and line the bottom with slices of bread, trimming off all the crusts. Pour over it enough of the stock or gravy to moisten it; then put in a layer of the mixture. Continue with the alternate layers of the bread and the mixture till the dish is full, letting the last layer

be of bread. Pour some stock over each layer of bread or it will be too dry. Put the pie into a slow oven and cook for about 1 1/2 of an hour; then turn it out carefully on a hot, flat dish and bake it in a quick oven till it is a nice brown. This may be served either hot or cold.

STUFFED TOMATOES

Three new-laid eggs, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 1/2 teaspoons tomato sauce, 6 even-sized tomatoes, pepper and salt to taste, lettuce.

To serve six people you will need six medium-sized tomatoes, and choose nice, firm ones. Hard-boil eggs, peel and halve them. Remove the yolks carefully and mash them till smooth with butter, tomato sauce, and pepper and salt to taste. Stuff the six half-shells with this mixture. Hollow out a little flesh from the stalk end of the tomato, using a very sharp knife to do so; then season inside lightly with pepper and salt and sink in each a stuffed half-shell of the egg. If you want to make a particularly nice job of these, mask the top with a thick mayonnaise and garnish with a scrap of gherkin. Arrange the tomatoes on a dish lined with lettuce leaves.

SCOTCH EGGS

Six eggs, 1 lb. pork sausage meat, breadcrumbs, fat for frying. Hard-boil eggs, peel carefully, and cover them all over with sausage meat. Roll in egg and breadcrumbs and fry till a nice golden-brown in a deep pan full of fat that has been heated till it gives off a faint bluish smoke. Drain the Scotch eggs, put to cool, and before serving cut each egg in half and serve with a plain lettuce and tomato salad. Should you want to serve the Scotch eggs hot, it is possible to prepare them up to cooking point and then put them in a cool place and fry them just before they are required. If they are eaten hot, place each half egg on a piece of toast—fried bread.

DANISH EGGS

Danish eggs are a variation of the recipe for Scotch eggs, and are cooked in exactly the same way, except that the eggs are covered with a mixture made from fish and potatoes. The ingredients required are 1 lb. cooked potatoes, 1 lb. tinned fish, 1 oz. butter or dripping, 1 tablespoon milk, beaten yolk of 1 egg. After every vestige of skin and bone has been removed from the fish it is mixed with the potatoes, which have been finely mashed, and made into a



SCOTCH EGGS are novel—appetising—and may be served either hot or cold; they are delicious either way. They can be prepared beforehand. At Left: Cheese and vegetable casserole makes a splendid light yet nourishing dish for Sunday night's supper.

paste with the butter, milk and yolk of egg. This is then put into a saucepan and heated for five minutes, being stirred all the while. This mixture is then laid over the eggs and they are fried as for Scotch eggs.

COLD MEAT AND POTATO PIE

One pound cooked potatoes, 1 lb. cooked beef, 1 lb. onions, salt and pepper, pastry.

Cut meat in as thin slices as possible. Put all bones and rough bits into a saucepan with the sliced onions and cold water to cover and boil for stock. Slice the potatoes; then put the meat, potatoes, and the parboiled onions in alternate layers in the pie-dish till it is full. Strain and well season the stock and pour enough of it into the dish to three-quarters fill it. Then cover with

pastry, leaving a hole in the middle. Bake in a quick oven for about half an hour, and serve it hot or cold.

CHEESE AND VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

One ounce butter, 2 cups potatoes, (mashed with plenty of milk and butter), 1 cup chopped cooked celery, 1 cup mashed cooked swede, seasoning, 1 cup grated cheese.

This takes but half an hour to cook if the vegetables are cooked in readiness.

Butter a casserole very thickly and spread the swede at the bottom; season and sprinkle half the cheese over. Spread the celery on top. Season and sprinkle with remainder of cheese. Cover with the mashed potato. Dab on the butter. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 35 minutes.

New SLIMMING Treatment REJUVENATES AS IT REDUCES!

Fat is dangerous as well as ugly. It is also mostly unnecessary. 1, Kathleen Court, now offer overweight people the most effective reducing treatment ever devised. No one, knowing the composition of the Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment, no one seeing the grateful letters I have had from users could doubt it. One lady, writing to the manager of a leading Auckland (N.Z.) Department Store, says—"Dear Sir, I wish to inform you how very beneficial I have found Kathleen Court's Reducing Tablets. Since having taken a month's Treatment I have reduced without keeping strictly to diet and have never felt in better health. You may use this letter for advertising purposes, as I would like others to have the benefit. Yours faithfully, M.D."

FAST OR GRADUAL REDUCTION—AS YOU DESIRE!

The Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment is adaptable to individual requirements. Attention is given to the need of some to reduce certain parts, such as fat ankles, and thick necks, while not slimming parts now normal. Not only is excess fat removed, but the face and body are actually rejuvenated in a remarkable manner. The features become more attractively defined, there is less liability to fatigue, while other benefits, such as improved intestinal action, and better memory, result. The cost is moderate. The Complete Outfit, for a full month's Treatment (Tablets and Bath Powders) being only 17/6, or a fortnight's supply of the Reducing Tablets may be obtained for 9/6. In view of the continuance of certain of the ingredients these prices are remarkably small. Order from your chemist or store, or direct from Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney, adding 4d. for postage. Employ the Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment NOW—in a week you will see a great difference—in a month you will be much happier.



PHOTO: KATHLEEN COURT
BY "BASS" LONDON

CORNWELL'S

PURE MALT VINEGAR

bought everywhere by everybody



"I COULD NOT STAND THE CHILDREN'S NOISE!"

Newtown, N.S.W.
"I have three children going to school. My husband is away working on a boat, and I felt they were too much for me; in fact, I could not stand their noise at play and was often had tempered and irritable with them when there was really no need to be. But since taking your Tonic I am a different woman and can join in and enjoy their fun and play. I am sure if other women knew what a boon Clements Tonic is to tired mothers many homes would be happier."
(Mrs.) R.W.S.

Prices in all capital cities in the Commonwealth
3/- and 5/- a bottle at all chemists and stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives You Nerves of Steel"

Every mother owes it to her children to preserve, even under trying conditions, the evenness of temper and ready sympathy that they expect. When you feel tired, depressed and "nervy," turn to the natural restorative properties of Clements Tonic.



Yes it is - a Ladye Jayne

YOU CAN TELL BY THE TAB

To retain the set and beauty of your waves, wear a Ladye Jayne Rumber Helmet, cut to a registered design. Fits perfectly and keeps waves firmly in position. Net 1/6. Lace 2/6. Art Silk 3/6. Manufacturers, Hainsford 155, 48 York St., Sydney.

Beauty Sleep—EVERY NIGHT

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference"

Make Refreshing Summer FRUIT DRINKS whenever you need them with P.M.U. EXTRACTS

These extracts contain highly-concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 6oz. bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following flavours—
Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stocked by all good grocers.

NOW, CHILDREN LISTEN TO ME, PLEASE!

Before the Holidays are Over,
See what You Can Do to Help
in Mother's Garden

The Old Gardener is Speaking

HOLIDAYS are wonderful, aren't they? Yet, with Christmas and New Year over, the newness worn off your toys, you are sometimes a wee bit of a problem to mother. You see, your busy little hands and feet won't keep still—they just ache to be up and doing exciting things. Now the Old Gardener has some very fine suggestions to make to you. So hear what he has to say and perhaps you'll have a very interesting time before school claims you once again.

THIS morning I propose to have a chat with you, children, though I am afraid I have sadly neglected you of late. And yet I am always peeping over fences just to see how much gardening you do for your mother.

What a lot of work could be done while the holidays last. You know this is the second week in January, and the time is soon coming when you will be back in school again. So those little ones—and the bigger ones, of course, too—who have not thought of mother's garden get to work and see what you can do to give her a little pleasure around the home.

*"How much we owe to Mother,
For all the love she bears,
Yet we at times are thoughtless;
And cause so many cares."*

So come along with me, children, to this garden here. I'll explain all about the flowers as we go along, and tell you what to do. Then next time I meet you all you will be able to tell me that you are progressing with your garden, and won't mother be happy!

All these flowers that I am going to mention and explain to you can be grown now, anywhere in Australia:

Antirrhinum or snapdragon is a useful biennial, and can be had in many beautiful colors. They are excellent border or bedding plants, and valuable for cut blooms.

Dianthus is very useful for cut flowers and makes a grand display when massed in beds or borders. They will last without replanting for two or three years, but must be cut back after each flowering period.

Autumn and Winter Beauty

MARIGOLDS, of which there are many types and colors, make a bright display. They are good late autumn and winter bloomers, are very hardy, and freely flower.

Geum is a perennial and thrives in a hot position. Heliotrope, which is also a perennial, thrives in a well-drained hot position. Verbena, ah, this is the flower you can make a display with, children! There are many colors, and if those colors are kept separate and planted in

bold masses, a dashing color scheme can be made.

Who would be without that beautiful blue of the cornflower? And don't forget the mignonette, children. All mothers love the perfume of this old-time flower. You must sow the seed where they are



SURPRISE FOR MOTHER! The children have made up their minds to help her in the garden. And guided aright they can be such a big help. They learn quickly to distinguish between weeds and plants; how to mow the lawn evenly and not leave tufts here and there; and not to leave the rake wrong-side up as shown in the sketch, which is very dangerous! I would have you all know!

to remain, then thin out, as they will not transplant in the way that other flowers do.

Have a bed of that showy gypsophila. Plant well out in the sunlight and you will be amazed at the display. It grows about 36 inches high. What is finer, too, than a bed of pansies, yes, and violas, massed with their separate colors?

Now, see this corner planted with heuchera—just the position for it. Yes, it's a perennial, and has a beautiful miniature shaped bell-like flower. The delphinium is also a perennial, and grows best in a hot position.

Poppies and Primulas

PRIMULA also gives color during the late winter, and early spring. It is easily grown. Don't forget the Iceland poppy, and the nasturtium. The tall dwarf and climbers can all go in now. Forget-me-nots are always welcome. Nemesis, another of our most brilliant flowers for a colorful display. Statice, or sea lavender is also an asset. Ranunculus is our standby when flowers are scarce. Get the seed in at once—stock, too, and cineraria. Sow lupins where they are to remain.

The canterbury bell is worthy of a corner also, and so is the columbine or coropsis and linaria, that free flowerer, can always be relied on for a quick display.

Now, children, when you go home just show mother what a garden you will have, and, remember, dig well, manure thoroughly, water freely, and you must have success.

Birds—Your Friends

BEFORE I go I want to tell you that coming along this morning I saw some boys throwing stones at all the birds they could find. Do you know, children, that birds are most useful in our garden, to keep down insects of all kinds, and how pleasant it is to hear them with their cheery whistle early in the morning and during the day. Their very presence makes us happy.

Children:
Don't kill the birds, the little birds,
That sing about your door,
And do not seek to take the life
Which you can never give.
These pretty birds that play among the trees
Would make the earth a cheerless place,
To see no more of these.

So, children, let the birds see that you are their friends, and they will help you in your garden.

ONE Day's SPORT

Continued from Page 5

It hung like jewels in the heather and upon cap peak and moustache. Everyone struggled into mackintoshes, as they huddled down in their bunts.

"I feel," said Nancy, "as if I were beating."

Somewhere a cow called to her young with melancholy moan that brought to mind the Channel in a fog.

The Bishop was in the end butt. Next to him came Nancy. Next to Nancy the keeper placed John, avoiding his eye as he did so. What happened farther down the line John never knew. The mist kept its secret well.

What a wonderful day it would have been if the sun had continued to shine. There was a constant whir, whir, whir as the grouse came over. Out of the mist came their warning cry—"Go back! Go back! Go back!" Sometimes they passed high overhead, seen dimly like flying full-stops. Sometimes one would loom suddenly at hand, looking large as an eagle. A few de-auditory shots were fired farther down the line, but it was too thick to see. Once a covey passed John low, going up, and he ducked in anticipation of what Nancy might do. She must have let off in the opposite direction, for all was well as far as he was concerned.

He sat fingering his gun and cursing the weather for spoiling what must otherwise have been a fine day's sport. Came the sound of running feet. Out of the mist appeared Nancy, running. She looked pale and was minus gun. She fell into his butt and gasped:

"Do come! I've hit the Bishop!"

She seemed as if she might faint. He gave her his flask to bring herself round, and left her.

The Bishop looked none too well and was bleeding from the arm.

"These women, you know. When they get a gun in their hands."

John said, stiffly: "I fear you must blame me, sir. I must have fired too low."

The Bishop was obviously surprised, but he took it gallantly. "Flattered, I'm sure. Big game. Accidents will happen. We will say nothing about it. The lady will not give us away."

John said, "I feel we can rely on her. I'm extremely sorry."

A veritable cannonade broke out down the line. John said, gloomily, "I wonder who has gone this time?"

The Bishop knotted a handkerchief round his arm, with the assistance of his teeth.

"I believe, from what the keeper has told me, that quite frequently there are—ahem—um—er—er—yes."

Nancy appeared out of the mist, obviously shaken. When she heard the turn that the story had taken in her

absence she raised her eyebrows and looked at John. She was surprised, but he fancied he noted also relief in her eyes, and she gave him a little quick squeeze.

It was tedious, the way that squeaks remained with him for the rest of the day.

"Now wasn't all that fog tiresome," said Lady Cheney, "spoiling your sport? Tell me all about it, please. But, dear me, Captain Daney! What have you done to your brow?"

The mainly beauty of Captain Daney was marred by a bruise the size of a pigeon's egg upon his forehead. It had a small inflamed scarlet centre.

"Fell, getting over a stone wall," said Captain Daney. "Just before I got my wee deer. That was a fine shot, at the worst I never thought I'd a chance when he loomed up out of the mist. I took a wight and left, and think I must have got him with both. Yes, thanks. Quite all right. I've put some iodine on it. That's why it's such a wummy color."

The Bishop was explaining laboriously and at length how he had become entangled with some barbed wire, but assuring Lady Cheney his injuries were nothing. John came upon a fair man in the cloak-room, thoughtfully regarding a pellet he had picked out of his leg, but he discarded it briskly and explained he had been bitten savagely by a leech in a snipe bog.

Please turn to Page 40

HOT HOLBROOK says: "When appetites are in sorry plight, Holbrook's Sauce will put it right." The World's Appetiser.***

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

DEEP, RESTFUL SLEEP ... is Beauty-Bringing By EVELYN

While insufficient sleep can pull you down quicker than any illness ... and spoil your health, looks and your work



DEEP, RESTFUL sleep is more necessary to the human constitution in its health and beauty-bringing properties than the food we eat! Our worries and intellectual problems always loom larger when we are tired and when we have been thinking about them too long. Sleep puts them all out of our minds, and when we wake in the morning we find they were not so terrible as we thought.



HAPPY AND REFRESHED after a good night's sleep, one can face the trials of this workaday world with confidence. If you have not had enough you will feel tired, aching, and dispirited—and to compete with life. Moreover, your health and appearance will suffer.

MODERN conditions—hustle, bustle, rush, noise, the strain and stress of everyday life—tend to make us wakeful and restless. And how often do we find that when sleep does come it lacks the calm, restful qualities, and the health-giving and beauty-bringing properties that the mind and body need to carry us happily forward.

ANY doctor will tell you that the factors upon which sleep depends are the absence of stimuli—like noise and light—to the senses, muscular relaxation, and lack of mental excitement; that, normally, sleep is deepest during the first two hours and later it can be interrupted by lighter stimuli from without progressively up to the eighth hour.

During sleep there is a slowing up of respiration and of the heart—therefore the pulse—and, speaking in more scientific terms, a diminution of the excretion of carbonic acid in the air breathed out, and of various secretions.

It is, therefore, clear that the rest enjoyed during sleep, by the nervous system, is shared by other organs and tissues.

It should be remembered, however, that the brain sinks into more complete relaxation of working than the rest of the body, except, perhaps, the voluntary muscles.

Many may not know that sleep is of

more importance than food; that it is possible to live longer without food than sleep.

As we all know, some require more sleep than others to keep fit; others seem to get along well enough on very little. But the average amount required is eight hours.

Recently, Judy Kelly, the film star, was asked by a London journalist for her health "secret" and here is her reply, which I think rather interesting:

"Being Australian, I have the initial health advantage of coming from healthy stock! As against that, however, I work very hard in film studios, in an atmosphere that is not conducive to good health. So I have to take care to keep fit. You see, the camera is a merciless enemy of any signs of dissipation.

"Sleep is my trump card. Unless work forbids, I must have my ten hours. I like, when not working, to have an hour or two of sleep after lunch. Such a period helps when it is not always possible to get my full quota of sleep at night. I like going to parties and, in

reason, I don't think they mar my health."

How much the excitable, nervous person who suffers from lack of sleep envies those who say almost boastfully that they drop off to sleep the moment their heads hit the pillows!

Sensible Remedies

I HAVE found that the best remedy for sleeplessness is gardening. Working among flowers, digging, weeding, planting, brings peace of mind—and sleep is welcomed. Somehow the stress and strain of everyday life fades away, and contentment and beauty take their place. I defy anybody who has done hours of heavy work in the garden to find difficulty in sleeping.

Others find, who get over-excited or over-interested in work (and some do!) that reading a light novel for an hour before bed is conducive to sleep. Others take a short, brisk walk followed

by a hot bath and a hot drink. The bath is, perhaps, the best remedy of all.

The ravages of insufficient sleep, continued over weeks and months, take their toll.

One loses weight, the appetite goes, it becomes an effort to concentrate on work (or pleasure) and one is inclined to be irritable.

As a result your appearance suffers, the health is apt to fail generally, and one is apt to pick up infections and other illnesses rather easily.

Of course, there are people who lead busy lives and, of necessity, sacrifice occasionally a certain amount of sleep and health for the sake of their work. But it is most important that you do not go too far in your sacrifice, for with insufficient sleep one's work is bound to suffer.

Make it up to some extent by an after lunch or before dinner nap, or by taking once or twice a week a really long night in bed.

ANOTHER point is to get the best out of sleep. See that your mattress is a good, comfortable one.

The marked fall in the heat produced by the body accounts for the need of warm clothing during sleep.

This should also be light, as heavy clothes tend to interfere with the relaxation so essential to sleep.

The distressing condition of insomnia is inclined to worry one more and more, but never fret and worry about sleeplessness. The surest way to fall to get to sleep is by worrying about it, toasting and turning only brings on greater restlessness. If you cannot get off to sleep, read a book; and if you wake up, turn on the light and read.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Is scarlet fever as infectious as it is generally reported to be, and is it a seasonal complaint, occurring more in the summer than the winter? I should also like to know if any precautions can be taken to guard children from the infection or any toxins that will make them immune.

SCARLET fever is a wide-spread infection that occurs in all walks of life, at all times of the year, and attacks all races in all parts of the world, but it often appears in unusually large epidemics.

The disease may also appear in isolated form. Single cases vary markedly in intensity, and epidemics vary greatly in virulence.

About ninety per cent of all cases of scarlet fever occur in children under ten years of age. Breast-fed infants rarely acquire the disease. Adults, however, are not immune.

Scarlet fever is one of those disorders which, although undoubtedly of germ origin, has up to date defied the researches of science. It is not yet clear how the poisons of the disease are manufactured, how they are given off and how they are transmitted from one person to another.

Strains have been made with a view to making children resist this dread disease, but they have not yet come into general use nor has their efficacy been proved beyond question as, for instance, in the case of typhoid and diphtheria.

It is believed that the secretions of the nose, throat and general respiratory tract of scarlet fever patients probably contain the germs or poisons, or both. Likewise, great attention has been paid to the possibility that the poisons are given off from the skin of patients, especially when the disease has already progressed to the stage of so-called "desquamation" or peeling.

THE onset of scarlet fever is usually sudden. It occurs from one to seven days after infection, although this rule is by no means invariable. Vomiting is

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



HERE'S AN exercise for beautifying the ankles, posed by Gertrude Michael, Paramount player. Stand with heels together, toes pointed outwards. Rise on balls of feet, bend knees slightly, and raise both arms. Take a short hop forward, landing on your toes with knees deeply flexed; swing arms out in front as you do so. Spring up quickly and repeat the hop. Follow by a brisk rub with a turkish towel.



..BY A DOCTOR..

often one of the first symptoms. Sometimes the beginning stages are more gradual and insidious and all that is noted is that the child does not seem quite as lively as usual, or he may complain of not feeling well for several days without there being any special symptoms.

Fever appears early in the course of the disease and its rise may be rapid. It is not unusual for the temperature to reach 104 or 105 degrees on the very first day. With the fever, the skin becomes unusually dry. When touched it keeps the impression of holding intense heat.

The rash, which is so characteristic of scarlet fever, appears as a rule on the second day. It consists of scattered red points which first appear on the neck and chest. After a few hours the rash may spread to the entire body and then its color is a vivid scarlet.

After two or three days the rash begins to fade, and later on the skin gradually peels off in flakes of varying size. Such desquamation may last from ten to twenty days.

Scarlet fever poison, whatever its nature, clings stubbornly to the patient's clothing, bedding, furniture and the like.

It is highly important that all such articles be thoroughly fumigated after the patient recovers.

Likewise, it is essential that persons entering the sick room be protected with sterile surgical gowns and that they wash themselves carefully with antiseptic solutions afterwards.



This is the girl who used to have ugly HALF-CLEAN TEETH

How to make Teeth Shades Whiter. Achieves results impossible before—Try it

Don't believe that your teeth are naturally dull, off-colour, or susceptible to decay simply because brushing fails to keep them sound or make them white. Remember this:

Any preparation that polishes teeth and fails to kill germs—millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles—ONLY HALF-CLEANS TEETH.

One dental cream that kills troublesome germs as it cleans the teeth is KOLYNOS. Try it—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. . . . Soon your teeth will look cleaner than ever before.

This unique, scientific dental cream contains two priceless agents that give the teeth a DOUBLE-CLEANSING. As one foams into every crevice, over every

tooth surface and washes away food accumulation, stain and tarnish—the other kills millions of germs.

Thus, in a remarkably short time, teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel—without injury. They look more attractive than you ever believed possible. They are safeguarded against decay.

HALF-CLEAN TEETH LOOK UGLY. Start using KOLYNOS. At once your teeth will show great improvement. Your mouth will feel cleaner—crisp—fresh.

Get a tube of KOLYNOS to-day.

KOLYNOS the antiseptic Dental Cream

KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE THE USUAL TIME—BECAUSE YOU USE HALF AS MUCH

Continued from
Page 38

I'M SO ASHAMED OF THE UGLY HAIR ON MY ARMS AND LEGS. I'VE TRIED RAZORS AND DEPILEDORIES BUT IT ONLY GROWS FASTER

I USE THE NEW VEET. IT BANISHES UGLY HAIR FOREVER



No woman can look attractive in a bathing costume if disfigured by growths of superfluous hair on arms and legs. No longer need you use a razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker—nor evil smelling, messy chemical depilatories which are positively dangerous. NEW VEET, the recent marvellous discovery of a British Scientist, dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots—the hair just falls away.

New Veet is a delightfully perfumed cream, as easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. You simply spread it on direct from the tube and then rinse off with water. You wash away every trace of hair with it, leaving the skin soft, white and smooth.

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



AMP

Your House or YOU —WHICH?

If you own a house, doubtless it is fully insured. If you own a car, doubtless it is fully insured, and your furniture is fully insured, too.

But yourself? What about yourself; are you fully assured? You would not dream of running any risk on your car or house; are you letting your wife and children run the risk on your life? If you are not fully assured, then you are letting your wife and children run a risk that you can, and should, arrange for the A.M.P. to carry.

The wise man increases his A.M.P. policies as his obligations increase. Here is the way a certain countryman has relieved his wife and family of the risk on his life:

Policy No.	Table	Age at Entry	Sum Assured	Total Bonuses at 11-12-33	Annual Premium
264705	A	27	£ 250	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
281991	A	31	300	331 18 0	4 11 0
905009	A	36	300	259 18 0	7 12 0
930113	A	40	200	133 12 0	8 5 18
254616	A	45	1500	593 6 0	28 15 0
964498	A	46	500	252 4 0	20 0 10
972281	A	49	250	119 26 0	10 17 6
1060720	A	53	500	176 18 0	25 19 2
1013278	A	55	500	157 16 0	28 14 2
1017438	A	55	500	146 6 0	28 14 2
1029371	A	57	500	121 3 0	31 10 18
1023446	A	58	500	101 10 0	32 16 8
TOTALS			5,250	2,548 12 0	244 14 2

Send for an A.M.P. counsellor and ask him to tell you how much you will have to invest to cover your wife's risk on your life in the way you cover the risk on your house.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

SIR SAMUEL HORDERN, Chairman.
C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A. A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A.
Actuary. General Manager.

HEAD OFFICE:
87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

Branch Offices at
MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, PERTH, and HOBART.

District Offices throughout all States.

THE GREATEST MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE
ASSETS £93,000,000
INVESTED IN THE COMMONWEALTH AND NEW ZEALAND

ONE Day's SPORT

SIR HAROLD emerged unscathed and cheerful, as was his custom. Remnants of the mist still lurked in his hair and moustache.

"Well, mother," he said. "I think we can say we had a good day, all things considered. The bag is twenty brace and a roe deer—besides various oddments, hares and rabbits and such like."

Captain Dancy said, "I shot the woe. It was a lovely shot. A wight and a left and I got him with both."

"If the weather had only cleared," Sir Harold went on, "we would have got much more."

The Bishop said, "Undoubtedly. Much more." One never knew whether he was being funny or not. It was raining slightly. John found the keeper unpacking his bags in the yard.

"The master shot the Captain. One of the gentlemen on the left must have peppered three or four of the butts lower down, judging from results. And Miss Nancy accounted for the Bishop," he said, without preamble.

"I got the Bishop," said John, firmly. "Ah, well, ye're a better shot even than I thought ye were, if that's so. And what would I be doing with this?"

He produced a very small bull calf. It lay on its side looking terribly affronted and innocent, shot about the head and the tail.

"The Captain took it for a roe deer. I just hadn't the heart to tell him."

John was amazed at this sign of softness in the keeper. There had been little of the kind in Nicholas's dealings with young Dancy. The

Then Nancy's eyes met John's for one instant, full of a beautiful twinkle.

The rest of the time she was obviously flirting with young Dancy, who had taken on that dazed and glittering look common to a young man faced with an affaire du coeur.

It was rather disgraceful of Nancy, and the more he thought about her, the more he realised how little she had changed. He stood by his window undressing; her window was reflected on the lawn below, a square of light which suddenly flicked out. Evidently Harriet was not joining the party that evening, for all was silent. A sudden idea came to John. He opened his door and listened. Never a sound, save soft and distant snoring, like someone discreetly snoring wood. He opened the adjoining door and slipped quickly into the room.

NANCY was sitting up in bed, her arms clasped round her knees. Although she said, "Well, of all the cheek!" it struck him that she did not seem unduly taken aback.

"I had to talk to you," he said. "This foolery with Dancy has got to stop. He's only a boy, and it is not fair. I stood by you in the matter of the Bishop, but I will not see you toy with Dancy's youthful affections. You have no decent feelings, Nancy."

"You were sweet about the Bishop. Why did you, John?"

"For all I knew the man might die, and some strange instinct in me revolts against the thought of you in the dock. I suppose, fool that I am, I have not quite lost a softness I once had for you, Nancy, although I still think you are the most annoying woman I have ever met."

She mused, looking at him in the moonlight.

"I've often thought, myself, first thoughts are best," she murmured. "One might go far. . . . One has, of course, gone far, but I do not know that one would do much better—"

He gave a little cry.

"Nancy, you don't mean—"

He caught her in his arms.

The door opened to admit Lady Cheney.

Once John had told himself perhaps she looked better by moonlight, but he was wrong. She looked worse.

"What on earth is the meaning of this? Mr. Norton! At this time of night!"

Erroneous Deductions

AT Perth during an agricultural show, some elephants released from ring duties strolled into the luncheon hall, and ate everything on the tables.

"Look," said the foremost elephant.

"Now, really, it appears that this repast for us was laid so that our labors might be paid."

It really is enough to move a thoughtful soul to tears. To show that we appreciate this gracious deed, clear well each plate.

I have not met such courtesy in my last hundred years. They cleared the table, and retired, convinced of Perth folks' sanity.

Quite unaware their action roused most vigorous profanity.

Nellie A. Evans.

quality of the keeper's mercy was not only strained. It had gone, so to speak, through a hair sieve.

"Weel, weel, I'll just pit it awa'," he said. "And there's mickle of us has had a lucky escape the morn, I'm thinking."

Down the drive in the rain went Captain Dancy, wearing a waterproof. Nancy accompanied him.

"We're going to the village to buy a bottle of whisky," she twinkled at him.

"It appears to be the custom for a man to give the keeper a bottle of whisky when he shoots his first woe," explained Captain Dancy. "I must say I really do like these old customs. One wants to keep them all up, weally."

JOHN refused to accompany them. He went back to the house feeling that some things at least had been made plain. He went into the smoking-room. It was the men's hour. Replete with a good tea, Sir Harold lay in front of a roaring fire, fast asleep, his damp clothes steaming slightly. He looked like a burnt offering on the altar of sport.

John smoked and thought his own thoughts. One of Lady Cheney's relations, bound about the leg, lay on the sofa, prone, also steaming slightly. He moaned in his sleep. Living, thought John, the day over again.

He must have a word with Nancy. This fooling with young Dancy would have to stop. Nancy was quite obviously avoiding him, in spite of the friendly arm squeeze that still lived in his mind. She would not look at him, except once. The Bishop sang after dinner, and chose, none too tactfully, "I shot an arrow into the air. It fell to earth I know not where."

HOT HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetizer.***

January 12, 1935.

SPECIAL Seasonal Free PATTERN



Lady's Frock

THIS week's Special Seasonal Free Pattern is a lady's frock suitable for various occasions. The cross-over fastening provides a sporty as well as a dressy touch. Skirt favors an inverted pleat front and back.

Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust.

Material required: 31 yards, 35 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

SPECIAL SEASONAL FREE PATTERN COUPON.
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS (Attach id. stamp)

Name

Address

State
Special Seasonal Pattern Coupon—12/1/35.

Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN

SPECIAL SEASONAL FREE PATTERN

For special seasonal free pattern and coupon, please see opposite page.

Owing to the extreme popularity of our special seasonal free pattern, it has been decided to continue giving away these patterns until the end of January.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.



WW860

WW861

WW862

WW863

WW864

WW865

WW866

WW867

SUMMER COAT
WW860.—Neat, the end of summer you will need a short coat over your summer frock. This model is quaint with its Magyar sleeves. Material (for 36-inch bust): 3 yards, 36 inches wide. Coat: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

STRIKING ENSEMBLE
WW861.—A striking ensemble you will love to make. The sleeveless frock has novel trimming on the vest, and the cardigan-shaped coat has two-piece sleeves. Material (for 36-inch bust): 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART HOUSE FROCK
WW862.—So simple to make yet so extremely smart for a house frock. The effect given with the contrast collar and cuffs is pleasing. Material (for 36-inch bust): 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CHILD'S FROCK
WW863.—A child's frock designed for fadeless print. The side fastening ornamented with fairly large buttons is quite a change. Pattern for 6 and 8 years. Material: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

"SOMETHING DIFFERENT"
WW864.—This new and attractive frock introduces "something different" for smart occasions. The small scalloped gowns a dainty trimming. Material (for 36-inch bust): 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WITH SHOULDER CAPE
WW865.—A dressy yet easy-to-make frock, for it is in one from the shoulder to where the low flare joins. The shoulder cape is a cool substitute for sleeves. Material (for 36-inch bust): 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

CROSS-OVER EFFECT

WW866.—Isn't this an attractive frock for patterned crepe-de-chine? The unusual collar fastens in a cross-over effect in front. Material (for 36-inch bust): 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DAINTY IN LINEN

WW867.—Choose check linen with contrast collar and cuffs, and you will have one of the neatest summer models. Material (for 36-inch bust): 3 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

A PRETTY COLLAR

WW868.—A smart collar added to your frock gives chic to your whole appearance. Make one of these new designs. The set may be obtained for 1/1.



"And who wouldn't when they know that the day brings forth the morning dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts which heralds a happy and healthy outlook on life generally?"

"Depression, lassitude, and headaches are not part of my make up . . . my complexion is clear, my eyes have a sparkle and I feel that life is worth living."

THE DANGERS OF P.B.S.

P.B.S. (Poisoned Blood Stream) is due to the faulty, or incomplete functioning of the liver, kidneys, and bowels. Thus the poisons generated by the normal working of the system, instead of being eliminated by the sluggish organs, are absorbed into the blood stream, giving rise to such distressing ailments as RHEUMATISM, LASSITUDE, HEADACHE, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, CONSTIPATION, and many other ills of a similar nature and equally distressing. A small dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long tumbler of warm water each morning will soon expel the poisons from your blood stream and gently urge your liver, kidneys, and bowels to perform their normal functions.

At all Chemists and Stores
1/6 and 2/9 per jar.

Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts



"PURIFIES BUT DOES NOT PURGE"

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1s. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

STYKEY — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4133, G.P.O., Sydney.

BURBANE — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1097, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MILBOURNE — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

ADELAIDE — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 2884, G.P.O., Adelaide.

NEWCASTLE — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on the next page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 12/1/35.



Free
PATTERN

Our Free Pattern: Baby's Frock

THE free pattern this week is for a baby's frock in a style that will be much appreciated by mothers for its simplicity. The frock fastens down the back; material is gathered where it joins the yoke. Pattern is for a child 6 to 12 months old.

Material required: One yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.



REXONA
Proved successful
where others failed

Mrs. V. Marr, of Balmain, tried several cures for Varicose Ulcers but found no relief until she used Rexona Ointment. She says: "I took to your ointment and it gave me wonderful results."

Apply Rexona immediately to cuts, bruises, burns and skin blemishes.

Rexona
the rapid healer
OINTMENT & SOAP
REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

When Somebody's overworked at your House!

— "almost too tired to eat," with nerves worked up and digestion too weak to benefit from ordinary food. Remember, there is nothing like Benger's Food for quick recuperation. It soothes the distressed stomach, and is readily absorbed when the system is unable to digest ordinary food. If you suffer from the unrest of weak digestion, Benger's Food will help you. Post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George Street, Sydney. Prices in City & Suburbs: No. 1 also — 3/- No. 2 also — 5/6 Made at MANCHESTER, Eng.



WHEN SHE LOST 28 lbs.

She Gained Energy

This young woman's method of reducing overweight is evidently as beneficial as it is effective, and a letter she writes is therefore worthy of publication:—
"I am 24 years of age; height 5 ft. 5½ ins.; and a short time ago my weight was 28 lbs. above normal. I was listless and without energy. Now after taking Kruschen Salts regularly I have lost 28 lbs. in weight, and have much more vitality. Also I have a very good complexion and I do not have face blemishes of any kind. Surely this must be due to my having pure blood, and I attribute the fact to my taking Kruschen Salts." (Miss) M. S.
Kruschen combats the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which would otherwise be converted by the body's chemistry in fatty tissue.
Take a half-teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast every morning. You won't know for 4 or 5 lbs. a day or anything alarming like that, but almost before you realise it—pound by pound disappears.

MURDER in the STALLS

Continued from Page 6

CARR FORSYTH'S sudden death excited little public interest. The inquest that followed was almost perfunctory. The autopsy had disclosed long-standing heart disease, and the immediate cause of death, it appeared, was sudden failure of that organ.

Two or three witnesses were called—who had sat in adjoining stalls—whose accounts agreed as to the manner of the seizure following the critic's return to his seat, shortly after the curtain had risen on the second act.

Professor Eldon Harkness was not called, it probably being thought unnecessary and undesirable to take up the time of the eminent scientist in a matter of no simple and ordinary a character.

A verdict of "Death from Natural Causes" was returned, and the customary authority for the burial of the body at once issued.

A COUPLE of days after the critic's funeral Rawlings entered the Professor's study and announced a caller.

"A lady, Miss Cleo Harrington, to see you, sir," he said.

Harkness betrayed no surprise beyond a sudden compression of his lips.

"Show her in," he said.

The actress looked no less beautiful than when he had last seen her; for even then, as she burst into the theatre manager's room, her loveliness had triumphed over the anguish of her expression.

On this occasion she was calm and self-possessed. But there was a look of sadness, almost of settled grief, on her pale face, and less lustre in her dark eyes.

"I got your card from the manager of the Imperial," she said. "He told me how you came to poor Carr's assistance and left your name in case you could be of any further service."

Harkness nodded. "I'd heard of you, Professor," went on the actress. "Friends of mine have sometimes mentioned the brilliant things you've done in the way of crime detection."

"So, after the inquest, and poor Carr's funeral, I thought for a while, and at last plucked up courage enough to try to see you."

"Why?" demanded Harkness, looking searchingly at his visitor.

"I want you to help me—if you will."

"In what way, Miss Harrington?"

The actress raised tragic eyes and fixed them on the scientist's keen grey eyes.

"Professor," she said, "I believe Carr Forsyth was murdered; and I want you to help me discover the murderer."

Harkness looked at her in silence for a moment.

"But the post-mortem, and the verdict of the Coroner's jury!" he protested.

"I know—I know!" she exclaimed. "But something seems to tell me he was done to death in some cruel and mysterious way, and I can't rest until I know the truth."

HARKNESS looked at the actress thoughtfully, then he reached for his pipe.

"There are cases, Miss Harrington," he said, "in which, although one may be convinced that a crime has been perpetrated, the wiser course is to let it go unpunished."

The actress stared at him in some surprise.

"Do you really mean that?" she asked.

"Emphatically," was the reply.

"Even in a case of murder?"

"Even in a case of murder. Perhaps even in the case of this murder," he said, gravely.

"This murder?" she repeated, in a hushed voice.

"Is it possible that you, too, believe that he—that Carr—was murdered?"

Harkness puffed for a few moments at his pipe.

"I'm convinced that he was," he said quietly.

"Then—then why have you taken no steps? Surely, in your position of authority you would be listened to and the crime would be brought home to the wretch who . . . who . . ."

"Listen, Miss Harrington," interrupted Harkness. "Carr Forsyth is dead. Nothing you or I may do can restore him to life. To find and punish his murderer would benefit his victim not at all; but, on the other hand, to track down the criminal might bring misery, if not worse, upon certain innocent people."

"But—" protested the actress, heatedly.

"I know my views may sound strange to you," the Professor broke in. "I admit, they're unorthodox. Justice, though the heavens fall, sounds very fine. But justice can sometimes mean hell for the innocent."

Harkness paused.

"I should have placed my views before the authorities days ago," he resumed, "but for one reason—consideration for you, Miss Harrington."

The actress gasped.

"Consideration for me?" she repeated. "I—I don't quite understand."

"If, after what I've said, you really wish me to investigate the death of Carr Forsyth, I will do so," said Harkness; "but only on one condition: You must give me your entire confidence."

"I don't care what the conditions are," cried the actress, passionately. "I want the murderer of poor Carr unmasked at any cost. Please—please help, and I shall be everlastingly grateful to you."

"I wonder," murmured Harkness under his breath.

"Very well, Miss Harrington," he said aloud. "I will do what you ask. But, remember my warning, and don't blame me if it brings you greater unhappiness."

Miss Harrington nodded eagerly.

"What were your relations with the dead man?" asked Harkness quietly.

The actress flushed, and pressed her hand to her bosom. For a moment she was silent. Then she spoke—boldly—almost proudly.

"He was my lover," she said.

"You are the wife of Augustus Morton, the well-known water-color artist, aren't you?"

"Yes," she replied, simply.

"Did your husband know of your association with the dead man?"

"I believe so. We've lived apart for three years."

"When did you see him last?"

"ABOUT six months ago. We met by chance at adjoining tables at lunch. I was with Carr. My husband was lunching with my brother. I was a little surprised to see them together."

"Why, Miss Harrington?"

"Well, they'd never been particularly good friends. As a matter of fact, my brother Stuart strongly opposed my marriage to Augustus. He had a sort of constitutional contempt for what he used to call the wishy-washy, dilettante Chelsea type of artist, and always said I ought to have married a man, not a collapsible tube of water-color."

Harkness smiled faintly.

"Was that in any way a fair description of your husband?" he asked.

"I—I think it was. I didn't think so at the time of my marriage. I was rather carried away by his appearance and manner. A kind of languid indifference that appealed to me. The attraction of opposites, I suppose. Even his beard fascinated me. But my brother was more far-sighted than I."

"Your husband rents a studio in Chelsea, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Does he sleep there?"

"No. He has a service flat in Hanover Square."

"And you, Miss Harrington—where do you reside?"

"I'll give you my address," replied the actress, opening her handbag. She produced a visiting card, on which was engraved the address of a block of flats in St. John's Wood. Harkness slipped it into his pocket.

"So you thought it strange that your husband and brother should be lunching together?" he said casually.

"I did, indeed."

"Did your brother know of your relations with Carr Forsyth?"

"I can't say. It has never been mentioned between us."

"Did he know the critic?"

"I should imagine not. My brother, like yourself, Professor, is a disciple of science—but not, of course, so eminent."

"What is his full name?"

"Stuart Taylor—my maiden name. He's an analyst employed by a firm in the city."

"I see," murmured Harkness. "I don't think I've heard of him—at present. Is he married?"

"Oh, no!" laughed the actress. "I'm afraid he's somewhat of a woman-hater—except that he is passionately fond of me."

"So he lives at home—with your mother?" suggested Harkness.

"Oh, no. Mother's been dead for

years. My father also. No, Stuart lives in rooms at Balham. Quite a suburbanite, really—and a little stodgy, perhaps, dear old thing!"

There was a suggestion of real affection in the woman's voice as she spoke.

Harkness smiled sympathetically, and stood up.

"Well, Miss Harrington," he said, "since you wish it, and since also it will gratify my somewhat gruesome taste for the solution of crime mysteries, I will follow the matter up, and if, as I believe likely, I should discover the murderer of your friend I will let you know."

"THANK YOU, Professor," exclaimed the woman with feeling. "If you succeed I believe poor Carr will rest more easily in his untimely grave."

She wept a little as she spoke. Then, brightening up, she dabbed at her eyes, shook Harkness warmly by the hand, and took her departure.

When his visitor had gone, Harkness sat for quite a while, deep in thought, smoking incessantly. He found himself confronted with a difficulty that threatened to hamper his investigations.

To obtain the tangible evidence needed to bring the crime home to the murderer, he knew that certain rooms must be searched—and for this he had no authority.

Harkness was reassured from his quandary in a fashion as decisive as it was unexpected.

A tap on the study door was followed by the appearance of Rawlings. The Professor looked up.

"Detective-Inspector Garton's compliments, sir, and can you spare him five minutes?"

"Yes. Show him in."

"Ha, Professor!" cried the detective, bustling forward. "How's science?"

"Still looking for the missing link," retorted Harkness, staring at his visitor as though the long-looked-for had at last appeared.

Garton looked dubiously at the scientist for a moment, his bull neck reddening. Then, with a grunt, he sat down and drew a paper from his pocket.

"What do you make of this?" he asked, dropping the document on to the Professor's blotter.

Harkness spread the sheet out before him and read the following words aloud:

"The inquest on the body of Carr Forsyth was a tragic farce. It is incredible that the police failed to recognise the death for what it was—

—an artistic murder; more especially in view of the material evidence they, or somebody, must have in their possession. Why should murderers be shielded by those whose duty it is to bring them to justice?"

"An educated hand, disguised," commented the Professor. "Well, what about it?"

"Well, we thought at the Yard that it might be something in your line. You see, I told the chief that you and I were at the theatre together that night, and that if there'd been anything fishy about the affair we should have spotted it."

"But there wasn't—so we didn't; is that the case, Garton?"

"Well, isn't it?" countered the detective, looking a little anxiously at the scientist. "I wasn't on duty that night, but all the same I should hate to think I'd missed anything. I've thought about that chap with a beard once or twice."

"So have I," returned Harkness. "But he went out during the interval, didn't he?" went on Garton eagerly.

"True," agreed Harkness. "But he didn't take the easiest or most obvious way out. Did you notice that?"

"Can't say I did."

"Of course not. You'd gone to the bar. By the way, didn't you tell me that the husband of the leading lady—Miss Harrington, wasn't it?—was an artist?"

"Yes."

Please turn to Page 43

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ADELAIDE: Shell House North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, C1.

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

LONDON: 102-5 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, EC4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1811E, G.P.O., Sydney.
Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, summed up in a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.
(b) Give full name, address, and State.
Cashable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS., BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.
Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the best received.

PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.



UNSIGHTLY HAIR GROWTH BANISHED FOR EVER

Travellers in Eastern countries, almost without exception, have marvelled at the wonderfully sleek, smooth skin of the Hindoo women. They thought it was natural, and that no pains had been taken to achieve that beautiful velvety smoothness.

But the Hindoo women profess a religion which forbids superfluous hair and demands absolute cleanliness of skin. How this is obtained has been for centuries a closely-guarded secret, and was only learned by me through a most extraordinary combination of circumstances.

Soberly it is to say that where I was afflicted with most detestable and horrid growths of superfluous hair on face and arms, a few days' treatment was enough to remove all trace and leave the skin pure and clean. And the hair has never returned.

As I had previously tried many known methods for ridding me of my terrible affliction, you can imagine my gratitude when I once again beheld my face and arms free for ever of the disgusting growths.

Since that time I have passed on the secret to thousands of women, from whom I hold many grateful letters, proving that what was successful in my case was equally so in theirs.

The possession of that secret altered my outlook upon life completely—it removed the disgusting growth of hair never again to return—it relieved my mental torture, and restored my health.

That secret I am prepared to pass on FREE to all sufferers from SUPERFLUOUS HAIR who send the coupon below or copy of it. It does not matter how old-standing your trouble, you can be permanently cured.

Write to-day, enclosing coupon with three penny stamps to cover postage, etc., when all instructions will be sent you, and you need never have a trace of superfluous hair again. Address: FREDERICA HUDSON (Box 1301), No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, W.I., England.

This Free Coupon or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 2d. stamp.

Mrs. Hudson: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Address: FREDERICA HUDSON (Box 1301), No. 9 Old Cavendish St., London, W.I., Eng.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army officer, so you can write her with every confidence to the above address, where she has been established since 1912.



Don't imagine that beautiful hair is just a question of luck. Every woman can have lovely hair by feeding the starved hair roots with Barry's Tri-cophorous.

This fragrant liquid revives the hair, tones up the scalp and promotes luxuriant growth. It drives away dandruff, prevents greyness and falling hair. Excellent as a dressing. Fine for children's hair. Splendid for men. Get a bottle to-day.

BARRY'S Tri-cophorous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth
Sold by all Chemists and Grocers, 3/- per bottle.



"ROSY CHEEKS"



NOURISHING DINNERS

that bring the glow of health to young cheeks, are the homely, wholesome kind—such as SOUPS, STEWS, PIES, PUDDINGS, and RICH BROWN GRAVIES made with GRAVOX, which instantly SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS.

Simply blend and bring to the boil.

GRAVOX MAKES NO LUMPS

GRAVOX
THE IDEAL GRAVY MAKER

MADE BY KLEMBRO PTY. LTD., RICHMOND, VICTORIA.

MURDER in the STALLS

Continued from Page 42

IMMEDIATELY after Garton had spoken he slapped his thigh.

"By gosh!" he exclaimed. "I wonder whether that was he. I should like to know whether Mr. Augustus Mostyn, Merton."

"Morton," corrected Harkness. "That's it!" exploded the detective. "I wonder whether he wears a beard?"

"He does," said Harkness quietly. Garton looked up quickly.

"You know that, eh? You've got busy about it already, eh?"

The detective did not look too well pleased as he shot his questions at the Professor.

"I've learnt a little—that's all," replied Harkness. "But I'm anxious to learn more. I'd like to look over his flat in Hanover Square, and his studio in Chelsea. Unofficially, of course, and in his absence. Could you manage that?"

"You mean without a warrant? It would take a bit of fixing, and there's a risk. Look here, Professor, if we're both in this together, and it's agreed that I make an official report to the Yard when we've got something concrete, I don't mind taking a chance."

TOWARDS seven o'clock the following evening Harkness had the promised ring from Garton.

"It's O.K. for the studio to-night, Professor," he said. "Meet me outside Chelsea Town Hall at eleven. You'd better bring an electric torch."

"Good man!" was Harkness' reply. "I'll be there."

The Town Hall clock was striking eleven when the Professor alighted from his taxi and paid off the driver. As he turned, Garton emerged from the shadow of the dark and silent building, and stepped to his side.

"Glad you're on the tick," said the detective. "It's only five minutes from here. I've got a man to keep a look-out, but I don't fancy we shall be disturbed."

In silence the two made their way to the artist's studio. It was approached by a narrow passage turning out of a quiet residential by-street, and stood in an old-fashioned and unkempt garden—a single-storey wooden structure surrounded by a lawn.

Although the hour was late, bright sunlight and a waning moon made their approach to the building an easy matter.

Reaching the door, Garton produced a bunch of skeleton keys and in a few moments had effected an entry.

The door opened directly into the main studio. Broad skylights broke the wide expanse of the north slope of the roof, through which the sparkle of the stars glimmered faintly.

A typical studio interior was disclosed by the beams of the two electric torches; a mixture of comfort and neglect—works finished or barely begun—easels, brushes, and all the usual paraphernalia of the artist in water-colours—in what, to the layman's eye, suggested a confusion only narrowly removed from sordidness.

In silence, Harkness directed the beam of his torch here and there about the room, without any apparent method guiding its movements.

Suddenly the light flickered on a large wastepaper basket standing in the far corner, and to Garton's surprise, expressed by an inarticulate grunt, the scientist went down on his knees and tipped the contents out on to a light-colored Turkish rug that lay near by.

Swiftly he sorted through the varied contents of the receptacle—empty cigarette cartons, exhausted color tubes, orange peel, torn papers, scraps of cardboard, and a hundred other unconsidered trifles.

Then, with a suppressed exclamation he picked up a small piece of red cloth—a strip about three inches long and an inch wide.

Slipping the rag into his waistcoat pocket he bundled the rest of the debris back into the basket, and stood up.

"That'll do, Garton," he said. "Silently the detective followed Harkness out of the studio, closed and locked the door, and then took the lead back to the street."

At the end of the passageway a plain-clothes constable disengaged himself from the shadow of a tree and stepped forward.

"O.K., Marshall," said Garton. "Good-night."

As the pair paced back to the King's Road, the detective ventured to put one or two leading questions as to the result of the search. But Harkness silenced him.

"I'll tell you everything later, Garton," he said. "At present, I'm feeling my way. So don't pester me with questions."

"Oh, I know you've got your own way of working," returned the inspector with unusual mildness. "I won't bother you, Professor. But what's the next move?"

"There's no need for me to see Morton's flat—now," was the reply. "But I want to look over some rooms at Balham. I'll give you the address when we get to Sloane Square. At present

they are occupied by a lodger named Stuart Taylor. He's an analytical chemist employed by a city firm."

"That won't be so easy, I fancy," returned Garton. "The house is otherwise occupied, I daresay."

"What does that matter?" retorted Harkness. "Find out at what time Taylor leaves for town each morning, and when he usually returns. Let me know to-morrow, if you can. In the afternoon."

"Well, what then?" asked the detective.

"Why, we can both call to inquire about rooms, and you can amuse the landlady—if any—while I have a look round."

"I got you," replied the other. "I'll let you know after noon to-morrow."

At Sloane Square, after Harkness had dictated Stuart Taylor's address to the detective, the two parted, each in search of rest.

Next morning Harkness called on the artist at his studio.

The door was opened by a dark, spare man of medium height, whose trimmed beard of nondescript brown emphasised the pallor of his face. He gazed at his caller without manifesting any surprise.

"I trust you'll excuse my calling on you without an appointment," said Harkness, with a smile. "I'm Professor Eldon Harkness."

"Oh, yes?" returned the other evenly. "I think I've heard of you, Professor—but in connection with what matter I can't at the moment recall. Will you step in?"

Harkness followed the artist, and took the chair proffered him. Then he leaned forward.

"Mr. Morton," he said, "you may have heard of me in connection with certain baffling crimes which I was instrumental in unravelling."

"Ah, that's it," came the calm reply. "I remember now. But I fail to see why—"

"Permit me for a moment, if you'll be so good," interrupted Harkness. "My object in calling on you is a very serious one. I believe your life is in danger."

"Isn't everyone's?" returned the artist, without the slightest sign of perturbation.

"True," agreed the scientist. "But not from criminal designs."

"You suggest then that some criminal proposes to put me on the spot, to use a vulgar and rather overworked phrase," smiled the artist.

"In a way—yes. The knowledge has come to me in an unexpected and unsought way. I'm constantly in touch with Scotland Yard, you understand, and I have access—"

"Simply the truth—that I'd never been there in my life."

"Think he believed you?"

"Why shouldn't he? What are you driving at? You seem a bit queer yourself this morning."

"I'm all right. Touch of liver, perhaps. Did he ask anything else?"

"Yes; he switched right off, took a bit of rag out of his pocket, and asked me what color it was."

"A bit of rag," repeated Taylor with a kind of gasp. "What—what color was it?"

"Crimson. Did you ever hear anything quite so mad?"

"Crimson! Are you certain it was crimson? Where did he get it? Sure he took it out of his pocket?"

The questions followed one another in rapid succession, and in a voice that betrayed the agitation of the speaker.

"Yes. Quite sure. How on earth should I know?" returned Morton impatiently. "You seem to have got the wind up suddenly, about something. Why and what, I don't know. Anyone might think your life was being threatened mysteriously, instead of mine."

"Did—did he say anything about—did he mention Forsyth?" stammered Taylor, ignoring Morton's sarcasm.

"Forsyth?—Damn him! Not! Why should he? Oh, I see. Because he referred to the Imperial Theatre. By the way, that heart attack came at an opportune moment, eh?"

"How?"

"Well, it saved you some trouble—if you really meant what you said when you were here the night he died."

"What do you mean?" growled Taylor's voice. "You're mistaken. We were not together the night he died. I was at home. D'you hear? I was at home. Where you were, you know best."

"Don't be a fool, Taylor," said Morton sharply. "You know perfectly well that you spoke to me over the phone about a quarter to nine and got to the studio about half-past."

"I know nothing of the sort," retorted Taylor savagely. "And I don't care to discuss your—mistake—over the wire."

"I see," said Morton slowly. "At least, I think I do. You'd better come over and see me—this evening. I don't like misunderstandings of this sort—especially in the circumstances. Will you come?"

"Why should I?" demanded the other gruffly. "I've another engagement."

"Put it off," advised Morton quietly. "I shouldn't like your throat against the life of a certain person—now defunct—to get to anybody else's ears. Will you come? Make it ten o'clock."

"All right. Although I don't know what the devil you want to see me about."

"That can wait," replied Morton. "Ten o'clock, then, I'll expect you."

know next to nothing about the gradations of tints, so would you tell me—what color is this?"

As he spoke, the Professor took from his waistcoat pocket the strip of red cloth he had found in the artist's wastepaper basket the previous night, and held it up to view.

Morton glanced at the rag and frowned slightly.

"Crimson," he said. "Thanks," said Harkness heartily. "Then I was right."

In silence and with marked deliberation he placed the strip of stuff carefully in his wallet, which he returned to his pocket. The artist followed the scientist's action with a faint smile.

"Well, Mr. Morton," said his visitor, picking up his hat, "I've fulfilled my little mission, and I mustn't take up any more of your time. Forgive me the foreboding, they say. I must leave the rest to you."

"I'm greatly obliged to you, Professor," replied the artist, "but I must confess you leave me puzzled."

"I'm sorry," returned Harkness, "but I'm unable to say any more at present."

With this the interview closed, and the Professor left, to return to his flat.

Immediately the artist found himself alone he reached for the telephone and dialled a city number.

"Is that you, Taylor?" he said quietly after a moment. "Something rather queer has happened. A man who called himself Professor Eldon Harkness called on me this morning. Know anything about him?"

"Harkness? Harkness?" returned the other voice with some excitement. "Not the busybody amateur sleuth?"

"The same, I believe."

"What the deuce did he want with you?"

"First of all, he informed me that some mysterious unknown had designs on my life—Are you there?"

"Yes, I'm listening," came the hoarse reply. "He must be mad. What else did he say?"

"Why, he asked me when last I was at the Imperial Theatre."

"Yes?—Yes? What did you tell him?"

THERE was unmistakable anxiety in the questioning voice.

"Simply the truth—that I'd never been there in my life."

"Think he believed you?"

"Why shouldn't he? What are you driving at? You seem a bit queer yourself this morning."

"I'm all right. Touch of liver, perhaps. Did he ask anything else?"

"Yes; he switched right off, took a bit of rag out of his pocket, and asked me what color it was."

"A bit of rag," repeated Taylor with a kind of gasp. "What—what color was it?"

"Crimson. Did you ever hear anything quite so mad?"

"Crimson! Are you certain it was crimson? Where did he get it? Sure he took it out of his pocket?"

The questions followed one another in rapid succession, and in a voice that betrayed the agitation of the speaker.

"Yes. Quite sure. How on earth should I know?" returned Morton impatiently. "You seem to have got the wind up suddenly, about something. Why and what, I don't know. Anyone might think your life was being threatened mysteriously, instead of mine."

"Did—did he say anything about—did he mention Forsyth?" stammered Taylor, ignoring Morton's sarcasm.

"Forsyth?—Damn him! Not! Why should he? Oh, I see. Because he referred to the Imperial Theatre. By the way, that heart attack came at an opportune moment, eh?"

"How?"

"Well, it saved you some trouble—if you really meant what you said when you were here the night he died."

"What do you mean?" growled Taylor's voice. "You're mistaken. We were not together the night he died. I was at home. D'you hear? I was at home. Where you were, you know best."

"Don't be a fool, Taylor," said Morton sharply. "You know perfectly well that you spoke to me over the phone about a quarter to nine and got to the studio about half-past."

"I know nothing of the sort," retorted Taylor savagely. "And I don't care to discuss your—mistake—over the wire."

"I see," said Morton slowly. "At least, I think I do. You'd better come over and see me—this evening. I don't like misunderstandings of this sort—especially in the circumstances. Will you come?"

"Why should I?" demanded the other gruffly. "I've another engagement."

"Put it off," advised Morton quietly. "I shouldn't like your throat against the life of a certain person—now defunct—to get to anybody else's ears. Will you come? Make it ten o'clock."

"All right. Although I don't know what the devil you want to see me about."

"That can wait," replied Morton. "Ten o'clock, then, I'll expect you."

Whereupon he hung up.

For a few moments he sat in deep thought. Then he rose and went over to a low cabinet, from the drawer of which he extracted a small but serviceable revolver.

Opening the breech he examined the weapon carefully, then, apparently satisfied, returned it to its place, and closed the drawer.

Shortly after Harkness had returned to his flat he rang up Miss Cleo Harrington.

"This is Professor Harkness," he said.

"Yes, Professor?" came the actress' excited voice. "Have you discovered anything? Have you something to tell me?"

"Listen, Miss Harrington," returned the scientist gravely. "Are you still determined to know the truth about your friend's death?"

"As a s o l u t e l y," came the reply.

"At any cost—I mean, to your happiness and peace of mind."

"Yes. Nothing can weaken my determination. I believe poor Carr was fully murdered, and I'm ready to sacrifice anything to know who killed him."

"If that's your final decision," said Harkness. "I'll say nothing more to deter you. But now I must ask you help. Will you do something to further my inquiries, without questioning?"

"Yes, anything. Emphatically, anything."

"Then I want you to learn your brother's proposed movements to-night."

He heard a faint exclamation from the other end of the line.

"Try to get him to meet you in town. Ask him to take you to dinner. Say you don't feel up to playing to-night. Any excuse. If he refuses, ask him why—and let me know. Will you do that?"

"Certainly, Professor. It's the last thing I should have expected you to ask of me all the same. I told you that my brother and I had quarrelled over my husband, and that he probably had his suspicions about poor Carr. Still, I'll do it. Shall I ring you?"

"Please. It's very brave of you. I shall hope to hear from you quite soon, Miss Harrington. Meanwhile, goodbye."

Replacing the receiver, Harkness took the strip of crimson cloth from his wallet, placed it in an envelope already containing a more bulky object, and returned the package to his pocket.

Shortly after there came a ring from Garton.

"That you, Professor?"

"Yes, any news?"

"Sure. Taylor leaves home at nine-thirty every morning, and returns at seven."

"Good. Meet me at Balham South tube station at four this afternoon, if you can manage it."

"I'll be there."

The receiver had not been replaced more than five minutes before there came another ring. This time it was from Miss Harrington.

"CLEO HARRINGTON speaking," came the actress' clear voice. "I've spoken to my brother. He's refused to meet me this evening. He seemed very abrupt and unfriendly."

"When I pressed him for his reason, he said, in quite a savage tone, that he'd already made an appointment with my husband at the studio, for ten o'clock."

"I asked him why on earth he was going there to a man he'd always said he hated and despised, and he simply said he didn't know himself, but was going anyway."

"Thank you, Miss Harrington. That fits in admirably with my plans. Now, since your brother has refused to take you to dinner, will you honor me?"

"Oh, Professor, I should be simply delighted!"

"No more than I. Then I will call for you at seven-thirty. Will that suit you?"

"Splendidly! Thanks, so much."



AN ELABORATE evening gown of mauve star-sapphire-blue beads on a background of grey chiffon is here worn by Carole Lombard, Paramount player.

Until it was time for him to start for his Balham appointment, Harkness devoted himself to his own work, and was surprised by the passage of time when, at three o'clock, according to instructions, Rawlings announced the taxi to take him to Charing Cross.

Arrived at the house in which Stuart Taylor rented a couple of furnished rooms, the Professor and Garton had little difficulty in impressing the eager landlady with the likelihood of their taking apartments in her establishment.

Garton's humorous volubility afforded Harkness ample opportunity for hurriedly searching Taylor's rooms without arousing suspicion, and, in due course they took their departure—both perfectly satisfied with their visit.

On the way back to town, Harkness turned to the detective and looked at him with a smile.

"You've been a good scout, Garton," he said, "and to-night you'll have your reward. It won't be anything tangible, I'm afraid; but you'll have the satisfaction of getting to the heart of a mystery, and possibly arresting a criminal."

"I was beginning to wonder when I was to begin to get on the inside of things," grumbled Garton. "But I know your ways, Professor, and I haven't bothered. So to-night's the night, eh?"

"Yes, we'll call on Mr. Augustus Morton again—at ten o'clock."

"Morton, eh?" muttered the detective. "I'd an idea there was something fishy about that bird."

Harkness laughed. "One might think he was a seagull," he said.

"A seagull? Why?" demanded Garton.

"Never mind," returned Harkness. "Now, listen. Be at the entrance of the passageway at five minutes to ten, and wait for me. I shall probably have a lady with me."

"Phew!" exclaimed Garton, opening his eyes. "So there is a woman in it."

"When isn't there?" asked the scientist.

"That's the case I'm waiting for," returned Garton.

At Charing Cross the two men separated and Harkness returned to his flat.

At a few minutes to ten that night Harkness, accompanied by Miss Harrington, alighted from a taxi within a couple of yards of the entrance of the passageway leading to Augustus Morton's studio.

Garton stepped forward, was introduced to the actress, and the three walked quietly along the path and approached the building.

Please turn to Page 45



A Bachelor's Philosophy

WHEN a minister asks a woman if she will obey, he may know the marriage service... but he doesn't know women.

Harkness made a slight gesture. "I felt it my duty to warn you," he went on after a moment. "But may I put one question to you?"

"By all means."

"When did you last visit the Imperial Theatre?"

The reply was given with cool deliberation.

"I have never been inside the Imperial Theatre in my life. I have no taste for the drama, and never attend theatrical performances."

Harkness accepted the artist's declaration without showing the least surprise. It was not altogether unexpected by him and for the time being he was ready to take it as true.

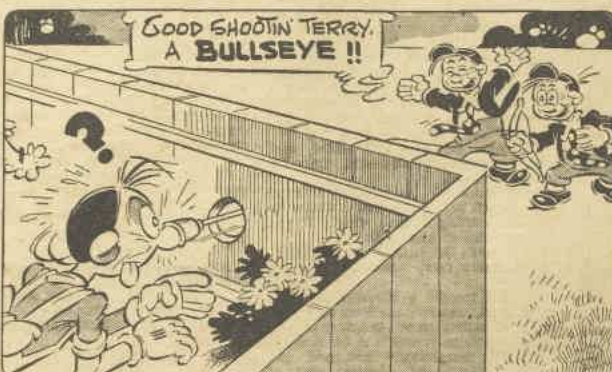
"That's interesting," he said, gazing at the artist with candid eyes. "I take it you're a worshipper at only one of art's many shrines, expressing your devotion through the medium of brush and pigment."

"By the way," he went on crisply, "I

TERRY and TED

TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY EYRE JR.



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

Alice came to Mushroom Grove with her friend, the White Rabbit, and all the children were delighted to make her acquaintance. When they had all met her, Wunderlust decided that a nice trip into the country would be just the thing. So they all scrambled into a big touring car and set off.

Wunderlust sat in the front with Alice and the White Rabbit, and Fred sat in the back with all the children.

They travelled for about forty miles and then the car pulled in off the road and stopped. The children leaped out of the car and began playing.

Alice joined in their games, but the White Rabbit did not. He much preferred to chat with Wunderlust.

While the children were playing and Wunderlust and the White Rabbit talked a big black cloud came into the sky and completely hid the smiling sun. "Better get along home," cried out Wunderlust, "looks like a downpour." And Wunderlust was right, for no sooner had he spoken than the rain began to come down in torrents.

All the children ran helter-skelter to the car and jumped in. When they were comfortably seated, they started off for home. They must have gone about four miles, when one little fellow spoke. "Alan is not with us. He must have been left behind."

Everyone looked round to see if Alan was there, but he was not.

Quickly, they turned the car round and started to go back to look for him. It took only a few minutes to get to the place where they had parked.

Wunderlust would not permit anyone to get out of the car; he said that it was silly for more than one of them to get wet. So he got out, and cried out, "Alan," as he went in search of him.

Lightning and thunder now accompanied the heavy rain, and Wunderlust became quite worried when he got no response to his calls.

He wandered about underneath all the trees, looking for a trace of the lost boy, and then, suddenly, he found him.

The poor little boy was lying on the ground and a large bough from a tree was nearby him.

Quickly, Wunderlust took him up in his arms and carried him to the car, and sped to Mushroom Grove.

A doctor was soon summoned, and he said that Alan was not seriously hurt, it was more shock than anything else. He also said that lightning must have hit the bough and that the bough had then fallen on Alan.

Anyway, within a few days, Alan was all right again.

Jill's Letter

MY Dear Jacks and Jills—
Here is a little experiment to try at home.

Fill three bowls with water—one with cold, one with tepid, and one with hot water. Now place these three bowls in a row, those containing the hot water and cold water at the ends. Put a hand into each of these two bowls and keep them there for a minute or so. Then put both hands into the middle or tepid bowl. Now try to reckon the temperature of the water.

You will find that to the hand that has been in the hot water the tepid water will seem very cold, to the hand that has been in the cold water it will appear very hot!

An excellent letter came this week from Alyse Robertson, Korobett, Vic., who wins the prize of 5/- for the best letter. Alyse's letter was neatly written, well expressed, and quite a pleasure to read.

Hoping to hear from you all,
Chestily Yours,
JILL.

Lady (to Farmer): Do you like "Hogg's Tale"?
Farmer: Yes, they are very nice roasted with pepper and salt.
Lady: I mean have you read "Hogg's Tale"?
Farmer: No, our boys are all black and white. I don't think there is a red one among them.

A MOUNTAIN HOME

By BETTY HARRIGAN

NESTLING in a green valley surrounded by rugged mountains, lay a tiny homestead, a wide, shady verandah protected the white-washed walls of the main building from the weather. Ivy creepers clung in profusion to the posts and verandah railings, while the chimneys and drainpipes were clothed in a mantle of sweetly-scented honeysuckle.

The blue-grey smoke that curled lazily into the sky was chased away by a playful morning breeze.

The outcrops with their sloping roofs were shaded by majestic pines that held their heads high in the air. The ground about the buildings just described was particularly fertile, as the feminine occupants of the homestead had brightened the drab scene by means of several very colorful flower beds.

Eastward of the homestead, a small brook, forming a laughing waterfall, a small pool supplied the people with drinking water, while a small stream from this pool afforded water for the horses.

Behind the homestead were three fields in which corn, wheat, and barley flourished. Two barns were situated a little south of these, and to the left of the barns were the cowsheds. The mountains made a very striking background as they lifted their rugged crags into the clouds. The pine and gum trees that grew on their slopes were tall and straight. Let us picture the homestead at sunset. First and foremost we see the azure hue of the sky flushed with delicate pink, and the dark crags and ridges are now black in the fading day. The verdant trees catch the slanting rays of the sinking sun, which instantly sheds a golden light on the waving leaves.

Then the golden glow of the sunset gives way to a lamp appears in the homestead windows.

Prize of 5/- to Betty Harrigan, 34 Isabella St., Queensland, N.S.W., for this original story.

A SPECIAL PRIZE of 5/- is awarded for this week by "Lili Terry," one of our very kind readers from Young, N.S.W., to Heather Warren, 23 Berrian St., Concord, for the best junior entry in the last painting competition.

The Streamlet

By DAWN HIGGINS

We have often heard the streamlet
Come rushing down the hills,
Laughing as it comes along.
It gives us many thrills.

But when the sun is setting,
And the birds have gone to rest,
The streamlet still runs along
It never seems to rest.

Prize of 5/- to Dawn Higgins, Tweed River, N.S.W., for this clever verse.

A JOLLY GAME

On the top of each card is written "dining-room," "kitchen," "bathroom," etc., one place on each card. These cards are put in players, together with pencils. When every player has a card, the referee says "Go!" and the players lean over the envelopes and write down on the cards as many things as they can remember their own particular place might have. A time limit is given, and the player who has "furnished" his own allotted "room" the best wins a prize.

Prize Card to Jean Buzz, Kitchener Rd., Temora, N.S.W.

SHORT-BOUGHTED and Crochety Old Lady (in antique shop): And here, I suppose, is another of those horrible portraits you call Art?
"Excuse me, Madam," said the exhausted assistant, "but that's the mirror."

Prize Card to Ian Rose, 199 Old Sandgate Rd., Brisbane.

HERE'S FATTY FINN, all smiles... what can he be up to now? Every week he delights thousands of children with his funny responses, and if you should just see what he does this week! Follow your copy of Fatty Finn's Weekly to-day and read about him. Also try to win a prize in the Voting Competition. It costs you nothing to enter this fascinating competition, and you might win a £10 prize.

Prize Card to Jack Newell, Graham St., 8th, Melbourne.

FOR FUN & FANCY

SERGEANT: Did you feel the pickpocket put his hand in your pocket?
Absent-minded Professor: Yes, but I thought it was my own.
Prize Card to Edna Hallum, Karuah, 12 Robert St., Belmont, N.S.W.

The editor was very busy, and he couldn't see anyone. When an old friend sent up his card he sighed, but decided not to see him. He called in the office boy, "Look here," he said, "you must tell this gentleman I'm out. I can't see him, and I wouldn't offend him for the world. So be sure to convince him that I really am out, you see."

"Yes, sir," said the boy. Then, after a pause, "Don't you think I should be more likely to convince him you were out, sir, if I went to him smoking one of your best cigars?"

Prize Card to Kevin O'Reilly, 28 Robinson St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Teacher: Why are you so late this morning, Baxter?
Baxter: Well, sir, I looked in the glass. I couldn't see myself, then I found that the glass was out of the frame.

Prize Card to Nellie Albion, Mangrove, via Too-womba, Qld.

Teacher: Betty, parse the word "new" in this sentence—"Mary makes the new."
Betty: "New," a noun, third person, stands for Mary.

Teacher: How do you make that out?
Betty: Well, if the cow didn't stand for Mary, she couldn't milk it.

Prize Card to Jack Newell, Graham St., 8th, Melbourne.

Professor: I hope, Mrs. Newrich, that you will favor me with your presence at my lecture on Buddhism!

"Certainly, Professor. I am passionately fond of flowers, and gardening is one of my favorite hobbies."

Prize Card to Edna Tibbets, 41 Wilga St., Gurrulmal, N.S.W.

Tommy: I fell off a sixty-foot ladder to-day, Jimmy.

Jimmy: Oh, it's a wonder you weren't killed.

Tommy: Oh, I only fell from the first rung.

Prize Card to V. Delahanty, Post Office, Camden, N.S.W.



PRIZE OF 5/- to Edna Tunks, 6 Barnsbury Grove, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

MURDER in the STALLS

Continued from Page 43

"SOME fellow went in about ten minutes ago," the inspector whispered to Harkness.

"Good," exclaimed the latter. "I was afraid we might have to wait in the shadow for a while until he arrived."

"Who is it?" asked the detective.

"Taylor," was the Professor's whispered rejoinder.

As they approached the building, the sound of voices raised in anger reached them.

Harkness stepped quickly to the door and knocked loudly.

Instantly there was profound silence. Then, after a brief interval, the door was opened quietly, and Augustus Morton stood before them.

"Good evening, Mr. Morton. You're surprised to see me again so soon. May we come in?"

Without a word, Morton stepped aside and gazed with growing astonishment at his three visitors. His face was deathly pale, and tiny beads of sweat stood on his brow.

"There's no need for me to introduce you to your wife," said Harkness, with a disarming smile. "But this is Detective-Inspector Garton of Scotland Yard."

A smothered exclamation reached the Professor's ears as he spoke the last words. He glanced across the room.

"Ah," he said genially. "This will be Mr. Stuart Taylor, I believe. Is that so?"

The man addressed made no reply, but seemed to try to sink into the shadow.

"Now, Mr. Morton," went on the Professor, "if you'll kindly close the door, and allow us to sit down, I'll try to explain why we are all here."

Morton made an appropriate gesture, and shut the door. As he did so, Taylor strode forward and confronted his sister.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted. "And who are these people?"

His face was distorted with passion, and he clenched and unclenched his hands as they hung at his side.

Harkness stepped in front of the agitated man, and looked down at him sternly from his superior height.

"Mr. Taylor," he said, "be advised by me. Sit down, and please be silent. I have something to say to both you and Mr. Morton."

Taylor scowled up at the gaunt scientist, then seemed to sink to the nearest chair, into which he dropped limply.

Garton squatted down on a stool near the door, Morton seated himself on the edge of the model's dais, and the actress sank on to a narrow divan on the Professor's left.

Glancing round, to find every eye fixed upon him, Harkness commenced to speak.

"Carr Forsyth did not die a natural death," he began. "He was murdered."

"The murderer hated two men with what cannot be described as other than an insane hatred. He hated his sister's husband—an artist of some ability; and he hated his sister's intimate friend, the dramatic critic—not because he knew him, but because he suspected that relations existed between them which he deemed injurious to his own honor."

"So he made up his mind to compass the death of both men."

"Being a clever chemist, his thoughts naturally turned to poison. As an analyst employed by a firm of repute, he enjoyed easy access to the most deadly drugs."

"He ingeniously prepared a collapsible capsule fitted with the hollow needle-like point of a hypodermic syringe. Probably he had in mind the stinging apparatus of the common nettle."

"Anyhow, he prepared such a sting, charged it with the most virulent and speedy poison at present known, and attached it to a strip of red cloth—like this."

Harkness hereupon took from his wallet and displayed to his audience a narrow band of crimson cloth about nine inches long, showing a protuberance about an inch or so from one end.

"This was the instrument of death," he proceeded, "and it is still ready."

He threw the object carelessly on a small table in front of him as he spoke, where it lay like a crimson snake, ready to strike.

"Red cloth was chosen because it was intended to be thrown over the back of a red chair, and so be undetected by the occupant—who, leaning back, would press against the sting's point and thus force the poison into his own flesh."

THE destined victim was expected to be seated in a red upholstered stall at the Imperial Theatre on the night of his death.

"For the murderer, with the thoroughness that sometimes denotes a degree of mental instability, had made himself acquainted with the critic's habits. He had learned that, on first night performances, he invariably occupied a seat in the second row of the stalls on the left side of the central gangway."

"He, himself, therefore, booked a seat in the third row, within easy reach of the man he designed to kill. But he did not book the seat in his own name. He was generous enough to give the name of his brother-in-law, the artist."

For the first time since Harkness had begun his recital, Morton looked across at Taylor. The expression in his eyes was not pleasant to see.

"Now," went on the scientist, "the artist was a bearded man—the intended murderer clean shaven. But disguise is easy. False hair of the correct color was obtained, and on the night of the crime was fixed by means of spirit gum to the bare chin."

"Here are two of the hairs," added Harkness, showing them between his fingers, "with traces of gum on their ends. They were taken from the collar of the dress coat worn by the murderer on the night of the crime."

"He entered the theatre in the name of, and disguised as, Augustus Morton, sat in front of Detective-Inspector Garton, and was seen there by myself."

"During the interval, when the critic had left his stall, his pursuer got up, passed behind his victim's vacant seat, and placed the murderous contrivance he had fabricated on the back of it as he passed."

returned at the inquest, and no shadow of suspicion fell on the artist.

"Impatient and resourceless, the criminal wrote an anonymous letter to Scotland Yard, in which he hinted at an 'artistic murder, hoping to put the police on the track of his second victim and bring him to the gallows."

"But, fortunately, the second part of his treacherous and malignant scheme miscarried."

Harkness paused a moment, drew himself up to his full height, and turned squarely towards Taylor. Then, pointing his finger at the huddled and shrinking man, he spoke again.

"Stuart Taylor," he said loudly. "I charge you with the murder of Carr Forsyth and the attempted destruction of your brother-in-law Augustus Morton."

Taylor got to his feet shakily, but with determination. Over his ghastly face spread a smile that made its beholders shudder.

"You're clever, aren't you?" he sneered, taking a step forward. "A little snarler than me, as it's turned out. All right. You win. As for me—well, I'll retire from the contest."

Leaping forward suddenly, he snatched up the coil of crimson cloth and pressed the deadly end of it to his throat.

A moment later, with a cry between a groan and a scream, he thudded to the floor.

Horror-stricken, the witnesses of his act stared silently at the prone form jerking convulsively at their feet. Then Harkness leaned over him.

"Nothing can be done," he said quietly. "Perhaps it's as well," he added, turning to the woman and taking her trembling hands in his.

(Copyright.)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



"I Love
Arnott's
SAOS at
any time"

Always ask for Arnott's and be sure you get them!

If Rheumatic —flush kidneys

RHEUMATIC pain is usually traceable to faulty kidneys. Instead of properly filtering the waste matter, clogged kidneys allow acid impurities to enter the blood-stream; the system then becomes polluted with uric acid which causes pain in joints and muscles. Relief can only be obtained by flushing and cleansing the kidneys, thus restoring their normal activity. Previously, to accomplish this, it was necessary to take the waters at one of the famous alkaline spas. You can now, however, do this in your own home by adding a little Alkia Saltrates to a half-tumbler of water. This reproduces the essential constituents of world-famous spas at which the wealthy pay large sums of money to obtain relief. In addition to flushing the kidneys, Alkia Saltrates contains important ingredients to neutralise uric acid in the system, so that relief is certain, prompt and more-over lasting, because the blood is kept entirely free from pain-causing urates. If you have never tried Alkia Saltrates, you should do so at once; YOU'LL SAY IT'S REMARKABLE. Of chemists & stores everywhere. Start the treatment to-day. Price 3/3 per bot.

Alkia SALTRATES



Just between you

and the attacks of sun, wind, dust and smoke, a protective, rejuvenating, refreshing film of 'Facial Youth' Beauty Cream, and a downy over-bloom of glamorous 'Golden Youth' Face Powder works miracles! Just between you and AGES... these two beautifiers come as a shield and a moral support. Just between ourselves, the price is a good deal less than it really ought to be.

kathleen court (England) Limited
124-126, REGENT STREET, LONDON

BIO VITOL

The new German Remedy for
Shattered Nerves

UNSURPASSED
UNAPPROACHABLE
INIMITABLE

Weak and Shattered Nerves become strong as steel. Surplus Fat goes—it slims your body.

Price 10/6 for 3 weeks' course.
Price 20/- for 6 weeks' course.

All leading Chemists or direct from
C. WINTER

63 Wellington St., Rm. 4, E. Vic.

Actually KILLS FLEAS

Then keeps others away.

Many "Flea" powders simply stain the pests, but Pulvex kills them dead and prevents reinfestation. It is so repellent to fleas and lice that others keep away. Pulvex is economical, harmless, odourless and non-irritating.



Sold by all good dealers, in tins at 1/3; double size, 2/-.
Wholesale Distributors:
Wm. Cooper & Nephews
(Aust.) Ltd.
4 O'Connell St., Sydney

PULVEX KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

Thin Men & Women

Here's the Fast Way to Build Firm Flesh. If you want to put on pounds of genuinely healthy flesh in the quickest time, get a package of Cream of Yucca from the chemist, take two tablets morning, noon and night, with a glass of milk or juice once a day. We challenge anyone to produce a quicker, surer way to losing "rot-down," underweight people up to normal. But make no mistake—you must get the genuine Cream of Yucca.

BEGGARS' HORSES

"I ENJOY perfect health. Absolutely perfect," said Stacey Burlestone. "But for the fact that I am so fit nowadays I shouldn't have been trying to climb with Aubrey... Health!... Nothing affects it. Nothing whatsoever."

"Well, if anything could have done so, surely this would. It nearly killed me, merely to watch. I was a nervous wreck by the time Conrad Weiler and his sons reached you."

"Did you watch the whole time?" "Every second, after I had seen the guides start off. How those men ran. They went up that path like chamois."

"I wonder you could bear to look, Daphne; to watch and wait. Did you actually see Aubrey... go to his death?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't faint?"

"No. I had to... to... to hold on, to cling to consciousness with all my strength. I had to fight off faintness—to see what happened to you, Stacey."

"Happened to me?" cried Burlestone in utter amazement.

"To you, Stacey. Don't you understand?"

"No, I don't," replied Stacey Burlestone, and rose to his feet. About his black-bruised wrist he could still feel the grip of Aubrey Easterwood's hand. He had loved this woman, fallen in love with her at Quetawur when pretending to himself that he sought her out but for the purpose of saving Aubrey Easterwood from her.

He had never loved a woman before. He would never love a woman again. He loved her now, but if he had rightly interpreted the meaning of her words, the look in her eyes, the smile on her lips, the expression on her face—his love would die, here and now.

Daphne Easterwood got up from her chair, and confronted him.

Ignoring the hand that Burlestone raised, she placed hers upon his shoulders and looked him in the eyes, and unspoken, unsmiling, took his head between her hands, drew it down, and raised her lips to his.

Burlestone threw up his head, and before her arms could go about his neck, stepped back.

"Daphne!" he gasped.

"Stacey!"

The man and woman stood silent, gazing each into the eyes of the other; the woman beseeching, beguiling; her look, her pose, her attitude, her whole expression, her whole self—an offering, the man cold, withdrawn, repellent; his face hard, bitter, contemptuous; his look, the expression of his face and figure, his whole self—a refusal.

"Stacey, you love me. You know you love me. I know that you love me. Why pretend? We both know it. And now I'll tell you something that you don't know. I love you. I love you—and I found it out too late. You are the only man whom I have ever loved, the only man I ever shall love. The words are banal but they are utter truth. You are the one love of my life. We love each other. Don't let's pretend. . . be conventional. . . be silly. We aren't children. You are not a boy, such as poor Aubrey was. You are a man of the world—and I am a woman of the world. . . Stacey. . ."

Burlestone withdrew further from this lovely pleading woman whom he had so deeply loved.

"Daphne, you have told me something. Will you listen while I tell you something?"

"Surely, Stacey."

"Sit down again in your chair, and let me tell you everything; for I believe, I hope, it will be the last time that I shall tell you anything at all."

"Aubrey Easterwood was the noblest soul I ever knew. One of the noblest on this earth. The sort of man who never thought of 'doing good'—but did it all the time. Made this world better for his being in it. Made everyone the better for knowing him. . . except you, Daphne. He fell in love with you, as scores of other men have done, and his love was very beautiful, a fine and noble and glorious thing. It was utterly selfless and pure. His love was—lovely. And you knew it, Daphne; you traded on it; and you trapped him. He didn't marry you—you married him. It was his chivalrous wrath against Mackleworth that put such strength into the blow with which he killed him."

Daphne Easterwood wiped her lips, lips which grew thinner and more compressed as she watched the speaker with eyes that narrowed and hardened as the brows above them contracted.

"Do you know," went on Burlestone, "that when he came back from your bungalow to tell me that he was engaged, engaged to marry you, within days of your husband's death, he was filled with—horror. I told him so, and he denied it, angrily, hotly. We almost quarrelled. I did my very utmost to prevent his marrying you; and to this day I don't know how much there was of jealousy in my motive, how much there was of disinterested love for Aubrey. You said just now that I loved you. You were right. I did. I fought against it. I hated it. I hated you, Daphne, nearly as much as I loved you. Oh, yes, I loved you all right, you

belle dame sans merci; but I loved Aubrey Easterwood far better."

Daphne Easterwood shrugged shoulders and curled lips of contempt, her livid face a sneer.

"One of those, eh? How very beastly," she observed coolly.

Stacey Burlestone's stern face hardened.

"Beastly? It's you who are beastly. You're a beastly woman, Daphne. I loved Aubrey Easterwood as a brother, as a son. Literally with a love passing the love of woman. Passing your poor comprehension of love. My love for him was as 'beastly' as was David's for Jonathan. You can't defile his memory though you defiled him."

"Thank you, Captain Burlestone. Always the complete gentleman in the grand manner, what? . . . Nearly finished?"

"No; not nearly. And you are going to hear all that I have got to say."

"Aubrey was filled with horror, though he did not realise it, and would never admit it, even to himself. You killed his love by offering yourself to him, by throwing yourself at his head, within days of Mackleworth's death—and Aubrey the man who had killed him and who was all but broken-hearted because he had done so. Of his courtesy and chivalry he married you—the fool. The noble fool. But you had killed his love—as you have killed mine. You. . ."

"Nothing of the chivalrous, noble fool about you, Stacey Burlestone, eh?"

"No; nothing. I am a fool—but not that sort of fool. Aubrey was a romantic, and a throwback to the 'knightly years.' He was sheerly purely good and fine and noble. . . I'm not. But on the other hand, I'm not an utter swine and I'm not going to be turned into one, Circé."

"Always the little gentleman."

"I wonder if I'm wasting my time."

"You are wasting mine."

"I wonder if I am wasting breath in trying to do something for Aubrey's memory? In trying to make you see yourself as I see you, and as he refused to see you."

Daphne Easterwood yawned, tapping her mouth.

"Listen. Try to rise to the occasion. Try to show yourself—just for a few minutes—as worthy to be his widow. Aubrey Easterwood gave his life to save mine because he thought I loved you and you loved me. Because he thought we were—lovers."

"And why should he think that, pray?"

"Because I told him so."

The Mona Lisa smile which had reappeared on Mrs. Easterwood's face faded.

"You told what?"

"I told him that you and I were lovers."

"That we had been lovers for years. Lovers when Mackleworth was your husband. Lovers before and after your marriage to Aubrey Easterwood. Lovers ever since."

"What was your game?"

"My game! My 'game' was to make Aubrey let go of me before his strength failed and I pulled him over. Do you know, can you grasp can you realise, that Aubrey Easterwood would never have let me fall, would never have released the grip of his right hand; and that the end would have come only when the strength of his left hand failed, and he could cling to that sharp piece of rock no longer? Aubrey never in his life left a man in the lurch. Aubrey would never have said, 'It's your death or mine—so naturally it's yours. . . Good-bye.'"

"I knew that, although he was one of the strongest men alive, he could not hold on until help came. No human being could do it. And I knew that Aubrey would go with me if I went, would die if I died, would never, never let go. Not while he was Aubrey Easterwood."

"So, in my folly, I tried to change him. I tried to turn him into a righteously indignant mass of jealousy and rage. . . Tried, as I have said, to raise murderous wrath in Aubrey Easterwood—and failed. As I might have known I should fail. I killed him. I killed him as surely as he killed Colin Mackleworth. And you offer yourself to me—as you offered yourself to him."

Daphne Easterwood's white face was almost plain.

"You killed him?"

"Yes. Instead of so enraging him that he became fatal to any other man would have done in the circumstances—he used the last of his colossal strength to swing me up on to the ledge—as you saw—knowing that my falling against the rock above him and beside him would surely dislodge him from the aloping ledge. . . He went to his death because he no longer wished to live, after what he'd learned about you and about me. And I believe, I feel, I know, in the inmost depths of

my soul, that he wished you and me to be happy. Happy, Circé! Do you hear?"

"But. . . you liar! You foul, poisonous liar! You abominable liar!"

"Yes, I was a liar, an abominable liar, in telling him that you and I were lovers. But I told him those lies believing—or at least hoping—that they would cause my death and save his life."

"You filthy liar, to say that you and I had. . . Oh, you upright, honorable gentleman! You'd use a woman's name, her reputation, in order to. . ."

"Her reputation, Circé. . . I lied in connecting my name with yours, but. . . your name! Your reputation! Your honor and honesty! Why—what of Moresby Wallingford? Wasn't he your lover, and didn't every decent person in Quetawur hope that Mrs. Moresby Wallingford would never find out?"

"What of Tim O'Leary? Wasn't he your lover? And wasn't there an awful scandal when Mackleworth thrashed him?"

"What of Hennessey Wogan? Wasn't he your lover? Didn't you run the risk of wrecking and ruining Aubrey's life by carrying on with Hennessey Wogan after you'd married Aubrey?"

"What of Clarence Wellington? Wasn't he your lover? And weren't there a dozen others? Only you know how many."

"Y. . . YES, I lied about you, Circé—but only by substituting my own name for that of a score of men."

"And to save your own precious life," sneered Mrs. Easterwood, through scarce-opened lips.

"Am I wasting my time? Wasting my breath? Beating the air? I told you, and I tell you again, it was to save Aubrey's life—truly precious to me."

"So it was pure selfishness on your part. You wanted to save his life because it was so precious to you, eh?"

"Oh, purely selfish," replied Stacey Burlestone coldly, "so selfish that I was trying to make him drop me."

"And did you realise, noble hero, what you were doing to Aubrey Easterwood—not to mention the little matter of a mere woman? Suppose you'd been right, and Aubrey had deliberately let you fall—as I wish to God he had—what would his life have been, afterwards? What about his happiness, knowing that his wife was your lover—your leavings? Did you think of that?"

"I did. I did think of it. I did realise what I was doing, and I hoped and prayed that he'd believe me, and believing me, would save himself and kill me—and cast you off. Cast you off, and escape from your evil influence."

"The influence that was beginning to make even Aubrey Easterwood deteriorate. And when I say cast you off, I don't mean that I supposed he'd come down here and accuse you and make a scene—as another man would have done. I hoped and believed he would simply have refused to live with you any more. I hoped he'd just have left you."

"And lived happy ever afterwards, do you think?"

"No, lived unhappy for a long time afterwards. But he would have recovered. It would have gone far to kill his faith in human nature—but it would have gone further still to bring him back to what he was before you—

took him over."

"Yes, there you are! There it is! 'Took him from you,' you mean. Pure selfishness."

"Call it what you like. I tried to make Aubrey kill me. No, I don't put it like that. Aubrey would never kill anybody. I tried to make him slacken his incredible effort to save me, and I told him lies about you. But those lies were not one-tenth of the truth. Very well. Now perhaps you understand why I don't love you. Why, not being Aubrey Easterwood, I cannot accept your love."

Daphne Easterwood sprang from her chair.

"Oh, stop it! Stop it, Stacey! Kiss me! Kiss me! . . . What does it matter? What does anything matter when we love each other so? I love you. . . And you love me. You do love me. . . Kiss me, Stacey."

"I'd sooner kiss a poisonous serpent," replied Stacey Burlestone, rising to his feet.

As he strode from the room he turned, his hand upon the door knob.

"I love you? I did love you, Daphne—and I'm ashamed of it. I thank God I have never told you that I loved you, until to-day. And I hope I shall never see you nor hear of you again."

As the door closed behind him, Daphne Easterwood rose to her feet and stared at it.

"You'll see me again," she whispered. "You'll see me again all right. You shall. I'll get even with you. You shall hear from me again, Stacey Burlestone. You shall love me again. Make love to me, and then I'll show you what hate can be, since you wouldn't have love. . . How I could have loved you, Stacey."

"How I do love you, and, God, how I hate you!"

To be continued

Continued
from Page 12

1,000,000 BEAUTIFUL GRANDMOTHERS



Try NEW CREME TOKALON and look young yourself

We could have demanded \$5 a pot for this amazing discovery by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna and millions of women would have gladly paid it. But instead, it is sold at the old price: 1/- per tube; or 2/6 per pot (including Sales Tax).

If you would like to see the women who have obtained such marvellous results from using new Crème Tokalon, it would take them about 5,000 hours to march past you. Tramp, tramp, tramp—they would go, while you stood, weary and tired, watching them for 5,000 hours or 500 days of 10 hours each.

Use Crème Tokalon (Greasy) containing "Bioel" at night. It nourishes and rejuvenates your skin, while you sleep, with Bioel extracted from young animals. It quickly banishes all complexion blemishes. Use Crème Tokalon Vanishing (non-greasy) in the morning. It nourishes your skin all day and makes face powder invisible and extremely adherent. It will whiten your skin surprisingly in three days' time.

Crème Tokalon

"There's no doubt
about it, my
dear. . ."

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must avoid digestive troubles and constipation, or you'll never have a clear skin. Our doctor says the same thing, and on his advice I've started taking San-Brand. I had a packet sent up by the grocer, and it's delicious. So nicely flavoured! I really enjoy it. I just add a couple of tablespoonsful of San-Brand to my porridge every morning; that provides sufficient roughage to keep the bowels regular. You can see for yourself that my complexion is reaping the benefit. And I feel so perfectly well! You must try San-Brand. It's wonderful for you!"***

"I've tried all sorts of creams for my complexion, and of course they do help. But there's no doubt about it, my dear, you've got to treat your complexion from inside as well as outside. I mean, you must

ENGLISH Sportsgirls LEARN the Australian LANGUAGE!

Interesting Sidelights ... on Tour of Cricketers!

By RUTH PREDDEY

Among the anecdotes that will be stored away in the memories of the members of the English women's cricket team at present on tour in Australia will be how they had to learn the Australian language.

The visitors have discovered that Australian slang is fascinating, but difficult to understand.

"Too right," and "Good oh," have intrigued them. Does "Too right" mean more than "all right," and does "Good oh" just mean "all right," inquired one of the players.

"Boska," "Bonza," and hundreds of other expressions picked up during the tour are being duly written up in the diary of each member of the team.

In Wollongong the English team first learnt to dance the barn dance. The English players have endeared themselves to everyone by the many gestures of goodwill.

Perhaps one of the most outstanding gestures is their desire to help the flood relief fund in Victoria, and with this object in view they have made a small charge for all autographs, with the result that they now have quite a nice amount to hand to the fund when they return to Melbourne. Autographs have been requested on bats, stumps, bits of paper, visiting-cards, etc.

Keen Photographers

CAMERAS are always clicking, and every incident worth recording has been photographed. The Governor and Premier of the State, and even the big policeman discovered in Brisbane have faced this army of cricketer photographers, but perhaps a Brisbane identity has set a new fashion by having the autographs of the English team inscribed on the front of his dress shirt.

"We are all greatly impressed with our visit to Australia," says Miss Archdale, captain of the English women's cricket touring team. "The hospitality we have received in all the States has been rather wonderful. Everyone has been so good to us."

"We found the various cities somewhat as we pictured them, but we were greatly surprised to find the many varied pleasure resorts so close to the cities, and so accessible. We had an idea that one would have to travel much

further out from the city to find the scenic spots.

"To give one's impression of Australia is rather difficult as we feel since our arrival in Fremantle that we have visited many countries, probably because of the great distance between the States."

"Since our arrival in Brisbane we have been told that the distance from Fremantle to Brisbane is greater than from London to Constantinople. We shall have great fun in working out how many miles we have travelled while here in Australia."

"Another impression gained is that your trains are most comfortable to travel in and the sleepers are excellent."

When asked about the frocking of the Australians, Miss Archdale confessed that she was not a judge of feminine fashions, but she was surprised to find that the Australian girl seems to age quicker than those in England.

"Generally, when we guess a girl is somewhere about 22 or 23 years of age, we discover they are still in their teens."

"Yes, we had an idea that the Australian barracker was something to fear, but, instead, we have found them with a keen knowledge of the game, ready to applaud every stroke, or brilliant bit of fielding or bowling—impartial."

"While in Brisbane we visited the Ascot racecourse, and I must confess it is the first time I have ever been to the races. I thought it quite good fun. So did some of the other members of the team who had not been to the races before."

"Most of the spectators at our matches have been men, and we have been particularly pleased that we have played some of our matches on the famous cricket grounds in Australia."

"Yes, we have had a thoroughly good time here, and I think that on our return to England, which will be some time in April, it will take the members of the team some time to settle down again."

N.Z. Tour

ARRIVING in Australia on November 26, the team has now toured all the States, and is at present on a tour of the country districts of New South Wales prior to the third Test match.

Against Shorts for Squash Racquets

(From MURIEL SEGAL, our Special Representative in London)

MISS SUSAN NOEL, who is the greatest woman squash racquets player in the world, likes skirts for playing squash.

She is an onlooker this year while her title is challenged, as she is saving up all her energy for lawn tennis, and is not taking part in the squash racquets championship now being fought out at the Queen's Club. Miss Lumb, the favorite and last year's finalist, also advocates skirts in preference to shorts.

Miss Susan Noel says: "In a squash court if your opponent wears shorts you can see more of the play; skirts are apt to make it more difficult for your opponent by interfering with her vision."

There is an official rule at the Queen's Club that "dark, colored skirts may not be worn," although no one knows the exact reason, or if "dark-colored shorts" are permissible.

At the finish of this match, their tour in Australia concludes, and their tour of New Zealand commences.

The New Zealand tour includes a visit to the North and South Islands and matches will be played in Auckland, Christchurch, Wellington, and Invercargill, besides many of the other well-known towns.

The English players have proved themselves keen students of human nature, and one would not be surprised to find a few psychologists among the members.

One gets the impression that they are here to learn about Australia and nothing escapes their notice. Our flowers, birds, animals, and especially fruit excite their interest.

"We have seen kangaroos in the zoo at home," said one member, "but in our wildest dreams we never thought we would see them in their wild state." At Deniliquin, after the first match against Victoria, the team was taken to



MISS BETTY ARCHDALE, captain of the English team, considers that Australian girls age quicker than English girls. "We like your barrackers," she says. (Left) Miss Peden, captain of Australia's eleven.

a kangaroo hunt, and it was here that they also saw the white cockatoos flying overhead.

Australians will regret the departure of this popular team of women cricketers from Australia. There will certainly be an interchange of visits between Australia and England, and many years will not pass before we have the second English touring team in Australia.

Too Much TENNIS is ORDEAL for OUR PLAYERS

Joan Hartigan's Comments

Once more the subject of the overworking of the junior tennis players has arisen. Miss Joan Hartigan, Australia's foremost woman player, who passed from the rank of school-girl champion to junior champion, and finally held the position of champion of Australia, gives her personal opinion on the subject for The Australian Women's Weekly.

By JOAN HARTIGAN

A GLARING instance of overworking a junior occurred recently, when Miss Thelma Coyne was called upon to play in numerous matches on the one day in the Victorian Championships simply because she had entered for the junior and senior events, which her standard of play entitled her to do.

Perhaps two questions may apply to a case of this kind. "Is a player responsible for her own tennis?" or "Is she under an obligation to an association to play in matches which they may arrange?"

If players are to be left to their own devices and are allowed to follow their own will as to when they shall play and how they shall play, then the onus is on the players if they indulge in too many matches.

Junior and senior players have always had a wholesome dread of scratching from any event, firstly because the player feels it is unfair to leave her opponent or partner without a game, and secondly one feels it is unfair to their club, association, or State to do so without a very good reason.

Therefore it can be taken for granted that a player only withdraws from a tennis match in extreme circumstances.

But should they feel like this? Tennis should be a pleasurable game, in which the participants, by mutual agreement, should be entitled to withdraw from any match whenever they please without being penalised in future matches.

On the other hand, if the association or club is going to dominate a player's tennis, then it is their duty to see that that player receives all the consideration due.

I have known of players who have suffered overstrain because they have had too much tennis. Take Vines Crawford and Perry, who have all in turn suffered. Are they just playing tennis to please themselves? No. I think they have got so far ahead in the tennis world that they efface or at least try to put their own personal feelings in the background and endeavor to please the tennis associations and keep faith with the public. They keep on playing until their nerves become frayed and stamina lowered.

Overworked

JUNIORS and seniors alike are undoubtedly overworked, but it must be difficult for any committee running

a tournament not to overwork players who entered for all events, including the junior and senior events.

Yet the only way for the juniors to improve their tennis is for them to play against players in a better class, and with this object in view the junior naturally likes to play in the open championships as soon as possible, gaining experience, so that participation in the junior events will not be needed.

If there happens to be an outstanding junior who feels that she can win the junior events with little opposition, she naturally wishes to enter the championship and see how many rounds she can survive.

Having played in both senior and junior events in tournaments myself, I know that it is a big ordeal, especially if the junior interstate competition is played before the tournament.

To get over this difficulty it surely would be better to do as has quite often been done, and play the junior matches either a week before or a week after the championships, so as to allow the junior players to do justice to themselves in all events. Thelma Coyne, the N.S.W. leading junior and one of the most promising junior players in Australia, before she left for Melbourne told me that she found she had too much tennis during the Victorian championships, and if she felt the same during this meeting in Melbourne she would withdraw from the senior event. If this happens it will be a great pity, as Thelma is a player of remarkable ability.



CHANDU The Magician

ADVENTURE — ROMANCE — EXCITEMENT with a touch of the supernatural

COMMENCING MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, at 7 p.m.

FOUR NIGHTS A WEEK

From 2GB—Australia's Most Popular Station

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Make Going to Business a Pleasure LIVE AT MANLY

Travel to and from town in fast, comfortable, roomy, glassed-in Saloon Steamers. Enjoy twice daily the most delightful Harbour Trip in the world.

ONLY MANLY CAN OFFER YOU THIS

Manly's elegant wonder pool, at night floodlit over, and under the water, contains Slippery Dips, Diving Towers, Floating Pontoon, Water Wheels, Spinning Fleets, Rolling Logs, numerous Springboards, and a host of other aquatic novelties, and is

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT

The Company's magnificent Dressing Pavilion, with its up-to-date Tea Rooms and Open-air Klank, is situated at the end of the Pool, and provides the same of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Rooms are also available for suppers, bridges, and birthday parties, dances, etc.

PHONE YETTS AND MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW! WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS' TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME): GENTS, £1.10; LADIES, 10s. SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENTS, £4.4s.; LADIES, 2s.4d.; CHILD'S, 1s.4d. DAILY FARE: ADULTS, 6d.; CHILDREN, 1d. (5 Years and Under, FREE). THE PORT JACKSON AND MANLY STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED. No. 5 JETTY, CIRCULAR QUAY. TELEPHONE: 5321, 5283.



Free Supplement to *The Australian Women's Weekly*

JONATHAN'S DAUGHTER

COMPLETE BOOK-
LENGTH NOVEL



—By—

LIDA LARRIMORE

[ABRIDGED]

THIS SUPPLEMENT MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY

Jonathan's Daughter

LIDA LARRIMORE

CHAPTER 1



THE rosewood sofa hadn't been sold!

It stood in the window of the small, rather dingy shop on Eighth St. surrounded by an assortment of undistinguished objects. The sofa had distinction. A skilful craftsman had fashioned its graceful frame. The wood delicately carved, shone with a dull lustre. The upholstery was of damask, almond-green, dimly patterned with apricot flowers and small gold leaves. There was in the rosewood sofa a blending of character and frivolity, of extravagance and enduring charm. Standing in the clutter of objects in the window, it had the air of a gentle aristocrat reduced to common neighbors.

Ann paused before the window, a little ashamed of feeling so greatly relieved. She had come to the shop, almost running, along Eighth St. with the bulky parcel from the florist's two blocks away. No use making excuses. No use to tell herself that it was nearly five o'clock and she ought to be getting home. She knew that the cause of her undignified haste was an oddly disquieting fear that the sofa might have been sold.

It was absurd to care so much for things, she thought, setting the parcel on the pavement. Books were different—and flowers. But things, glass and china, wood and chintz, an egg-beater from Woolworth's—

One should cultivate a lofty indifference to possessions. That was one of Father's maxims. He didn't mean it seriously. The maxim was a brother to the one about cheese and grapes and Italian bread. Father used that one frequently. And yet it was he who insisted upon an expensive dinner when there was money enough to be recklessly gay. Father's maxims weren't deeply rooted convictions. They were merely his way of making light of a somewhat haphazard existence.

It had been a haphazard existence, her life and Father's. They hadn't had a home since Mother died when Ann was eight years old. For Ann there had been a succession of schools. Never the same one long. Father had moved her from school to school as blithely as he himself had moved from one newspaper job to another.

She had never known when to expect a change. Father would appear, without warning, at the school in which she happened to be enrolled at the time.

"We're going to Boston," he would say, looking jaunty and handsome and too young to be the parent of leggy, half-grown Ann. Or their destination would be Kentucky, perhaps, or Chicago or New Orleans.

People, who knew the circumstances, thought it quixotic of Father to take her about with him. Grandmother Lowell, many times, had deplored the unnecessary expense. Mother's relatives were of the opinion that it would be the ruination of the child, moving her around the country when she ought to be settled somewhere, preferably with them, leading a "normal life."

To Ann it was very endearing. Father wanted her near him. That was the thought which supported her through succeeding ordeals of making new acquaintances, of adjusting herself to a new routine. He might have left her with rela-

tives, or settled her in a permanent school and gone merrily on his way.

He had never done that. He had found a school for her near wherever he happened to be working, except the year that he had gone, for the Geographic Society, with an expedition to Egypt. Ten-year-old Ann had been left in a convent-school in Washington and though she tried to be cheerful when Father returned, he knew how dreadfully she had missed him, how very unhappy she'd been all the time he had been gone.

It hadn't happened again. After the convent episode her school had been close enough for frequent visits with Father.

She'd been a great expense. Father hadn't made very much money. Journalists didn't. Ann had observed, even versatile ones like Father, unless they were affiliated with one paper long enough to acquire a certain prestige or did spectacular things such as climbing the Himalayas or riding a bicycle through the war-zone of a foe-infested country, or getting themselves captured by Chinese bandits.

Father hadn't stayed in one place long enough to acquire more than a budding promise of prestige and she had prevented spectacular experiences. He couldn't, she thought with a smile, had pedaled through a war-zone on a tandem bicycle with a daughter perched behind.

Well, all of that belonged to the past. Existence need no longer be haphazard. She and Father might live very comfortably now that he had been made an associate editor of the magazine and she had a job and there were no more staggering school bills. The apartment in Washington Square might become a permanent home.

The rosewood sofa, standing serenely behind the small diamond-shaped panes of glass which formed the window, was more than a graceful piece of furniture. It was a symbol of the home she meant to make for Father. That, after all, was the cause of her undignified trot from the florist's. She had set her heart on the sofa. It was to be the beginning of a home.

Home! It was an important word. She was so weary of schools and camps and boarding houses and small hotels. She wanted her own bed, her own rugs to turn back for dancing. She wanted to powder her nose before the mirror of her own dressing-table. She wanted her own chairs and bookshelves, her own pots and pans in the kitchenette. She wanted the rosewood sofa.

Well, she might have it very soon. She could make a payment to-day. Mr. MacArdie would keep it for her until she could pay the balance. He would doubtlessly be relieved. She had stopped in to consult him about the sofa at least half a dozen times since she had discovered it less than a month ago.

She liked Mr. MacArdie. She liked to hear him talk. There was a burr in his deep rumbling voice. He showed her his treasures, occasional lovely things in the clutter of odds and ends. Her calls at the shop usually lengthened into visits. She often suspected that she had, to a lesser degree, Father's gift for collecting odd acquaintances.

She would have the rosewood sofa! Ann lifted the parcel from the pavement. It felt insecure. She glanced down and saw a puddle, rain water from the recent

shower. While she had been wool-gathering, the parcel had been soaking. She would ask Mr. MacArdie to give her another box.

CHAPTER 2

A DIM light filled the shop, waning daylight blending not very successfully with the glow of the electric bulbs in four antique lanterns. Shadows were thick in the corners, blurring the outlines of chests and tables and tall deep-voiced clocks. Mr. MacArdie's cat, a huge tortoiseshell, lay curled on a cushion in the seat of a high-backed chair. There was no one in sight.

Ann stood irresolutely in the cleared central portion of the shop. Someone must be close at hand, she thought. How could she announce her presence? The cat, blinking at her with sleepy topaz eyes, offered no helpful suggestions.

The parcel solved the problem. Suddenly, without any warning, the bottom of the box collapsed, sending down on the floor small pots of geraniums and ivy and pansies and sweet alyssum. The cat, alarmed at the crash, sprang down from the chair, its back arching, its tail militantly erect.

Ann's cheeks grew pink with embarrassment and vexation. She stood looking down at the tumbled pots, one hand still holding by a loop of loosened cord the soggy remains of the box. Well, she thought, that ought to rouse somebody.

The crash, apparently, had served that useful purpose. Footsteps sounded behind the partition at the rear of the shop. A light bloomed directly above Ann's head, a sudden radiance from a ceiling bulb in a circular shade. It was a little disconcerting. Fortunately, Mr. MacArdie wasn't entirely a stranger.

But it wasn't Mr. MacArdie who came out through the door in the rear partition. It was a young man Ann hadn't seen before, a slim, sandy brown young man, not very much taller than she.

"Well, well!" he said, apparently greatly amused. His eyes travelled down from the brim of her hat to the small pots of flowers scattered about her feet. "You look like a cover for the 'Saturday Evening Post,'" he continued. "Date—any week in spring."

"May I speak to Mr. MacArdie?" Ann asked in a voice which she hoped sounded crushing and cool. The chilly tones were an affectation. Actually she was struggling against a desire to laugh.

"That 'was' fresh, wasn't it?" The strange young man assumed a contrite expression. "Very fresh," Ann agreed. The laugh gave her a difficult moment. The strange young man looked so debonaire and, in spite of the contrite expression, neither crushed nor repentant.

"I'm sorry. No, I'm not." The contrite expression vanished. His eyes were blue, Ann discovered, and his smile was very engaging. "You did look like a cover for the 'Post.' A human interest idea, you know, the pots of flowers tumbled out of the box, your half-smile. The artist would have spoiled it, though. He'd have dressed you in red to attract attention. Instead of that nice-looking—" He broke off abruptly and again Ann saw that his smile was very engaging. "I seem to be getting fresh again," he said after a moment. "You wanted to see Mr. MacArdie?"

"Yes. Isn't he here?"

CHAPTER 3

"No, I'm keeping shop. With Taffy's assistance." He indicated the tortoise-shell cat, curled on its cushion again in the high-backed chair. "Can't we do something for you?"

"You can get me a box, if it isn't too much trouble."

"Certainly." He took the remains of the box she held and went through the door in the rear partition, saying as he disappeared, "I'll see what I can find."

When he had gone, Ann walked to a long mirror set in a swinging frame of gilt. Who was she, she wondered, stripping off her gloves. She absently tilted the brim of her hat, tucked a hairpin into the knot at the nape of her neck. Was he Mr. MacArdle's son? She couldn't think that he was. And yet he seemed thoroughly familiar with the shop.

How brown he was! Bending toward the mirror, Ann carefully reddened her lips. Tans like his, she thought, weren't the product of the early spring sun in New York. They were acquired in Florida or Cuba or Bermuda. He had the manner, too, of a young man who found life effortless and pleasant, a debonaire assurance, an easy casual charm. What could be his connection with Mr. MacArdle's shop?

The young man presently appeared with a basket.

"I can't find a box," he said apologetically. "Do you mind carrying a basket?"

"Not at all," Ann assured him. "I'll take a taxi from here."

He knelt to collect the pots. Ann knelt at the same moment. Their heads bumped smartly.

"Sorry!" they said simultaneously, and then, settling back on their heels, they began to laugh.

"A sister act," said the strange young man.

"And," Ann added, "we've never had a rehearsal."

They laughed again. Together they placed the pots in the basket.

"These bronze colored panies are nice," he said.

"Aren't they?" Ann agreed.

"What are these white things?"

"Sweet alyssum."

"And this green and white vine?"

"Snow-on-the-mountain."

"You're well informed."

"I just bought them."

He had a pleasant voice, Ann thought—interested, alive. His eyes were a very bright blue. That was because his skin was so brown, perhaps. There was a faint suggestion of a ripple in his light reddish-brown hair, though it was brushed flat and smooth. What was his name? It ought to be "Sandy." She tried it experimentally under her breath. "Sandy." Yes, it suited him.

"Why didn't you leave the pots at the florist's?" he asked presently.

"I like them."

"That's a very good reason. Well, why didn't you have them sent?"

"This is Saturday afternoon. I want to plant to-morrow."

"Bone-meal is good for gardens."

"For roof-gardens?" Ann asked.

"Oh!" he smiled. "It's a roof-garden, is it?"

"A very small one. There'll be just room enough for two flower-boxes and two canvas chairs."

"Two? Good! I'll reserve one for Saturday night. I'm getting fresh again. You seem to have that effect on me. I think it's because your nose tilts at the tip."

"Does it?"

"Haven't you noticed?"

"I like it. I'd hoped I was mistaken."

"I like it. It gives your face an adventurous expression. It's my favorite kind of nose."

There seemed to be no answer to that. They were silent for a moment.

THE rosewood sofa stood under the light in the centre of the shop.

"It's a nice one," said the strange young man, dusting his hands, pulling his coat into place. He had had some difficulty removing the sofa from the window. His expression indicated modest pride in the achievement.

"I fell in love with it a month ago," Ann's fingers moved caressingly along the wood of the frame.

"Let's try out the springs," he suggested.

They sat on the rosewood sofa. He turned to her with a polite, distant expression.

"Nice weather we're having," he said in the manner of a young man making a formal call.

"Lovely," Ann agreed. "Cream or lemon?" she asked, continuing the game.

"I never drink tea. It gives me the jaundice. Are you fond of reading, Miss Imogene?"

"Oh, yes." Demurely she quoted:

"There is no frigate like a book
To bear us lands away—"

"That's Christine Rossetti, isn't it?"

Ann lowered her lashes, folded her hands in her lap.

"I feel that it's taking a liberty for me to presume to correct a young gentleman of your superior attainments," she said in a small prim voice, "but I must inform you that the quotation is from a poem by Emily Dickinson."

He frowned, drawing his brows down over his eyes.

"You're a blue-stocking, Miss Imogene."

"Oh, no, Mr. Carruthers," she protested.

"It's only that Mamma has a taste for poetry. I read to her when she suffers from a migraine. It seems to soothe her, poor darling."

He laughed, ending the scene.

"You're good," he said. "I can see the side-curly and the maidenly blush."

"I've just re-read 'Pride and Prejudice.'"

"You are a blue-stocking."

"Oh, no, really I'm not," she protested very earnestly.

They talked of books they had read, of plays they had seen. He was a delightful companion, Ann thought, hearing through fitting fancies the pleasant tones of his voice. He had—what was it? Magnetism, vitality, charm, the quality without an exact definition which drew you to some people as you were drawn to a crackling fire on a hearth. Who was he? "Sandy," she said softly, under her breath.

The clock struck one deep note. Ann roused with a start.

"I must go," she said. "It's half-past something."

"Please," his hand touched her arm.

"I must." Her attention turned to the business of purchasing the sofa. "I want to pay a deposit on this." She opened her purse. "Can I give the money to you?"

"Oh, yes," he assured her. "I'm thoroughly reliable."

"I'll pay the balance in a week or two, Mr. MacArdle will keep the sofa for me."

He took the small roll of bills. "I must give you a receipt," he said. "And take your name and address." He left the sofa, returned presently with a pencil and pad.

"The name?" he asked. His manner was briskly business-like but his eyes twinkled.

"Ann Lowell," she replied.

"An—without an 'e'?" he asked.

She nodded.

"It's like you," he said.

"Plain?"

"Simple," he amended. "No superfluous frills. The address?" he continued.

Ann gave him the number of the house on Washington Square.

"Phone number?"

"Is that necessary?"

"Oh, yes," he answered gravely. "A rule of the management."

She supplied the information.

"Ages?" he presently asked.

"Mine?" Her gray eyes widened in surprise. "Is that a rule of the management, too?"

"It isn't important. Let it pass. Color?" he continued.

"Cafe au lait," Ann replied, laughing.

He didn't agree.

"Light olive," he pronounced. "With an undertone of peach."

"You make it sound attractive."

"It is," he assured her. "Eyes? I'll answer that one. Grey, with a dark ring around the iris," he wrote, or pretended to write, repeating the words aloud. "And very superlative lashes."

"Idiot!"

"Occupation?" he resumed.

"Typist."

"Really?" He seemed surprised.

"I work in a typing agency," she said.

"Why?" he asked. "It sounds awfully dull."

She didn't give him the true reason. That was a secret which she shared with Father. Father was going to write a novel and she was to be his secretary. He probably never would, she thought. He hadn't mentioned it for more than a year. That was the reason, however. That was why she had taken a course in typing at a business school last winter. She couldn't tell this amusing young man of Father's secret ambition.

"It's educational," she answered, instead. "I'm doing a paper on geology now for a professor at Columbia. Did you know that there is a glacier in Alaska more than fifty miles long? I've really learned a great deal."

"You astound me!" The pencil, held in his lean brown fingers, traced aimless designs on the pad. "Will you have dinner with me?" he said.

"To-night?"

"There's no time like the present."

"Thank you, I couldn't."

"We'll have Taffy introduce us. He's a gentleman and a soldier."

"I'd like to—" She hesitated a moment.

"No," she said very firmly. She rose from the sofa, assembled her gloves and her purse. "No, really I can't."

"I'd like you to awfully." He stood beside her. "I know a swell place to eat and dance."

She shook her head, smiling.

"You have an adventurous nose."

Again Ann shook her head. It would be fun to dance with him, she thought. He didn't seem like a stranger. Already certain things were familiar, the small scar over his left eye, the way his hair grew down in a peak on his forehead, his lean, active hands. But Father was waiting to have dinner with her. He'd be flabbergasted, poor darling!

"All right," said the strange young man. "You'll probably live to regret it. Here's your receipt."

She took the folded slip of paper. He went with her to the door, carrying the basket. They walked very slowly.

"I'm a very good dancer," he said. His voice was teasing and tender. He was very hard to resist.

"You're an accomplished wheedler," Ann looked at him. He was looking at her. Suddenly she was shy, too conscious of him. She looked away.

They went out on the pavement, taking with them the sweet disturbing magic. Twilight was deepening into night. The air, washed by the recent rain, smelled fresh and faintly fragrant. The lights along Eighth Street looked very gay.

They stood at the edge of the sidewalk. A taxi turned in to the kerb. He helped her inside, set the basket on the seat beside her.

"About the basket—" he said, looking in through the window.

"Yes?"
"It's an antique, you know."
"I'll return it."
"Don't bother. I'll come for it—some time. But I'm a bit absent-minded."
"What can I do about that?"
"Pansies are for thoughts."
Ann broke off one of the bronze-colored piousness, held it out through the window.
"Thank you." He tucked the pansy into the lapel of his coat.
"Where to?" asked the driver loudly.
He gave him the address on Washington Square. "Good-night," he said as the taxi lurched into motion.
She glanced back at him. He stood at the edge of the sidewalk, slim and sandy and brown with the pansy in his coat lapel. "Good-night, Sandy." Ann called, when she was sure he could not hear.
The taxi turned a corner.

CHAPTER 4

ANN opened the front door of the house in Washington Square, closed it behind her. The vestibule was lit by electric bulbs in a drooping cluster of small frosted-glass grapes.

"The Temple of Bacchus," Father had said when they had come to see the apartment last fall.

They had discovered, however, that there was nothing even remotely Bacchanalian in the establishment conducted by Miss Kate and Miss Eloise Vanden, spinster sisters, the last surviving members of an old and formerly well-to-do family. The high narrow brick house held an atmosphere of quiet dignity, of immaculate cleanliness, of order meticulously preserved.

Miss Kate, the elder sister, was the genius behind the prevailing cleanliness. To Miss Kate the continual warfare against dirt and disorder was entirely a labor of love. She kept the house as nearly as possible as it had been kept in days of affluence so that Miss Eloise might not feel too sharply the decline of their fortunes.

Miss Kate's genius achieved more profitable results than the thorough spilling of Miss Eloise. It made the house a pleasant place in which to live. The rental price of an apartment included a lease on Miss Kate's sympathy and interest, her inexhaustible energy. She pampered her tenants in a kindly way that was neither smothering nor officious. She was always at hand when she was needed, stout, well past fifty, a little short of breath, with a round, high-colored face, a saving streak of shrewdness and the kindest heart in the world.

Usually, Ann was conscious of the atmosphere of the house as soon as she opened the door. Each home-coming was a link in the chain of affection which bound her to Miss Kate's establishment. To-night, however, the spotless white paint of the vestibule, the shining brass, the diffused light of the frosted-glass grapes, were merely a part of the felicity of the day. The pleasure of coming home merged with the sense of happiness and high adventure which made her feel as though her trim kid slippers were treading air.

It had been a happy day, she thought, setting the basket of plants on the floor, searching through her purse for the key to the mail-box. She had acquired a part interest in the rosewood sofa. She had had an amusing encounter with a very engaging young man.

In the hall Ann was fleetingly conscious of the characteristic odor of the house, brass polish and floor wax, the damp newspapers and tea leaves with which the rugs were periodically cleaned, blending with the fragrance of the flowers in the bowl on the table beneath the oval mirror. The flowers, to-night, were frezias. She bent to smell them, raised her head and saw her reflection in the mirror. She looked unusually well, she thought. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were bright,

The yellow blouse was nice with the dark grey suit. Her nose did tilt a little at the tip.

"It gives your face an adventurous expression," the strange young man had said. "It's my favorite kind of nose."

He was coming to see her, coming to reclaim the basket. She had liked him at once. And he had been attracted to her. Or was that only his casual way with ladies in a predicament? She didn't believe that—quite. He had asked her to have dinner with him. He had prolonged their parting, leaning in through the taxi window—

"I'm absent-minded. Pansies are for thoughts, you know."

He had tucked the bronze-colored pansy into his coat lapel. The color was right for him. He was slim and sandy and brown. Why hadn't she asked his name? It hadn't seemed to matter. She had a name for him. Sandy. Did anyone call him that? He was coming to see her. The thought lent wings to her feet. She felt them lifting, bearing her swiftly up the stairs. . . .

Ann paused in the second-floor hall, arrested by unmistakable sounds of revelry. Someone was playing the piano. A confused murmur of voices came to her through the door which led into the living-room of the apartment, laughter, movement inside the room. Was Father having a party? The suggestion was vaguely disturbing. She didn't feel like a party to-night. Well, nothing to do but face it. She opened the door.

The room had been transformed into a banquet-hall. A long table was set for a festive dinner. There were a number of guests. They were all familiar to Ann, people who lived in the house. Miss Kate was there and Miss Eloise. Holly Kent sat at the piano. Nina, Holly's mother, was there and one of Holly's young men, Jerome Gordon, who occupied one of the third-floor rooms, leaned gallantly over Nina's chair. Tommy Allen, also a third-floor tenant, sat beside Holly on the piano bench. What was it? Ann wondered. What in the world?

Miss Kate saw her first.

"Here's the run-away!" she called.

The guests looked at Ann. A medley of voices greeted her. Holly, smiling back over her shoulder, struck a crashing chord on the piano.

"Where have you been?" That was Father. He came to meet her, looking tall and distinguished in evening clothes that were at least ten years old.

"What is it?" Ann asked. "Old Home Week?" She hadn't been there to do his tie for him. Father wasn't able to manage an evening tie without her assistance. The tie was crooked. It had slipped a little to one side, giving him a slightly rakish appearance.

"A party!" Father's hazel eyes, deeply set under thick dark brows, shone with pleasure and excitement.

"Somebody's birthday?" Ann glanced from Father's tie to the huge pink and white birthday cake in the centre of the table.

"It's a freedom party," Father said, through chattering voices, through the strident tune Holly was playing.

Something in his manner gave her a moment of sharp alarm. Father had looked like this whenever, in the past, he had been about to move from one job to another. His jaunty manner, the bright anticipation in his eyes were distressingly familiar. But surely—

"Tell me, Father!" Alarm made her voice uncertain. Her eyes were dark and questioning.

Father's attention was diverted. Magnolia, the small, angular, very black woman who came in to clean and help out on special occasions, entered just then, bear-

ing on a platter a delicatessen turkey as brown and shiny as though it had been varnished. Magnolia, too, was festively arrayed. Her ruffled white apron crackled with starch. A halo of pleated muslin made her look like a caricature of a cherub done in India ink. This was an occasion!

Ann waved cheerfully to the gathering and went into the bedroom. She removed her hat and jacket and carefully put them away. Sitting before the dressing table, she began to smooth her hair. Father appeared before she had finished.

"What is all this?" she asked.

Father laughed. "I thought a party for the establishment might make it easier to jump the lease," he confessed.

"Jump the lease?"

"Good news, kitten!" He pulled her up from the chair before the dressing table, held her from him, his hands on her shoulders. "The house in Vermont has been sold," he said, speaking rapidly. "Mother's estate has been settled at last. This morning I received a check for twenty-five hundred dollars and fifty-two cents. I've given up my job, definitely resigned. We're going off somewhere and write a book!"

"Father!" The word was a soft protest. He disregarded the protest; probably did not hear it at all.

"No more jobs, pigeon!" Anticipation colored his voice, the prospect of being freed from routine. He didn't notice that Ann was almost breathlessly still. "We'll be rich and famous—maybe." He laughed. "Anyway, we'll have a good summer. Where shall we go? Maine, Cape Cod? Nova Scotia? I don't care, do you?" He gave her a hug. "Come on now," he urged, releasing her. "Don't waste time gilding the lily. Our guests are starving and so am I. Step on it, lady."

He went, hurrying from the room. Ann heard him give a joking direction to Magnolia. She stood where he had left her, not thinking coherently, caught in a tangle of emotions.

Presently she took the basket of flowers into the bathroom. They wouldn't be planted now. There wouldn't be a root-garden with an awning and two canvas chairs. She and Father were going away—somewhere to write a book. Mr. Mac-Ardie would have to keep the rosewood sofa.

Moving mechanically she set the basket in the tub, attached a hand-spray, lightly sprinkled the plants in the small clay-pots. No use to do it, she thought. She might as well throw them into the trash can and let them die. Why not? After all, what difference did it make?

CHAPTER 5

FATHER'S dinner was very gay. It was likely to be very indigestible as well. Ann thought, surveying from her place at the head of the table the strange assortment of food which Father had provided for his guests. He had evidently looted his favorite delicatessen. That cake! Three tiers of it covered with pink and white sugar icing! It was probably stale inside. How could they dispose of it? Well, Magnolia would be glad to take it home to her hungry brood in Harlem.

Father had a definite flair for dramatics. Ann thought, making an occasional reply, but only half hearing the remarks directed to her by Miss Kate, at her left, and Tommy Allen, at her right. It was so like him to have given up his job five minutes after his legacy arrived, so like him to have burned his bridges behind him with one flippant gesture.

"A penny for your thoughts," Tommy Allen said, bringing Ann's attention back to the party.

"Only a penny?" Ann turned to Tommy, a rotund young man with a round good-natured face and round near-sighted brown

eyes blinking through the lenses of shell-rimmed spectacles. Tommy was Miss Kate's nephew. He worked for an importing company and was Ann's most faithful admirer.

"That wasn't very bright, was it?" Tommy said amiably. "What I meant was, why don't you pay some attention to me?"

"Are you in need of attention?" Tommy, Ann observed, had got himself up for the occasion. He wore a flannel suit, obviously new, and a college necktie, gaudy with alternate stripes of crimson and gold. Tommy should have selected a college with more subdued colors. The crimson and gold accented, rather than subdued, his ruficund complexion.

"I thought it would be polite to tell you that this is a nice party," Tommy heroically attacked a second helping of delicatessen turkey and potato salad.

"It's Father's party," Ann said. "I hadn't anything to do with it."

"Your father is one swell hombre," Tommy said feelingly. "He's a grand person, Ann."

He was a grand person. Ann looked through the candle-light at Father, seated opposite her, at the other end of the table. Father was at his best to-night. How young he looked! The grey in his hair seemed theatrical, as though he were made up to play an elderly role on the stage. He had an olive complexion, darker than her own, and his teeth were very white.

Tommy was rather a dear, she thought. He was so openly, so patently devoted to her. He brought her little gifts from the importing house, packets of tea done up in gilt and scarlet paper, animals carved from soapstone and wood, a Japanese doll, boxes of candied ginger.

Ann relined in her straying thoughts. It was high time, she decided. She was actually getting emotional about Tommy Allen. The imminence of going away was making her absurdly sentimental. She was forgetting the many times that Tommy's heavy wit, his leaning towards practical jokes, his tediously retold anecdotes, had bored her to the point of exhaustion. She was forgetting the countless reasons she had invented for declining his persistent invitations.

She didn't want to go away. That was why she felt emotional. Tommy was a part of the life which had become familiar and pleasant. She would miss her friends in the old brick house. She felt closer to them than to any group of people she had known. She was fond of both Holly and her mother, Nina.

Ann glanced at Nina, seated half-way along the table, next to Jerome Gordon. She looked like a wax doll which had had an adventurous life. She was small and very thin. Her short amber-colored hair, a little grey, a little touched-up, still curly and abundant, made a softening frame for her thin, pointed face, set with enormous widely spaced, amber-colored eyes.

Nina had had an adventurous life. She was born in England, and had been, in her early youth, an actress on the English stage. Later she had come to America with her husband, Geoffrey Kent. They had toured in Shakespearean repertory and with companies producing English plays. The death of her husband, when Holly was sixteen, had ended Nina's career, except for occasional returns to the stage when an enterprising producer revived an old favorite to add variety to a season's theatrical fare.

Once they were established in the basement apartment, Miss Kate, of course, accepted Nina and Holly as her own. She would have been the first to resent any implication against their thorough respectability.

Nina was splendid company. She had an endless supply of amusing stories. She was always ready for any sort of gaiety. Young people liked her. She was talking,

now, in undertones to Jerome Gordon, telling a story, perhaps, the one about Mrs. Hemmingsway and the herring—

Jerome Gordon was smiling. That was a tribute to Nina's gift for telling stories. Mr. Gordon seldom smiled. He was a solemn, very blonde young man who worked on a brokerage office up-town. He had a small blonde moustache and a fancy for pastel neckties with handkerchiefs to match. His manner was shy, almost embarrassingly polite. No one, except Father, Ann was sure, ever called him "Jerry."

Music was Mr. Gordon's passion. He had, in his third-floor room, a Victrola and a collection of very fine records which he played with soft needles for fear of annoying the other occupants of the house. He had, also, a pleasant tenor voice. Drawn by Father's warm friendliness, Mr. Gordon came into the apartment occasionally, to sing ballads to Ann's uncertain accompaniment on the ancient piano.

A laugh rippled around the table.

"That reminds me—" Nina began, in the low, slightly husky voice which gave her English accent a droll, amusing quality. Presently she slipped into the cockney dialect she did so well.

The party gave Nina its collective attention. Ann, listening absently, sat looking at Holly. It would be harder to leave Holly than any of the others, she thought. She liked Holly so much, admired her courage, enjoyed her companionship.

Holly was older than she—twenty-four. It was hard for strangers to believe that she was Nina's daughter. She was tall and very slender, with an appealing sort of awkward grace. Her heavy dark hair was wound in coronet braids around her small, well-shaped head. She had a pale skin, dark eyes, a wide mouth with full lips reddened to the deep crimson of the oddly cut frock she wore. Her hands were beautiful. They expressed, unconsciously, her thoughts, her varying moods.

Men were attracted to Holly. She treated them with a casual indifference, having, as she expressed it, neither time nor energy for amorous interludes. She worked very hard. Nothing which might help her to realise her ambitions was neglected. She took voice lessons, when the state of her finances warranted the expense, lessons in French and Italian, in fencing and dancing.

Holly could be a great actress, Ann thought. She had patience, vitality, a capacity for work. Her voice was flexible, moving. She was the first real friend Ann had had. There were girls in the various schools whom she had liked well enough, but they had seemed childish and immature. Holly was mature. She had a stimulating philosophy of life. She was good fun, too. It would be hard to leave Holly.

Someone else would live in the apartment! A young married couple who worked in a bank. No, the boy worked in a bank. The wife would probably devote her time to doing dreadful things to the apartment. Ann's eyes moved around the room. The new paper was nice, she thought, a dull silver-green, between panels of ivory-painted wood. It was the right background for the rosewood sofa. She'd had window draperies of the apricot shade in the upholstery of the sofa. Venetian blinds, sometime—

But she wasn't to have the rosewood sofa. Obviously, they couldn't take it with them to Cape Cod or Maine or Nova Scotia. Mr. MacArdle would have to keep it. She and Father were going away. Why must they? Couldn't Father write a book here? She was old enough, now, to be consulted. Father shouldn't have disregarded her so completely. She would talk to him. To-night.

Her determination to protest against leaving New York strengthened as the dinner progressed. While she talked she assembled an array of formidable facts. Father had never tried to write fiction, except blood-and-thunder tales under an

assumed name for the pulp magazines when he was hard pressed for money. Wouldn't it be wiser to keep his job and make the experiment here? If he failed—wouldn't it be better—?

While Father drew the corks from the bottles of home-made wine which Tony, the barber, had given him, Ann continued to marshal unassailable facts. Magnolia poured the sherry-colored liquid into the glasses, like iridescent bubbles lifted on slender stems. . . . If Father failed, she thought, it would mean looking for another job, worries about money, boarding-houses. She wasn't a child. . . .

"Friends Romans, Countrymen!" Tommy boomed, scattering Ann's valiant army of facts.

"Pipe down!" Holly called.

Ann glanced at the opposite end of the table. Father was about to make a speech. Urged by Holly, he rose, stood with one hand resting on the back of his chair. He would tell them now, Ann thought. He would tell them they were going away.

Usually Father's speeches were amusing. He wasn't at top form to-night. Speaking simply, he told his guests that he and Ann were leaving New York. He was vague about the reason. Work, he said, something he wanted to do. His voice wasn't quite steady. His smile was a little crooked. Father, Ann thought, was feeling emotional, too.

CHAPTER 6.

ANN tied the cord of a quilted dressing-gown, slipped her feet into satin mules with frivolous gold-kid heels. Frowning a little, she turned off the bedroom lights and went out into the living-room.

The guests had departed. Magnolia, too, had started for home in the taxi. Father had called for her, bearing off the remains of the feast. The living-room was in order, except for the table, at which Father sat, poring over a scattered confusion of road maps. He glanced up as Ann entered the room.

"I think it had better be Cape Cod," he said, his voice excited and eager, his hazel eyes very bright.

"Why?" Ann asked, making an effort to smooth away the frown.

"We shouldn't go too far away from New York," Father said. "We may have to interview publishers. That is," he added, looking at her with a sheepish grin, "if publishers pay any attention to us. Besides," he abandoned practical considerations, "Cape Cod is grand in the summer and fall. You've never been there, have you? Look how the shoreline curves."

Ann sat beside Father, watching his pencil trace a winding route on the map.

He disregarded, for the moment, her obvious lack of enthusiasm. "We can live very cheaply," he said. "Rents aren't high. We can get a house on the Cape for the entire summer for very little more than we pay here a month. And as for food—Well, there's fish—"

"Ugh!" Ann grimaced.

"You'll like fish stew made the Portuguese way," he went on confidently. "And New England clam-chowder. The air is salty and bracing. I'll teach you to sail a boat and we'll swim every day. You'll get brown and healthy—not that you aren't very nice looking as you are. I'll work—" He broke off suddenly, looked at her with the questioning, oddly grave expression she had noticed earlier in the evening. "Ann," he asked gently, "why don't you want to go?"

She did not answer at once. She sat looking down at the maps on the table. Here was the opportunity to tell him why she didn't want to leave New York. What were her reasons?

"Couldn't you do it here?" she asked, not looking at him. "Couldn't you keep your position and write at odd times—evenings, Sundays?"

"I can't work that way, Ann," Father's voice was serious. "It's something lacking in me. I haven't sufficient concentration, detachment—whatever it takes." He moved restlessly in his chair. "I'm fed up with the job. I need to get away."

"But if I helped you, Father," Ann said earnestly. "If we kept people away from the apartment and didn't have parties—"

"I like people. It's an affliction." "Couldn't you have a workroom?" she asked. "Somewhere away from the apartment?"

"I've got to get out of the city!" Father's voice was rough with feeling. "I've worked under pressure for years. Always rushing, always a dead-line to meet. I can't write a novel that way. I must do it slowly, carefully. I can do it, Ann! I have an outline and plenty of material. The heroine's name is . . . Well, it doesn't matter. She has auburn hair and grey eyes like yours. I can do it! If I can get away from everything—"

"But if you can't do it, Father—?"

A silence followed the low, hesitant question. Ann sat motionless, ashamed and repentant. An imp of perversity had prompted the question, an imp born of disappointment and apprehension, an imp which had something to do with a feeling but vivid memory of a slim sandy brown young man whose eyes were very blue. If she might recall the words—! She waited for Father's reply.

It was mild enough when it came. "In that case," he said, "I'll go back to the grind for the rest of my life."

But she knew that the question troubled him. Almost at once he crushed out his cigarette in a tray on the table, pushed back his chair and rose.

"You're tired," he said gently. "Go to bed." Stopping, he kissed her cheek. "Good-night. Happy dreams."

"Good-night," she said. Catching his hand, she held it for a moment, ashamed of her doubting question, loving him, wanting to ask him to forgive her, unable to banish completely the little imp of perversity, to find adequate words. "Good-night," she repeated, releasing his hand. "You have them, too—pleasant dreams, I mean."

She had hurt him! Ann went to her room and prepared for bed. Why couldn't she have asked him to forgive her? She thought, brushing her hair with long even strokes, taking no pleasure in its silky texture, in the golden lights that brightened the soft brown mop. It meant so much to him. Why couldn't she have pretended, at least, to share his enthusiasm?

Sleep eluded her persistently. She lay looking wild-eyed into the darkness. The noise of traffic, the myriad undefined sounds of the city, advancing, retreating, was like the distant crashing of ocean waves in a storm. Father loved the ocean. He hadn't had many opportunities to go where he pleased, to do as he liked. He had moved about, of course, but he had always been tied to a job. That was because he had had to take care of her. She had been hateful! . . .

Presently she gave up trying to go to sleep. She wanted to make her peace with Father. This remote lonely feeling was too dreadful to be endured. Her toes found the mules beside the bed. She slipped on the dressing-gown. Moving quietly, she went out into the hall.

Father's door was closed. There was no light inside the room, no sound of movement. She hesitated, her hand raised to knock. He was asleep, perhaps. She went on to the rear of the apartment, through the kitchenette, out on the roof of Miss Kate's laundry and store-room below.

She walked to the end of the roof, leaned against the wall. The night air was mild and pleasant. The portion of the sky which she could see was sprinkled thickly with stars. The blossoms of the locust,

growing in the yard below, glimmered white in the darkness, spilling a sweet fragrance.

It would have been pleasant to know the young man she had encountered in the shop. He was so debonair and amusing, so slim and sandy and brown. She had known many boys, many young men, had fancied herself in love at various times in the process of growing up. This feeling was different. She wanted to know all about him, what he had been like as a little boy, where he had lived and gone to school—

She turned to go back. Father was walking toward her still wearing his evening clothes. Apparently he hadn't gone to bed. . . . He came to stand beside her against the wall.

"I thought you were here," he said. "I heard your slippers tapping along the hall. Beautiful night, isn't it?" He looked up at the stars and quoted softly—

"Some folks call it a Silver Sword, and some a Pearly Crown."

But the only thing I think it is, is Main Street, Heaven-town."

Tenderness filled her heart, a rising flood of tenderness and affection, washing away her resentment, drowning the imp of perversity.

"Father!" she cried, the word broken in half by a sob.

He misunderstood the emotion beneath the sob.

"Don't," he said gently, holding her close, his arm around her shoulders. "We aren't going away. I'll stay on with the magazine."

She drew away, looked up at him questioningly.

"I probably can't write a book," he continued. "I'm afraid to make the attempt. Every newspaper man thinks he has one good novel in him. Most of them are wrong. It would be humiliating to discover that I am one of the great majority. My self-esteem couldn't stand the shock."

She laid her fingers against his lips, checking further remarks.

"When do we start for Cape Cod?" she asked.

"No—." His voice was suddenly grave.

"It isn't fair to you. I've been thinking—I shouldn't have hung my hat over the wind-mill without consulting you. I haven't realised that you are a person with an identity of your own. I've thought of you as part of myself, a precious, indispensable part. That's selfish. It isn't fair to you."

"You want a home," he continued. "Every woman does. Your mother—"

"Mother was happy," Ann said softly.

"She was a good soldier," Father spoke as though he had forgotten Ann, as though he were talking to himself. "I should have settled down in Virginia. I might have been editor of the 'Observer' now. She might not have died if she'd had a home."

They were silent for a moment. Ann thought of Mother, small and delicately made, with her wide, grey eyes and curly brown hair, soft and silky as a child's. Often, in her childhood, she had heard Mother and Father against the criticism of her friends.

"I want to go with you," she said. "I'm sorry I wasn't enthusiastic. It was just—Well, it was unexpected. I—." Her voice trailed off into silence.

"I know," Father said gently. "You really want to go?" he asked presently. "You aren't trying to be a dutiful child?"

"No," she assured him gravely. "I want to go. I have no talents. There's nothing I want to do especially. That wouldn't matter anyway."

She drew a long, tremulous breath. "Well, that's settled. When do we start for Cape Cod?"

"As soon as possible!" Father gave her a hug. "We'll have a home sometime," he said, releasing her. "A house with gardens and a swimming pool, and a Japanese butler named Suki."

"A drawing-room," Ann added, "done in gilt and apricot with touches of almond-green."

"Bathrooms with sea-green tiles," Father continued the list. "And mermaids on the ceiling."

"An upstairs girl and a second-man. They sound so imposing."

"And when we've furnished the house," Father went on, "we'll lock the door and pocket the key and sail away to Europe."

"Um—!" she agreed. "Spain and France and Italy—when you've become the Great American Author."

"Will I be able to write a book?" he asked soberly.

"Of course you will," she said confidently. "You won't have a minute's peace. There'll be reporters and photographers and teas and languishing ladies."

"Heaven forbid!" he said fervently.

They were silent for an interval. Ann pressed close to Father. It was lovely to feel close to him, she thought, the star-lit darkness about them, the rising wind bringing to them the fragrance of locust blossoms. Nothing must come between them. Nothing—ever.

"You're the dearest man in the world," she whispered, her lips very close to his ear.

CHAPTER 7

THE house was low and white, with a shingled roof and blue shutters bolted across the windows. It stood at the edge of the village, pleasantly isolated from neighbors by a deep bend in the road. A flagstone walk, sprouting jets of grass, led from the front door to the gate in the picket fence on which hung a small wooden sign labelled "To Let."

"Here's our house!" Ann cried, diminishing the leisurely progress of the car.

"It is nice, isn't it?" Father agreed.

"Let's explore," Ann brought the modest roadster to a skilful stop before the gate.

"It's exactly right," she said, making a hasty survey of the house and grounds. "It's neither too large nor too small. There's a chimney, so there's sure to be a fireplace. It's quiet—no close neighbors. Oh! with an exclamation of surprise and delight.

"The apple trees are still in bloom!"

The lawn, overgrown with weeds and dandelions, sloped down from the porch to a retaining wall built of rock and cement. Beyond the wall and a narrow strip of beach stretched the bay, a still translucent green, meeting in the distance the clear blue of the sky.

"We must have it," she said. Her sweeping gesture included the house and the weed-grown lawn, the apple trees, the bay and the sky, the diminishing flash of gull wings. "We must have it, Father!"

"Yes," he said, "I think we must." He stood leaning against the trunk of an apple tree, smoking, smiling at her obvious delight. "How do we go about acquiring such a treasure?"

"I don't know," Ann shook her head. "The sign on the gate wasn't helpful."

"The post-office, perhaps," Father said.

"In a town like this it's usually a bureau of information."

They walked around the house.

"These are climbing roses," Ann said, touching the vines growing against the white clap-boards. "I wish we could see inside. I simply can't wait! Father!" she said, stopping short on the flag-stone walk. "Do you suppose the rent will be more than we can afford?"

"Probably." He smiled at her anxiety.

"You look like Fifth Avenue." His smiling glance included her sport-suit of grey angora, the trim grey suede oxfords, the soft felt hat with its jaunty brim. "That outfit is apt to be misleading."

Quickly, her high spirits a little subdued, she turned the car back toward the village.

"Don't worry," Father said, misreading her silence. "You can stay in the car. No one, I am sure, would ever accuse me of being a millionaire."

"You!" She looked at him, smiling. "You look like an advertisement for a Piccadilly tailor. Isn't it Piccadilly? All you need is a walking stick and an accent." Her attention turned to the street arched over with elms and maples, following the winding line of the shore. "Isn't it blessedly quiet after New York? Look! There's a row-boat in that yard!"

"A dory," Father corrected. "It's probably planted with flower seeds."

"Really?" She laughed. "I love it, Father. Oh! The feet in town!"

"Coast-guard officers," Father said. "Hey there! Look where you're going!"

They found the post office, a low frame building in the business block near the station. A small middle-aged woman came out from behind the tiers of pigeon-holes to answer Father's queries. She had bright black eyes and pepper-and-salt hair strained back from a small tanned face. Her manner was guarded and abrupt.

"You mean the Farrell place, I guess," she said when Father had described the house. "I don't know as it's for rent."

"There was a sign on the gate," Father's smile was most engaging.

The smile had the desired effect. The postmistress bobbed her head and disappeared behind the pigeon-holes. In a moment she returned with the key.

"I don't know as we can come to terms," she said, handing the key to Father with a visible air of reluctance. "The folks that own the house are particular."

"It may not suit us," Father said casually. "It's a little far from the centre of town."

Ann sent him a glance of disapproval. The house would suit them beautifully. It was just exactly right. Father shouldn't be offering purely fictitious objections.

But Father knew what he was doing. The postmistress showed signs of thawing a little.

"It's a nice house," she said. "Three bedrooms and running water."

"Yes?" Father's manner indicated a lofty indifference to bedrooms and running water. He turned to the door. "Thank you, Mrs. Bangs," he hesitated, his voice politely questioning.

"Bangs," she said. The word had the effect of a fire-cracker exploding.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bangs," Father bowed gravely. "I'll let you know what we decide just as soon as I can."

They went out to the car. Mrs. Bangs followed them to the sidewalk.

"It has a bathroom!" she called above the noise of the motor. Then she scuttled back into the post office like a small brown bantam hen with important things on her mind.

The interior of the house, when they found it, was dark and had a musty closed-up smell. They groped toward the windows, laughing, stumbling over furniture. When they had opened the shutters, they discovered that the lower floor had been converted into one large room with a fireplace extending along one side. The kitchen was a separate room at the rear.

They went up the narrow boxed-in stairs and inspected the second floor.

"This will be your workroom," Ann decided, indicating the room at the rear with two windows toward the bay. "We'll take out the bed and bring up the smaller table from downstairs. I'll take the front bedroom so I won't be disturbed if you want to work at night. And here is the bathroom!"

"Do you admire that shade of indigo blue?" Father asked.

"We'll do it over," Ann replied promptly. "Perhaps we can find an artist to paint mermaids on the ceiling."

"The woods are full of artists," Father eyed the tub doubtfully. It was small. "I'll have to bathe in sections."

"Easy!" Ann taunted. "This is for state occasions. You'll bathe in the bay. I like it, Father," she continued after a moment.

"Let's bring in the things from the car and claim squatters' rights."

They went downstairs and out into the sunlight. Father opened the rumble of the car.

"Here's your garden," he said, handing out the basket from the antique shop filled with small pots of wilted pansies and geraniums. "In spite of your loving care it looks a little dejected."

Ann took the basket. The plants did look forlorn, she thought, though she had watered them at gas stations all along the road. She should have thrown them away or given them to Miss Kate. It was ridiculous to have brought them all the way from New York.

Ann settled back on her heels, brushed a lock of hair back from her eyes, leaving a streak of dirt across her forehead.

"Will you get me some bone-meal?" she asked.

"Bone-meal?" Father's brow wrinkled with perplexity.

"Bone-meal is good for gardens," she said, touching with a gentle finger a drooping bronze-colored pansy.

CHAPTER 8.

FATHER'S workroom was swept and varnished. A table stood under one of the windows facing the bay equipped with a pile of yellow paper, note-books, an eraser and six pencils beautifully sharpened. A row of shelves, built to the accompaniment of a steady flow of conversation by Phineas Bangs, the garrulous, easy-going husband of the postmistress, held the books Miss Kate had forwarded from New York. Ann had made a cushion for the straight wooden armchair which Father had brought up from the living-room. "Eteminate," Father had complained. "Comfortable," Ann had replied. The portable typewriter, locked in its case, was relegated to a closet. Father meant to make a first draft of the novel in long-hand.

But Father did not set to work at once. Each morning he announced, displaying increasingly obvious signs of a guilty conscience as the first week of their residence on the Cape slipped into the second, the third, "To-morrow I'll begin."

Ann smiled with secret indulgence at Father's transparent excuses for delay. He must have time, she thought to become entirely familiar with his surroundings. His curiosity about people and places would not permit him to work peacefully until he had investigated and explored. Nagging at him would accomplish nothing. She tactfully ignored the purpose for which they had come to the Cape, accepted Father's suggestions, helped him to maintain the pretence of a care-free summer vacation.

She knew that the novel was never far from his thoughts. He gave her bits of information about Benjamin Lowell as they splattered-dashed the living-room floor, during the progress of a lesson in handling a sailboat, when they lay in the sun on the beach at Highland Light. Most of the information was familiar to Ann. Because of Father's deep interest in him, Benjamin Lowell had been one of the heroes of her childhood, a romantic figure, striding magnificently through her youthful imagination in company with Richard-the-Lion-Hearted, Robin Hood and the Three Musketeers.

Benjamin was Grandfather Lowell's elder brother. He had been born and reared on the farm near Greenfield, Vermont, and had been educated for the law. Brilliant, restless, endowed with romantic good looks and a gift for silver-tongued oratory, he had refused to let the green hills of New England limit his opportunities. He had left Vermont at the age of twenty-five after a short and doubtless very dull interval in a law office in Greenfield. His subsequent wanderings were lost

in obscurity until, ten years later, a letter had arrived in Greenfield announcing that he had opened a law office in Lexington, Kentucky.

The law office prospered, according to intermittent reports which came to the family in Vermont. Benjamin's more personal affairs prospered also. A short time later he married Cynthia Revel, a spirited beauty, eighteen at the time of her marriage, the daughter of a wealthy horse-breeder with an estate near Lexington. Benjamin and Cynthia migrated to Missouri, for no reason that was ever explained, and were living there when talk of opening the Indian Territory to white settlers threw the country into a ferment.

From this point in his romantic career Benjamin's diaries, sent home to Grandfather Lowell after his death, told an amazing story. Accompanied by the auburn-haired Cynthia and their daughter, a second edition of her mother, Benjamin had travelled west in a covered wagon, falling into fantastic adventures along the way, and on the day that militia guns at the border had officially opened the territory to settlers, he had pushed through with the roaring mob and staked himself a claim on the prairie.

"Old Benjamin was probably a gorgeous liar," Ann said, as she and Father sat reading the diaries one rainy evening when it was cool enough for a fire on the hearth.

"It does sound incredible," Father looked up from one of the calf-bound volumes. "But the records in Oklahoma City confirm his experiences. I talked to people there, to Aunt Cynthia herself."

"It's strange to think that she's still alive," Ann mused. "It all seems so far away—like a story, a legend."

"She's not more than sixty now," Father laughed. "A handsome woman. She lives with her third husband, an oil millionaire, in a pink stucco palace on the outskirts of Oklahoma City."

"And the little Cynthia?" Ann asked.

"I didn't see her," Father replied. "She spends most of her time abroad. Benjamin was considerable of a scamp, I'm afraid. He was killed in a gambling-house. I shall let him keep his picturesque characteristics, the bravado and reckless courage he must undoubtedly have had, and add to them the sturdier qualities of the men who made a state out of that prairie country. I'm writing a novel—not history. But if I can catch some of the color of the period, the courage and achievement—" He broke off with a sheepish smile. "That's a big 'if,' isn't it pigeon?"

"You can," Ann said confidently.

"Cynthia is a marvellous character."

"Isn't she?" Father's face glowed with enthusiasm. "I shall let myself go on Cynthia. She shall be a beauty, a spirited minx, a sweet tender-hearted woman. Our Cynthia shall become as famous as Becky Sharp. Whoa there, Jonathan! You're riding the wind again!"

No, the novel was never far from Father's thoughts.

Ann went swiftly to him and slipped her arms around his waist.

"Make it a good book," she said.

"I will," he promised gravely.

And so, over the clam-shells in the kitchen of the low white house Jessica Hale was christened.

One morning, at breakfast on the vine-screened porch, Father varied the formula which had become a custom.

"I'm going to make a start to-day," he said casually, accepting a second cup of coffee from Ann.

"It's a good day for it," she said quite as casually.

Her voice was level but her heart beat quickly, anxiously. It continued to hammer a light staccato rhythm as Father finished his coffee and leisurely smoked a cigarette.

"Wish me luck," he said, rising at last from the table.

"I do," she said lightly, the emotion she felt making her voice a little unsteady. "Fair winds and a summer sea."

He went off, whistling. Ann heard him climb the narrow stairs. She sent a fervent petition winging up into the clear, sunny air. "Oh please let him succeed!" she prayed from the depths of an anxious heart.

All morning she moved quietly about the lower floor of the house, listening for sounds from the workroom, waiting on the front steps for the iceman so that she might caution him not to make unnecessary noise. She couldn't settle to anything. Her thoughts were with Father in the workroom upstairs. It was so important that he should make a satisfactory beginning.

When he came down at noon, she sent him a swift, questioning glance. He shook his head.

"Here's the result of a morning's work," he said, handing her a single sheet of yellow paper.

Ann took the paper silently. At the top Father had written Chapter One. Drawings covered the rest of the page, the clever line drawings Father had done for the magazine, two cats on a fence, a ship, mice with exaggerated whiskers, a covered-wagon drawn by oxen, profiles, a decorated border.

"I couldn't get going," he said apologetically. He looked dejected and unhappy.

"Never mind," Ann said gaily. "To-morrow is another day. I think we can swim this afternoon," she continued, laying aside the accusing sheet of paper. "Some people were in this morning, and they weren't completely paralysed. Let's try it, shall we?"

The work was rough going at first. Father wrote and rewrote, smoked endless cigarettes. The workroom floor, at times, was a sea of crumpled paper.

"I'm used to a typewriter," Father said, in a flare of irritation one day at lunch, after a discouraging morning.

"Why not use it then?" Ann asked, silently sympathising, wanting to help him and not knowing quite how to proceed.

"No," Father said stubbornly. "I'll fall into old mannerisms. If I do. No journalistic tricks. This must be fresh, spontaneous. It's all there. I see it clearly. But I can't get it on paper." He pushed back his chair abruptly. "Why should I write a novel? There are millions of them in the world. Who'll read mine? Who'll publish it? I'd better mow the lawn. I can do that with a fair degree of success."

But though he raged at the futility of the undertaking, he went to the workroom each morning directly after breakfast. His persistence was eventually rewarded. One day he did not come down at noon. Ann waited, caught in a vacuum of suspense, unable to concentrate on anything, afraid to go near the workroom. At four o'clock he appeared. His hair was tousled. He looked exhausted. But the light of achievement was in his eyes.

"I've got it!" he called triumphantly, waving a sheet of yellow paper. "A whole chapter. Send up the rockets!"

He read aloud what he had written, striding back and forth across the living-room, running his free hand through his hair, glancing at Ann to catch her slightest reaction.

"Well—?" he demanded when he had finished.

"It's splendid, Father!" Ann's wide grey eyes were shining. Her voice was warm with enthusiasm.

"It is, isn't it?" Father was as cocky as a small boy who had done something spectacular and wanted to be admired. "Do you like Jason? Wait until Jessica appears. Isn't it a nice description of Jessica's home in Kentucky? How about food? I'm starved."

After that, the work progressed more smoothly. Ann was left to her own devices the greater part of the day. She seldom failed to amuse and occupy herself. She liked to do the marketing, wandering along the narrow main street, catching, between low buildings, brief glimpses of the bay, visiting the shops and the Portuguese bakery, watching fishermen at the docks, storing away in her mind bits of conversation, odd discoveries to amuse Father when she returned. It was pleasant to take sunbaths in a deck-chair on the lawn, to watch the gulls wheel up from the bay, to fall into lazy day-dreams over a book or a magazine. On rainy days there were household tasks to occupy her attention. And she liked to walk in a north-east storm, tasting salt on her lips, feeling her cheeks sting from the lash of the wind.

In an amazingly short time Father was on terms of cordiality with the entire village, summer residents and natives as well, from the Congregational minister to Portuguese Joe, who kept a fish-stand on Tarbell's dock. His height made him a conspicuous figure, his distinguished bearing, so oddly at variance with his "Hall-convict!" manner. Ann was very proud of him, a little amused at his obvious pleasure in the friendliness of the people. As the summer advanced, their evening walks through the village had a suggestion of a torch-light procession with banners.

Life on the cape was, for Ann, a lazy, pleasant existence. New York grew increasingly hazy and far away. She seldom thought of the city, or of the house on Washington Square. At times, when she picked a handful of pansies from the plants which, surprisingly, had flourished, she thought of the shop on Eighth Street, of the rosewood sofa, of the sandy brown young man with whom she had shared, for a brief moment, the intimacy of laughter, the sweet restless magic of spring.

She was contented with Father on the cape, interested in his work in the village. She enjoyed the comfort of abandoning conventional clothes for a bathing suit and duck trousers, for jerseys and sandals. The sun tanned her skin an even golden brown, accenting her clear grey eyes, and bleached tawny lights in her hair. She made friends among the summer residents, Don Mitchell, a young painter, and Lois, his wife, who looked hardly old enough to chaperon her own two-year-old daughter, the Patton girls, Angela Kirby and her brother, Ned, whose father was a former associate of Father's on the Boston "Herald." She was included in plans for picnics, clam-bakes, informal parties. Young people stopped in at the house for a game of croquet, for iced tea and sandwiches on the lawn—but never before four o'clock in the afternoon. Ann zealously guarded Father's working hours.

She was happy, contented, but there were times when she was conscious of loneliness, of a vague longing for something, never clearly defined, which dimmed her pleasure in the pleasant, friendly summer life of the village.

And then something happened, something exciting and unexpected. Ann had no warning of it as she walked home from the village, just before noon, one day early in August. She wore sailor trousers, over her bathing suit, a faded jersey, a bob cap perched at a jaunty angle. Under one arm she carried a fish for dinner, insecurely wrapped in a newspaper. She hummed, as she walked leisurely along the narrow sidewalk, a song, popular that summer, to which she had danced the evening before at the Mitchell's—

"So tired of sighing,

So tired of crying,

So tired of being alone—"

When she turned the bend in the road, the humming stopped abruptly. A car stood before the house, a long tan roadster with a folding windshield and a great

deal of shining metal. Ann quickened her pace, frowning with annoyance. Father was being disturbed. Callers were not permitted before four o'clock in the afternoon.

The caller stood at the front steps with his back turned toward the sidewalk. There was something familiar in the slim figure, the set of the shoulders under a belted flannel jacket, the sleek sandy head. Ann's heart skipped a beat. She knew in a flash of intuition stronger than actual recognition that it was the young man of the antique shop that, amazingly, it was Sandy.

He turned, confirming her intuition.

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello!" she answered.

"It is Ann, isn't it? A-n-n without an 'e'?"

"Yes." She opened the gate.

"You look different." He walked to meet her.

"It's the tan," she said. "Or the trousers, perhaps."

"I like them." He smiled the engaging smile she remembered so well. "Both are extremely becoming."

He extended his hand. Ann attempted to shift the newspaper bundle from her right arm to her left. It slipped out of her hand. He caught it deftly. They looked simultaneously at the tail of the fish poking out of the bundle. Then they looked at each other, their eyes brimming with laughter.

"Do you always drop things?" he asked.

"Only fish and flower pots. They grew," she added.

"The fish?" His expression was puzzled.

"The flowers. I used bone meal."

"Good!" His blue eyes twinkled. "I came for the basket, you know."

"It's here." She turned toward the house.

"Shall we go in and get it?"

"Did you bring it from New York?"

"Of course. You said you would come for it." She paused at the steps. "I have a parent," she said. "How shall I introduce you?"

"In the usual way, I suppose. Unless you have invented a new formula."

"I mean—what is your name?"

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Don't you know, really?"

"You neglected to mention it that day in the shop."

"Did I?" He laughed. "It's Ross MacArdle. I thought you knew."

They went into the house.

CHAPTER 9.

THEY sat, at dinner, on the verandah of an inn near Hyannis. From their table, under an awning of orange sailcloth, they had, looking out across the harbor at Hyannis Port, a distant glimpse of the sea. Twilight was approaching. Sunset reflections striped the water with gently moving bands of rose and gold and amethyst. Boats drifting into the harbor had rosy sails. They were alone on the verandah, lingering over dinner, postponing Sandy's departure.

The air held a soft luminance which gave Ann's skin a golden tint and brightened Sandy's sleek head. They seemed to float in a still sea of radiance, alone, absorbed in each other. Ann sat quietly at the table, slender and poised in a simple frock of cream-colored wool. Her eyes, under the brim of a rough straw hat, shone with shadowed happiness. This perfect moment was passing, would soon be gone.

Already the day had lengthened beyond the boundary Sandy had set. He had said at lunch that he was on his way to Bar Harbor where his mother and his two sisters were occupying the family's summer home and that he must be off before evening. They had spent the afternoon on the ocean beach, swimming, lying on the sand.

"I'd like to have dinner with you," he had said, unexpectedly towards the middle of the afternoon.

"Is that an invitation?" Ann had asked, making the question casual, conscious of the light swift beating of her heart.

"It's a hopeful suggestion," he had turned to face her, supple and slim in his bathing trunks and jersey, young and debonair, with that exciting quality which had attracted her the day she had talked to him in the shop. "There's an inn at Hyannis where the lobster is especially good. Will you go with me, Ann?"

And now they sat on the verandah of the inn, lingering, reluctant to leave. Ann had learned much about him during the progress of the afternoon.

"It's my turn to ask questions," she had said, settling herself comfortably into a scooped-out hollow in the sand.

"All right." He lay on his back, his head pillowed on his arms. "Nothing but the truth. If you're bored, you'll have only yourself to blame."

She hadn't been bored. She had been intensely interested in the information she had extracted from Sandy. Old Mr. MacArdie who kept the shop on Eighth Street was his great-uncle. His father was James MacArdie. He had seemed to think that Ann would recognise the name. It had, however, conveyed no meaning to her. She had inferred, through subsequent references to his father, that he was an extremely successful self-made man.

Ann liked the way he spoke of his family. He had toward them an attitude of indulgent amusement and sincere affection. They were clanish, she inferred, loyal to each other, disagreeing among themselves, united in any suggestion of criticism from outsiders. It would be strange to belong to a family, Ann thought, strange but very pleasant. In all the world she had only Father. If anything should happen to him—if, for any reason, they should be separated—the thought, passing through her mind, frightened her. Unconsciously, she moved a little closer to Sandy.

Sandy was twenty-six. He had been graduated from Princeton four years ago.

"What do you do?" she had asked, breaking a short interval of silence.

"Work, you mean?"

She nodded.

"Nothing much," he confessed.

"Just one of the idle rich?"

"I don't like that," he complained. "You aren't one of those noble young ladies who insist upon being a good influence, are you? No," he answered his own question. "I'm sure you aren't. I'd have known it at once. I wouldn't have remembered you. All of that is defensive," he had confessed. "I seldom admit it, but secretly I'm a little ashamed of being almost entirely useless."

In return for his confidences Ann had told him something of her life.

"Vacations were quite as confusing," she had said. "As a child my holidays were divided between Grandmother Lowell in Vermont and Grandmother and Grandfather Fairchild in Virginia. Later there were summer camps, visits with school friends, occasional trips with father. I often felt like a rather battered package scrawled all over with forwarding addresses."

His interest was flattering. It was pleasant to talk to someone who was appreciative attentive, who didn't interrupt. She told of the home she would like to have, of her affection for the apartment in Washington Square, of the rosewood sofa in the shop on Eighth Street.

"It was odd that I should have been there that day," he had said. "I'd gone with a message from dad. Are you glad I was there?"

"Yes," she had answered.

"You're direct," he had observed. "No coy evasions. I like that. I like you. I've been wanting to tell you since the second of May."

"You remember the date?" She had been surprised and delighted. "It was the second of May."

"Of course, I remember." His eyes had left the road, turned to glance at her sideways. "It's a very important date. Sandy discovered Ann on May the second. Shall we notify historians and put a bronze tablet on the shop?"

They laughed, gay young laughter, spontaneous and intimate. The long tan roadster, its motor purring rhythmically, followed the winding shore-line of the cape.

"I liked you," Sandy said gravely. "You knew all the correct answers. You had an adventurous nose." He leaned toward her across the table. "Did you know that I called you later that evening?"

"Did you?"

"Impulsive of me, wasn't it?" he smiled. "I called you just before I took a late train for Chicago. I didn't know I was going until I reached home. You didn't answer the telephone. Where were you?"

Her thoughts went back to the night of Father's party. Sandy must have called while she and Father were on the roof. They couldn't have heard the telephone. While she had been thinking of him, he had called. It didn't matter now. It was enough to know that he had wanted to talk to her again.

He did not appear to notice that she hadn't answered his question. "When I got back from Chicago, you had left the city," he continued. "The telephone was disconnected. I went to Washington Square. The mistress of the mansion gave me your present address."

"Miss Kate!" Ann said. "Bless her!"

"I can't write letters," he went on. "I waited until I could present myself in person. I wanted to know you. A day hasn't been nearly long enough."

"The waitress is hovering," she said lightly, not looking at him. "Shouldn't we be merciful and depart?"

He held her coat, bunched the soft wool collar up around her neck. They went out to the car.

"There's the first star," Sandy said. "Let's make a wish."

Looking up, Ann saw it shining bravely in the darkening sky, a tiny star, pale and far away.

"It doesn't work if you're older than ten," she said.

"You're probably right." He started the motor, released the brake. The car moved slowly away from the inn. "Too bad, isn't it?" he added. "I have a wish I'd like to make."

"Star-light, star-bright."

"First star I've seen to-night—"

The words sang themselves through Ann's head as the car bore them through the twilight back along the Cape. If a wish would keep Sandy! He was just as she had known he would be, gay, amusing, thoughtful at times, a delightful companion. To-day had been lovely. To-morrow.

"Star-light, star-bright."

Wishing wasn't any use if you were older than ten.

They reached the town beyond Hyannis and rode slowly along the main street.

"I don't want to go, Ann," Sandy said suddenly. "Dinner wasn't enough." The car slid in to the sidewalk, came to a stop.

"I want to have breakfast with you to-morrow and lunch and dinner again." He spoke rapidly, leaning towards her. "I want to sail in your boat and swim with you and find places to dance and talk to you hours and hours."

She caught her breath.

"I'd like that, too."

"Would you?" he asked. "You aren't merely being polite?" He looked at her searchingly. "Your eyes are shining. I believe you would. Excuse me." He opened the door of the car. "I'll be back in a second."

It was longer than a second. Ann sat waiting for him, looking along the street. An arc-light bloomed in the dusk, scattering pale blossoms of light. "Star-light,

star-bright," Ann whispered under her breath.

Presently she saw him coming toward the car, walking lithely, swiftly, hurrying back to her.

"I sent a telegram," he said. "We'll have breakfast together to-morrow."

CHAPTER 10.

ANN brushed her hair, twisted it into a knot at the nape of her neck. Bending toward the mirror, she smoothed her brows and reddened her lips. The mirror was wavy and imperfect. It gave her skin a greenish cast and distorted her features oddly. Ann was not depressed. She knew, in spite of the contradictory evidence of the mirror, that she looked especially well. Father had noticed it, too.

"You're becoming a beauty," he had said that morning at breakfast. "Sea air agrees with you. You're the color of a hot-house peach."

"It's pleasant to have a parent with a gift for words," Ann had answered.

He had looked at her thoughtfully across the small table on the porch.

"You have a shining look," he had continued, a gleam of affectionate amusement in his eyes, "as though you'd been walking along the milky way and had gotten star dust all over yourself."

Humming, she turned from the mirror, went to the closet, took from its hanger the grey angora suit which Sandy especially liked. They were driving to Dennis that evening, for dinner and a performance at the theatre. She fastened the skirt, the soft sound of her voice mingling, in the quiet, with the drumming rain on the roof.

It had been a happy week. Her dressing finished, Ann sat in a chair beside the window from which she could see the road. The clouded skies filled the room with early twilight. The leaves of the trees outside the window, stirred by the rising wind, brushed with a rustling sound against the screen.

Had she fallen in love with Sandy? She didn't know. Resting her head against the cushioned back of the chair, she thought of the things she liked in him, his gaiety, his gentleness, his intelligence, his physical charm. She had never known anyone so companionable. Being with him sharpened her perceptions, intensified her emotions; the sky was more brilliant, the sound of rain more poignant, the village more amusing, dancing a more ecstatic delight.

A happy week—and yet there had been troubled moments. Had she been afraid that she might be falling in love with Sandy? She clung to things so. When she really loved anyone it would be for ever and ever. Her life had been filled with change and uncertainty. She had never felt secure in any happiness. Something happened, Father—

Why couldn't she be casual as Father was, accepting changes, breaking ties, moving on to a new experience with a jauntiness. "Well, that's over!" Why couldn't she accept experiences as they came, enjoying the pleasant ones, forgetting the things that hurt? Why must she have the feeling of having to protect herself?

Father was a darling, she thought loyally, affectionately. He was a most amusing parent. But she had lived so much alone. If she'd had a home, two parents, brothers and sisters—would she have been different? Possibly. She'd had to depend so much on herself. She knew how dreadfully she could be hurt.

A car stopped before the house. Ann sprang from the chair, her spirits lifting, perplexing thoughts scattered by the familiar purring sound of Sandy's car. She'd been a goose to worry. Sandy was here!

She glanced out of the window, saw him close the door of the car. Her spirits drooped again. He wore a hat and a top-coat. He opened the gate, walked slowly

up to the house. She had a quick flash of intuition. He was going away!

That was absurd. Laughing shakily, she shook off the disturbing thought. He hadn't mentioned leaving this afternoon. But he wore a hat! He hadn't before, not even when it rained. And he walked so slowly. Usually he came hurrying in through the gate, whistling, calling her.

She was being absurd. Humming to reassure herself, she pulled on her hat, tucked a hairpin more firmly into the knot at the nape of her neck. She wasn't leaving. It wasn't possible. She heard him open the door, heard him call her name. Did she imagine that his voice sounded odd and subdued? She caught up her coat from the bed and went hurrying down the stairs.

When she saw him she knew that her intuition was trustworthy. He stood in the centre of the living-room, watching the stairs. His expression was dejected.

"Hello," she said, trying to make the greeting light and graceful.

"Read this," was his reply. Ann took the telegram. She read it hastily, looked up at him.

"It says can you be in New York at eleven o'clock to-morrow," she said.

"Can you means 'will you,'" Sandy answered.

"And 'will you' means 'must,'" "I'm afraid so," he answered.

"Well," she said, feeling suddenly forlorn. "I'm sorry," he said.

Sorry! It seemed a pallid word. But she must be casual.

"Can you make it?" she asked.

"If I drive all night."

They stood together in the centre of the room. Ann looked down at the toes of her sandals. Sandy looked at Ann.

"It's been nice having you here," she said resolutely.

He made no answer.

"How long will it take you to drive to New York?" She knew she was talking stupidly. She had to break the disturbing silence which filled the room. A voice somewhere inside of her kept repeating, "Be casual. The light touch, Ann."

Sandy lit a cigarette. His hands were not quite steady.

"You'll make good time," she said brightly. "There won't be much traffic. It's raining very hard."

"Good Lord, Ann!" Sandy said brusquely. "Must you be bright and merry?"

"Am I being bright and—?" Her lips trembled. "I'm trying. Am I succeeding?"

"I don't feel bright and merry inside."

"I'm sorry," His voice softened. "I'm growing because I don't want to go."

He hesitated. His eyes were pleading, shadowed. "I've liked being here awfully."

"I've liked your being here, too."

"Well—?" He straightened his shoulder, extended his hand. "Thank you for everything. It's been—It's been—"

"Yes, hasn't it?" she agreed. Her hand was in his. "Good-bye," she said. "Drive carefully."

She raised her head. Her eyes, grey as the twilight, met his. He tossed his cigarette into the fireplace, caught her in his arms.

"You're so sweet," he said huskily. "I don't want to go. I've never enjoyed anything so much. I think I'm a little in love with you."

"Are you, Sandy?"

"Aren't you a little in love with me?"

"I like you—awfully."

"Do you?" He held her away from him, looked at her intently, lingeringly. "I'm memorising you," he said, "the things that make you Ann; your grey eyes, your funny nose, your brows. The aren't quite level, darling. The left one lifts a little. Will you write to me?"

She nodded.

"And never forget me?"

"Never."

"I'll see you again. I'll come back. You'll be coming to New York."

"Sometime, perhaps. When the book is finished." She looked away from him.

"Won't you please go, Sandy? I—?" Her voice faltered. She steadied it with an effort. "I—I'm afraid I'm going to cry in a moment."

"You sweet!" His arms held her tightly, strong young arms, ardent, possessive. "I'd have had to go sometime."

"Yes."

"And I'll see you soon."

"Soon," she repeated, her cheek against his. How long was soon? An age. An eternity. And it might not be the same. People changed. She must not let herself be hurt. She drew away from him, clasped her hands behind her to keep them from clinging.

"Please, dear, I—I'm trying awfully hard not to cry."

Her head was bowed. He kissed her neck where a soft brown tendril had escaped from the twisted knot.

"Good-bye," he said gently. "See you soon. Good-bye sweet, tall child."

She turned as he closed the door, took a step forward, checked herself, stood motionless, waiting, listening. Sounds came to her, the click of the gate, the car door closing, the suave rumble of the motor.

She must be casual. What was Father's formula? Oh yes, "Well, that's that!" with a jaunty gesture.

"Well," she said resolutely, forcing words past the aching lump in her throat, "Well, damn it, that's that!"

CHAPTER 11.

ANN!

Someone was calling her. Was it Sandy? They were going to dance to-night. "Slumber on, my little gipsy sweet-heart!" It was lovely to dance with Sandy. Like floating. He held her so tightly. He was only a little taller than she. People watched them. "Roses are blooming in Picardy."

"Ann! Wake up, dear!"

She opened her eyes. There was a light in the room. She hadn't remembered that. Someone was kneeling at the hearth, striking a match. Oh, yes, it was Father. Sandy? Sandy had gone . . .

"Hello," she said.

"You were sleeping with your hat on." Father held the match to the kindling beneath the logs in the fireplace. Flames spurted up the shavings, violet, orange, green. Driftwood fires had lovely colors. Sandy was gone.

"Was I?" She pulled off the small crushed hat. "Did you have a nice dinner at the Mitchells?"

"You're home early." Father rose from the hearth. His height was always surprising. Sandy was only a little taller than she. He was slim and . . .

"I didn't go to Dennis," she said.

"Why not?"

"Sandy had a telegram." She looked down at the small crushed hat. "He's gone to New York."

"That's good." Father said. "Now, maybe, you'll pay some attention to me."

"Have I neglected you, Father?"

"I was joking." Father said quickly, contritely. He came to sit beside her on the sofa. "Do you mind very much?" he asked gently. "Are you—?" He paused, choosing words carefully. "Are you romantically interested in Sandy?"

"I like him—awfully." The last word came reluctantly. Her fingers made pleas in the soft crown of the hat. "Didn't you like him, Father?"

"Immensely," he said heartily. "I suppose I should make an effort to act like a parent. What do you know about him?"

"Not a great deal. Only what he has told me."

"You don't know his family?"

"No."

"How—where did you meet him?" Father laughed. He seemed a little embarrassed.

"Remember, I'm being a parent now." He frowned. "What have you been up to, young lady? Who is this puppy? Grr! Grr!"

She laughed shakily.

"I met him in an antique shop on Eighth Street in New York."

"The truth, young lady," Father said. "No bedtime stories to-night."

"But I did," she insisted. Hesitantly at first, and then with increasing ease, she told him of her encounter with Sandy in Mr. MacArdle's shop. It was a long story, involving the rosewood sofa, the apartment in Washington Square, the basket of plants she had brought from the city. Father listened interestedly, smoking, watching the changing expressions that moved across her face.

"So that's why you didn't want to leave the city," he said when she had finished.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"My reasons for wanting to stay seemed unimportant compared with the opportunity for you to write a book."

"But they were important to you," he said. "You make it easy for me to be selfish. You must not do that Ann." His voice was emphatic. "You must not make sacrifices for me. I've taken too much for granted."

"You haven't." Her hand slipped into his. "You've been—darling."

"I suppose someone will be wanting to marry you sometime. I won't like it. I've never realised that before. Inwardly, I'll be as resentful and clutching as any parent who ever kicked up a row and made everybody miserable. But I won't kick up rows."

"There is no immediate reason for alarm," Ann said, watching the changing colors in the driftwood fire. "There's been—I'm not thinking of marrying anyone."

"Will you tell me if—when you are?"

"Yes," she promised.

"Can I trust you?" He tilted her chin, looked down into her eyes. "You don't talk to me. You don't tell me the things you think and feel. That's something else that I haven't realised before. Why don't you? Aren't we good friends? Don't we understand each other?"

She looked down.

"I can't talk easily," she said, after a moment. "Until this past year I've been with you only in snatches. So many times there was no one to whom I could talk intimately. It takes practice, I guess. I've never learned how."

"And were there things you wanted to talk about?" Father asked gently. "When you were a child, when you were growing up? I'd like very much to know. Was there anything that troubled you then? Something you kept locked up inside of yourself, something that made you unhappy?"

"Yes," she said. "Many things. One, especially."

"Tell me," he said urgently. "I want so much to know you, Ann. It's a good night for confidences. Rain and a fire. Tell me what made you unhappy?"

"The thought of a stepmother," she said.

Father's expression was amusing, a mingling of astonishment and indignation.

"A stepmother?"

"Grandmother Fairchild was sure you'd marry again. I used to hear her discuss it with Aunt Bess and Aunt Helene."

"Your Grandmother Fairchild," Father said gruffly, "was a very silly woman."

"But I thought you would," Ann continued. "Women always fluttered about you so. Do you remember that Miss Lacey in New Orleans? I used to be awake nights loathing her. You see," she went on, wanting to make it clear, "many of the girls at school had stepmothers and nearly all of them were unhappy. For years the thought of a stepmother rode me like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea."

"No, Ann." He spoke gravely, deliberately. "I've never thought seriously of marrying again. I loved your mother. After she died—well, I'm a gipsy at heart, I suppose. I like to be free to move about. And I had you. Don't think of it—ever." His eyes brightened as he smiled. "As you have said once this evening, there's no immediate reason for alarm. Haven't we had enough of marriage? Are you sleepy? Can you bear to have me read you what I wrote this morning and yesterday and the—"

"What?" she asked absently.
"You weren't listening."

She glanced up at him, flushing. He was smiling, but his eyes looked disappointed, a little hurt. She was instantly contrite, ashamed of having disappointed him, of having permitted her thoughts to stray. Sandy was gone. She might never see him again. Father was here, a blessed reality, more important to her than anything in the world.

"I'm sorry," she kissed him, rumbled his hair, pressed her cheek against his. "I am sorry, father. I love you. I won't neglect you again."

CHAPTER 12.

AUTUMN came, bringing drowsy golden days, early twilight, long starlit nights crissed with an invigorating chill. Black-eyed Susans in the meadows gave place to golden-rod, sea lavender to yarrow and Queen Ann's face. The foliage of the sugar maples gleamed like exaggerated sunshine among the rust and scarlet of cottonwoods and oaks. The bay was brilliant, a bright blue-green, striped with rippling bands deepening from violet to purple.

The summer visitors departed, restoring the village to the residents. Suits of knitted silk, flannel trousers, carefully careless costumes disappeared from the streets. Loungers congregated about the grocery stores, the barber shop, the station. Tea shops and gift shops were closed. Awnings and colored umbrellas were folded away. The boy behind the soda fountain in the drug store discarded his white coat for a sweater. Summer was over.

The Lovells welcomed the quiet which followed the stir and bustle of summer. Father's working hours lengthened. The novel progressed smoothly, with only an occasional hitch. On the days when his work went badly, father was depressed and irritable. It sometimes taxed Ann's ingenuity to restore his patience and confidence. Having a literary parent, she thought on the bad days, was not an unmitigated blessing. It required a great deal of understanding and affection to keep one's self serene and the atmosphere tranquil.

But the bad days were infrequent. Usually, Father was confident, enthusiastic, even a little swaggering. He revised the first half of the novel and Ann began the tedious task of typing. She worked carefully, patiently, handling carbon paper deftly for fear of making smudges, bending over the typewriter with an expression of anxious concentration.

She felt that the novel was good. It had life, vigor, a subtly ingratiating rhythm. The characters seemed to live and breathe. Or was she prejudiced because it was father's work? Because she had, in a sense, helped to create the characters? She tried to judge it without prejudice. But always, as she read, she became lost in the story, intrigued by the rhythm of the sentences, unable to judge it impartially.

Father talked to her about the novel. They discussed the characters as though they were living persons, intimate friends. "Is Jessica too noble?" father asked. "Would she have brandished a pistol before that mob? Does she overshadow Jason? Is there a woman in the world like Mrs.

Truworthy? Do you suppose anyone will say, 'She's like Aunt Laura or Cousin Beulah?'"

It was quiet existence. Ann delighted in the brilliant coloring of autumn, loved walking over the dunes, or lying in the mellow warmth of the sun. She was interested in Father's work, and didn't especially dislike necessary household tasks. But the nights were long. She had a great deal of time for reflection.

Sandy had not returned. She had been confident that he would. Each morning when she woke she thought, "To-day he will come"; each evening, "To-morrow, perhaps."

He had not come. He wrote to her frequently, at first, sent her telegrams, odd little gifts. His letters were disappointing. They expressed nothing of Sandy. They were sketchy chronicles of his activities. They usually contained an apology for his inability to write interesting letters. Tommy Allen might have written them, or any one of a number of unimportant people.

She would never forget Sandy. There was, she was sure, one person in everyone's life whom they never entirely forget. Sandy would be that to her. She would remember him whenever a strain of music, a scent, some trivial thing, recalled the enchanted week on the Cape. As she grew older she would glorify him, exaggerate his interest in her. She heard herself, a distinguished old lady in black silk and rose-point lace, telling her eldest grandchild of Sandy. "He was slim, and sandy, and brown, my dear. He loved me very much." And when the eldest grandchild asked, with a directness inherited from her, "Why didn't you marry him, Grandma?" she would sigh and smile and shake her beautifully-waved white head, "Ah, my dear," she would answer, "Why...?"

The first cold weather came in November. The Lovells had a foretaste of what lay ahead. The house had not been built for winter occupancy. They contrived to keep the first floor livable by means of the fireplace and the range in the kitchen, and Father set up a chunk-stove in his work-room. The bedrooms were cold and draughty. They added to their supply of bedding and Ann took a hot brick wrapped in flannel to bed with her each night.

The effort to keep warm had the charm of novelty. It was diverting, to Ann, to run downstairs in the morning and dress in the warmth of the kitchen. She liked to wrap up warmly and walk to the post office or the grocery store through the cold biting air.

The weather moderated. There were days, after Thanksgiving, almost as balmy as the Indian Summer. They were able to walk leisurely during the progress of their long afternoon tramps. They unfolded the canvas chairs and sat in the sun on the lawn. Father's novel was the central theme of their conversation.

They frequently discussed the debatable question of a title. They returned to it, as they walked into the village one afternoon from a tramp along the shore.

"A title is important," Father said musingly. "I'd thought of 'Empire.'"

"Isn't that a little—I don't know—cold?" Ann objected. "Oughtn't it to be something appealing?"

"Of course," Father agreed and was silent.

They sat on high stools before a counter adorned with catsup bottles and fly-specked menus in tarnished holders. At an unexpected moment, when Father was exchanging joking amenities with Sam, and Ann was approving of her complexion in the spotty mirror behind the counter, Father suddenly exclaimed:

"The Last Frontier," Father read grandly triumphantly. "How's that, pigeon?"

"It sounds a little like a Wild West movie," she objected. Her brow cleared. "I'm not sure. I think perhaps it's rather good."

"So do I. It appeals to an adventurous imagination if there's one left in this effete civilisation." He turned to Sam, a sallow young Greek with a mop of curling black hair. "Hurry the coffee!" he said expansively. "This is an occasion."

They discussed the title further at various times, rejected it, accepted it again; decided to use it.

"The Last Frontier," Father read grandly from one of the flyspecked menus. "By Jonathan Lowell, Thirtieth Printing. Critics are unanimously of the opinion—" He paused, turned to her apprehensively. "Will anyone publish it?" he asked. "Is it good? Have I written a novel?"

Father's uncertainty was contagious. Ann felt her heart plump down into her moccasins. Was it good? Father must not know that she, too, had moments of doubt.

"Of course you have!" she said gaily. "It's splendid! Publishers will fight for it!" She raised her cup of coffee with a gallant gesture. "Gentlemen," she said laughingly, "I pledge you 'The Last Frontier!'"

"Little liar!" He squeezed her hand. His voice was not quite ready. "You're a good trooper, Ann."

The novel was ready for a publisher in December. Ann finished the last page one snowy afternoon just as the early sunset set a rosy light straining in through the window. She typed THE END, drew a long breath, stretched her arms to ease the painful cramp between her shoulders, and shouted for Father.

They had decided to submit it, first, to Patterson-Carey in New York.

"I've met Bob Carey," Father had said. "Very likely he won't remember me, and I shan't test his memory. But if he should—" He had smiled with a sheepish expression. "Well, it never does any harm to have a friend at court."

The package looked very impressive, wrapped in light tan paper and tied with red cord left over from doing up Christmas boxes.

"How about a Santa Claus sticker?" Father asked. "Or a small sprig of holly?"

"With love and kisses," Ann added. Her cheeks were flushed. Her eyes were bright. But there was a whisper of fear in her heart.

They went to the post office, walking through the twilight along the snowy street.

CHAPTER 13.

WAITING was difficult. An atmosphere of uneasiness, a feeling of tension filled the low white house at the edge of the village. Father was restless. He commenced a short story, abandoned it, assembled materials for a ship model, lost interest in the project, engaged Portuguese, Joe to teach him to play the accordion.

Ann, too, was unable to concentrate on anything. She made a number of plans, telling herself that this was an excellent time to make a hooked rug, to embroider peasant sleeves for a dress, to knit a suit for herself. She accomplished nothing beyond having Holly send her materials and cluttering the living-room with skeins of wool and embroidery silk. Eventually she resorted to the circulating library for amusement, reading indiscriminately to hasten the passing of plodding hours. The fate of the novel hovered over the Lovells, darkening the sun.

Actually, the letter came less than a month after the manuscript had been mailed. Ann took it from the box in the post office and stood looking at it. The envelope was of smooth, heavy paper. Patterson-Carey was engraved in the left-hand corner and underneath was a trade mark, an ink bottle and a quill pen neatly designed. Her heart fluttered in her throat. If Father were there—if she had driven up-town this morning—

The distance home seemed interminable. She hurried along, breaking at times into a run, slowing to a trot when her breath gave out, wondering, conjecturing, clutching the letter in a woolen-gloved hand. When she reached home at last, she flung herself through the front door and called breathlessly, "Father!"

The wheezy strains of "Yankee Doodle" broke off on a sighing note. Father laid the accordion on the sofa, rose, took the letter without comment.

Ann watched him as he read it, her eyes wide and anxious, her breath suspended in an agony of uncertainty.

Still without comment, he handed the letter to her. She read it quickly, her eyes travelling across the neatly-typed lines. Patterson-Carey were interested in "The Last Frontier." They would like to publish it early in the spring. For a first novel, they considered it well written, interesting. Would it be possible for Mr. Lowell to come to New York so that the matter of a contract might be arranged.

"Father!" The letter fluttered to the floor. Ann flung herself at him crying happily. "I'm so glad! I'm so glad!"

The moment of exultation passed. The miracle lost a little of its glory. Now that the fate of the novel was definitely decided, they told each other that they had never doubted the outcome. They reread the letter. Father was even a little annoyed.

"They aren't very enthusiastic," he said grumpily. "For a first novel! It's a good story, Ann. Why can't they admit it? What's the use of being so cautious and guarded?"

But the grumpiness was only a gesture. Ann knew that Father was delighted.

"Shall you go to New York?" she asked. For an instant there was in Father's eyes the eager light which told Ann that already he was moving on in search of new scenes, new experiences. In his thoughts he was in New York, looking up old acquaintances, sitting in the basement of the Hoffman on 52nd Street, climbing the balcony of the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York! Friends and talk, lights and crowds, music, excitement. Since he'd finished the book, he'd been dreadfully bored, poor darling!

As she looked at him, the light left his eyes. He shook his head.

"Can't afford it," he said. "I'll write to Patterson-Carey. We can arrange everything by mail."

A contract duly arrived. "Ten per cent. on the first five thousand," Father read aloud. "Twelve and a half on the second five thousand. Fifteen per cent. over ten thousand. What does that make us, pigeon? Natives or millionaires?"

They talked soberly, at times, of what would happen to them, if the novel shouldn't have a good sale.

"It won't," Father said repeatedly. "And what if it doesn't? That won't alter the fact that it's a good story."

"Of course it won't," Ann said loyally, trying not to see the boarding-houses and small hotels that flocked dearly through her mind. "If the first one doesn't the second will. It is your first novel, darling."

He smiled affectionately.

"You're a good trooper, kitten."

It was, of course, more exhilarating to consider what would happen to them if the novel sold five thousand copies, or ten, or—breath-taking thought!—twenty-five.

"We'll go abroad!" Father said, his eyes lighting. "We'll live in Brittany or Italy or Germany. American money is worth more, over there, than it is here, Germany," he repeated, seeing visions and dreaming dreams. "Music and sausages, forests and toys, Wagner and Beethoven, Christmas trees and the Rhine."

"We'll go abroad on the royalties from the second novel." Ann, too, was seeing visions and dreaming dreams. "But first, we'll arrange to buy this house, Mrs. Bangs told me that the people who own it are willing to sell. We can pay so much down and paper the upstairs with mortgages. We can, Father, I've inquired."

Father glanced at her musingly.

"We'll have a home," he promised. "This house, if you want it. Women need a home. That's something I must remember." His thoughts veered to the novel. "Why shouldn't it sell?" he asked. "It's a good story. Think of the stuff people read. No, don't think of it. It's too depressing. Let's go for a walk."

February came, bringing a beautiful snow, thawing weather, rain and slush, thin sunshine, a bitter wind, and at the end of its stormy sojourn, the first galley proofs of the novel.

"It looks different in print," Ann marvelled, turning the long strips of glossy paper. "Like a real book."

Father pretended to be offended. "It is a real book."

They worked over the proofs, changing a word occasionally, catching misplaced letters, transpositions, errors in punctuation. During the intervals between tedious hours of proof-reading, life moved on quietly, monotonously. Father returned to the short-story and to the proof-reading. Ann made some progress on the knitted suit. People came in occasionally in the evenings. The winter seemed very long.

Ann thought often of Sandy. His letters came at longer and longer intervals. She realised, early in March, that he had not written to her for a month.

He had sent her, at Christmas, a figure carved from ivory. It was an exquisite figurette, a dancing girl, with arms upflung, her face turned to the sky, a filmy skirt blowing back from her long and graceful legs. Ann had given a little cry of delight when she took it from the wrappings of cotton and paper. The ivory had a warm pale rosy tint. It was beautifully carved. The dancing girl smiled and the miniature nose tilted a little at the tip. On the card which accompanied the gift Sandy had written—

"This is how I think of you—"

Ann looked at the ivory figure very often during the next few weeks. If that was how Sandy thought of her, she was, to him, an exquisite memory. The statuette was a lovely tribute, a song, a poem in ivory. She told herself that it was better that they had not met again, that they had not attempted to recapture the enchantment of the week they had shared. Repetition strengthened the conviction. Most of the time she was sure she was right.

Most of the time—

Late in March a package arrived bearing the familiar trade-mark of Patterson-Carey. It contained twelve complimentary copies of "The Last Frontier."

"The jacket's nice, isn't it?" was Father's comment.

"Yes," Ann agreed. "Dignified." She looked at the name on the blue and gold cover. Jonathan Lowell. Jonathan Lowell! Why that was Father! Feeling happy and excited, she turned the first few leaves.

The third leaf bore a dedication—

For

Ann Fairchild Lowell.

"Father!" she cried tremulously, happily, very close to tears.

He stood watching her, a tender expression in his eyes.

"Didn't you expect it?" he asked.

"I didn't think of it. You see, I—I've never helped to write a book before." She went to him, tears in her eyes, a smile trembling across her lips. "I'm so proud and happy." She kissed him, pressed her cheek against his shoulder. "I—I don't know whether to laugh or cry."

"You're doing both at present." He wiped away her tears with his handkerchief. "Baby! Here—blow!"

"The Last Frontier" went on sale the eighth of April. A week later Father received a telegram from Patterson-Carey which lacked entirely the restraint which had characterised their previous communications.

"Last Frontier" selling splendidly. Third printing to-day. Can you come to

New York at once? Our publicity department must have information and photographs. We want to meet you. Congratulations."

"We're off, pigeon!" Father shouted jubilantly. "What time is it? How long will it take you to pack? Can we start to-day, to-morrow?"

Four hours later they were ready to leave. Ann, dressed for the journey, took a last tour through the house. The exciting message from Patterson-Carey, the hectic packing had given her no time for full realisation of the fact that they were leaving the Cape. Now, as she wandered from the kitchen into the living-room, waiting for Father to return with the car, the realisation came, subduing her excitement, depressing her high spirits.

She loved the low white house. She and Father had been happy here. A feeling of nostalgia swept over her, an aching affection for the andirons in the fireplace, for the empty book-shelves, for the sofa beside the hearth. Would she and Father return? Would she ever see again the sunlight streaming in the east window, the dog hooked into the rug in the front of the door, that half-burned bayberry candle in the pewter holder?

They were going to New York! She would see Holly! Father's novel was selling splendidly. Sandy—

Thought of Sandy set her heart to thudding with a frightened sort of happiness. Her eyes, shadowed, a little misty, moved slowly around the familiar room. There was the table on which she and Father had had meals beside the fire. Sandy had sat on the foot-stool. She was glad she had decided not to take down the curtains. It would have been dismal to leave the windows bare. Would they ever return to the village? Her fingers moved caressingly across the back of a chair.

Father, coming in through the front door, saw her hand lingering against the faded chintz.

"You don't mean to say you're sorry to leave that chair," he said laughingly. "No one has ever been able to sit in it. The springs poke through. Good heavens, Ann!"

She smiled faintly.

"I'm a sentimentalist, I suspect, Jonathan."

CHAPTER 14

NEW YORK was responding to the first shy advances of spring. There were lilacs in the stalls of the flower-vendors, daffodils, small, tight bunches of arbutus. The shops were gay with spring millinery, pert looking suits, summer furs, bright-colored frocks. People walked jauntily in the pale-yellow sunshine.

Father hailed a taxi, gave the driver Patterson-Carey's address.

"It's so noisy!" Ann exclaimed. "Doesn't everything move faster than it used to? I'm breathless and nearly deaf!"

"Hayseed!" Father said teasingly. "Just a little country girl adrift in the city. I like it!" He was eager, alert, interested in everything. "Adventures, Ann! Surprises!"

Patterson-Carey's offices were impressive. Ann was increasingly conscious of her lack of grooming. She would have a shampoo and a manicure this afternoon, she thought as, following Father, she walked over thick-napped rugs between paneled walls chastely adorned with etchings.

A cool-looking blonde, sleekly marcelled, her nails pink and shining, advanced to meet them. Her greeting was disinterested, a little patronising. Ann resolved to add a facial to the shampoo and marcel.

"May I see Mr. Patterson or Mr. Carey?" Father asked pleasantly.

The blonde was doubtful. She looked them over appraisingly. "Have you an appointment?" she asked.

"I think we have." Father's manner was easy, unselfconscious. Ann was very proud of him. But he needed new clothes, poor darling! "The name," he added, "is Jonathan Lowell."

The blonde young lady's manner changed instantly. She was, at once, all smiles and affability and little fluttering movements. "Oh, yes, Mr. Lowell," she said, almost cooing. "Mr. Patterson and Mr. Carey are expecting you. I'll take you to Mr. Patterson's office."

Mr. Patterson was a meticulously dressed, somewhat stout, middle-aged gentleman, with iron-grey hair, a fresh high color, and eye-glasses on a black ribbon fastened in the lapel of his coat. He greeted them with enthusiastic cordiality, pushed forward chairs, and summoned Mr. Carey.

Mr. Patterson did not talk. Ann discovered almost at once. He made pronouncements. He made many during the progress of the interview. "The Last Frontier" gave signs of being a success. For a first novel, it was very well done. The critics were giving it splendid reviews. He congratulated Father on his achievement, Patterson-Carey for their discernment and good judgment. Mr. Patterson was unctuous, a little pompous, faintly patronising.

Mr. Carey was younger. Ann liked him at once. He was tall and loosely put together, with rather serious dark eyes, a lean face, a comfortably casual manner. Ann caught a humorous twinkle in his eyes now and then as Mr. Patterson continued to make pronouncements. The twinkle was endearing. She knew that she would like him.

Mr. Patterson presently bore Father off to the office of the publicity department.

"So, you're Ann," Mr. Carey said when they were alone in Mr. Patterson's office.

"Yes," she said, feeling more at ease.

"The Last Frontier is splendid," he said, as though he hadn't expected her to be impressed by Mr. Patterson's pronouncements. "I liked it immensely when I first read it. We thought it would have a fair sale, but we weren't prepared for a landslide."

"Is that—what's happening?" she asked. "Looks like it." He smiled at her reassuringly. "Do you think you can stand it?"

"Oh, yes." She returned his smile.

"Your father is, in himself, excellent publicity. I met him a couple of years ago. He has a great deal of magnetism, a friendly approach. We're fortunate to have caught him early in the game. He's sure to be a success. Where are you staying?" His eyes twinkled. "This sounds like an interview, Miss Lowell."

"We don't live anywhere," Ann answered. "I mean—"

She told him something of their previous life, of the village on the Cape. She forgot that she looked seedy.

She liked Mr. Carey. She liked him very much.

Father returned, after a while.

"I'll be here the rest of the afternoon," he said. His manner for Mr. Carey's benefit was casual, and controlled. Ann knew that he was excited, a little dazed, even a bit embarrassed. "Can you amuse yourself? I'll meet you at the hotel."

Ann glanced at a clock in the hall. Quarter to three. There was time for a complete renovation before dinner. There was time, also, for a visit with Holly. Going down in the elevator she weighed the two alternatives. By the time she had reached the street Holly had won.

The house in Washington Square looked exactly the same. Ann smiled at her feeling of surprise. It seemed longer than eight or nine months since she and Father had gone to the Cape. She walked down the steps to the basement entrance and pressed the bell. What if Holly shouldn't be at home? She felt that she couldn't bear that disappointment.

Holly was at home. She came to the door in poppy-colored pyjamas, her dark hair bound in braids about her small, well-shaped head. Her eyes, always a little sombre, brightened with pleasure.

"Hello!" Ann said.

"The bad penny!" Holly's lovely voice answered. "Ann, darling! I'm so glad to see you!"

"You look prosperous," Ann said, her eyes bright with happiness, straying about the room. "It's nice to be here. I've missed you."

"I'm playing the maid in 'Lady Slippers,'" Holly said, in reply to Ann's first comment. "It's having a good run." She gave her a quick, impulsive hug. "It's grand to have you here. Are you going to stay? Where will you live?"

Nina came out from the bedroom, preventing, just then, any reply to Holly's questions. She looked more than ever like a grown-up wax-doll in what Ann supposed was a tea-gown of lace and chiffon.

They talked this afternoon away. Ann asked for news of her friends in the old brick house. Holly and her mother supplied it willingly, amusingly, interrupting each other, squabbling amiably over details. Ann learned that Miss Kate was well, as busy and as kindly as ever. She learned that Miss Eloise was a convert to Advanced Thought and went about with an air of serene detachment.

The musical Mr. Gordon had departed, vanishing so quietly, so unobtrusively, that they didn't know he had gone until one of Miss Eloise's sisters in Advanced Thought had moved into his vacated room.

Tommy Allen, Ann learned, was still there, still working for the import company, still telling collegiate anecdotes.

"He'll be transported to a seventh heaven of bliss when he knows you're here," Holly said mischievously. "He's spent hours boring me with his passion for you."

"Tommy is the kindest person in the world," Ann said, smiling.

"And the most unalluring," Holly added, which seemed, for the time, to dispose of Tommy.

Ann inquired about the apartment in which she and Father had lived. Had the people Miss Kate told her of taken it—the bride and groom? Were they occupying it now? Did Holly like them? What had they done to the apartment?

"Hoity-toity!" Nina said, lifting her pointed chin, sitting erect in her chair.

"Really?" Ann asked, amused.

"The bride is pink and white and pretty," Holly continued. "Very, very Southern. Pillars and boxwood gardens and old family servants who call her 'Lil' Missy' and 'honey child.' Miss Kate told us that her home was in Delaware. Not that I have anything against Delaware, but it rather spoiled the illusion. She fluttered in here one afternoon. I rather think Miss Kate had sent her to pay a call. We—"

Nina interrupted. She rose, took a few mincing steps, opened her eyes in a wide ingenuous stare.

"Oh, isn't it cunning!" she said in a languid drawl, obviously impersonating the bride. "It's Bohemian, isn't it? Ah was so excited Ah nearly died when Ah heard yu-all were on the stage. Ah don't know what mah folks will say when Ah tell them Ah'm livin' in a house with sho'-nuff actresses! Isn't New Yawk simply thrillin'?" They made such a baby of me at home. Ah feel like Alice-in-Wonderland!"

Nina abandoned the ingenuous stare and the very Southern accent.

"Punch took a nip at her ankles," she said drolly. "He was a nice doggy, yes he was."

Holly and Nina asked many questions. Ann told them of the low white house at the edge of the village on the Cape. She gave them an account of the progress of Father's novel from the day he had started to the memorable moment when it had disappeared behind the grating in the post office. She told them of the anxiety of waiting, of their relief when it was accepted, of the telegram which brought them back to New York. She told them of her visit with Father to Patterson-Carey's offices;

of Mr. Patterson who made pronouncements and Mr. Carey whom she liked. She did not speak of Sandy.

"All the bookshops are full of 'The Last Frontier,'" Holly said, companionably sharing Ann's excitement. "Mother is responsible," she added. "The day it was published she made the rounds. If she found a shop that hadn't it, she was astounded and indignant and very Lady Vere-de-Vere."

"Why, Holly—!" Nina exclaimed with indignation.

"Oh yes you did!" Holly laughed at Nina's indignant expression. Holly was lovely when she was animated, Ann thought. Her eyes held glints of laughter, like stars reflected in forest pools. In repose, her face was sombre, always a little sad. How beautiful her hands were! Gay, this afternoon, moving to lifting music. Holly wasn't beautiful. But there was something about her, a suggestion of mystery, an enigmatic quality, provoking, appealing. You felt that you would never know her completely.

Twilight came early in the basement apartment. The light coming in through the long glass doors changed from yellow to violet, from violet to mauve. Nina, the dogs at her heels, went into the kitchenette to make tea. Ann switched on a shaded lamp beside her chair. Holly's face, her long figure in the poppy-colored pyjamas, was blurred by shadows.

"Your Father's novel is splendid," she said, breaking a silence.

"I think it is," Ann replied.

"It was nice of him to send me an autographed copy."

"He thought of you first," Ann recalled the afternoon when the package of advance copies had arrived. A drift-wood fire had burned in the fireplace.

"Did he?" Holly asked. Was there a wistful note in her voice? Ann had a startled feeling of surprise and apprehension. Was Holly—?

"I think I should have known that he wrote it," Holly continued. "It's like him, strong, vivid, alive."

Again there was silence in the room. Ann sat motionless in the deep cushioned chair. The thought returned, surprising, disturbing. Was Holly in love with Father? She had never had the vaguest suspicion of it when they lived in Washington Square. She had known that Holly was fond of Father, that he admired her. Had Holly loved Father in the days when the three of them had ridden down Fifth Avenue on the top of a bus, pretending that they were riding elephants in India? Had Holly loved Father when they had climbed to the balcony of the Fourteenth Street theatre to see a play, the evenings they had dined at Louie's on spaghetti and garlicky salads, the long hours they had spent talking in their apartment or Holly's? Had Holly been in love with Father then? . . .

She was comfortably convinced that her suspicion had no foundation of reality when Holly left the couch and, moving about the room, switched on all the lamps. In the softly brilliant light her face was serene, her dark eyes tranquil. She brought in the tray for Nina. Ann arranged the table. The pot of primroses gave it a festive air. Nina turned the dial of the radio. The melody of a popular song lifted through the room.

They were gay over the tea and thin bread-and-butter. Nina told her drollest stories. Holly laughed. Ann responded to the gaiety. The disturbing thought about Father was lost in merriment and laughter, in the delight of having tea with Nina and Holly again.

Father was not there when Ann returned to the hotel. She took a hot bath and, wrapped in a dressing-gown, lay on the bed. It had been an exhausting day. What lay ahead of them? Success for Father? What would it bring?

Again the noise of the city, advancing, retreating, was like the breaking of ocean waves in a storm. Lying on the narrow bed, she pictured the beach at Highland Light. How the waves had thundered the day that she and Sandy had climbed to

the top of the lighthouse! There had been no rain that day. Only wind and thundering waves.

Sandy! He might be nearby at this moment. The realization came to her, all at once, blurring her picture of the beach at Highland Light. She was in New York! Sandy was close to her. Her eyes flew to the telephone on the table beside her bed. He might talk to him!

Her hand touched the telephone tentatively, withdrew, buried itself in the pocket of her dressing-gown.

It wouldn't do any harm to find the number in the directory. Her heart thudded as she turned the pages. James MacArdle. That was it. His father was James MacArdle. Silly to be so excited. Ridiculous that figures should make her heart feel suddenly too big for her breast. She wouldn't call him. Not to-day. Next week, perhaps. How did these dial things work?

There was a sound in her ears like the faint roaring of a shell. She listened intently. Through the faint roaring, above the thudding of her heart, she heard a voice.

"Is this the residence of James MacArdle?" she asked, speaking clearly, distinctly.

"Yes." Not Sandy's voice. A maid, perhaps.

"May I speak to Sandy, please?" It was

it in a rush. She held her breath.

"You must have the wrong number," the

voice said. "There's no one of that name here."

The connection was broken. Ann set the telephone on its stand. But of course! Relief came flooding into her heart. Sandy was her name for him. She laughed, a tremulous sound in the quiet room. She should have asked for Ross MacArdle.

But the error had destroyed her confidence. She did not dial the number again.

CHAPTER 15.

THE Lowells established a residence in an apartment hotel. The apartment consisted of two bedrooms, a living-room furnished in veneered walnut and electric blue velvet, a lime-green bathroom with light caramel woodwork, a diminutive kitchenette. Father, on their first tour of inspection, pointed out to Ann the convenience of the location, and the attractive features of the apartment.

Ann made an effort to appear enthusiastic. Inwardly she was dismayed. The apartment had the homelike charm of a window in a furniture store. There was no place for the rosewood sofa. She couldn't by any stretch of the imagination picture the sofa in this atmosphere of varnish and French prints and figured net curtains and Oriental rugs made in Fall River, Massachusetts. No, she decided, for the present, the sofa would have to remain in storage.

Still the apartment did promise a certain amount of soulless comfort. The arrangement was temporary, at any rate. When they had definite knowledge of the royalties they might expect, they would find more congenial quarters. Ann made only one objection.

"But Father—where will you work?" she asked.

Father was riding the crest of an exhilarating wave. He was in high good humor that morning.

"In my bedroom," he said, smiling at her anxious expression. "Or in the kitchenette. That ought to be a good place. When the weather gets warm I'll move inside the refrigerator."

He had, however, no immediate use for a workroom. The Patterson-Carey presses continued to print thousands of copies of "The Last Frontier": the bindery to encase them in blue and gold covers, the shipping clerks to pack them, the public to purchase them with no apparent diminishing of enthusiasm. The Patterson-Carey pub-

licity department became a beehive of activity. Literally overnight Jonathan Lowell became famous.

"It isn't possible!" Ann marvelled one morning shortly after their return to New York. She and Father sat at breakfast in the living-room of the apartment. The floor about them was strewn with newspapers and letters. Ann sent a pale blue envelope, addressed in feminine writing, fluttering down to join the accumulation on the floor. "It simply doesn't happen," she said, "except in novels."

"Hum!" Father asked absently, glancing up from a letter in his hand.

"This becoming famous overnight," Ann's gray eyes were bewildered, incredulous. "It simply doesn't happen."

"Of course it doesn't," Father said, his eyes twinkling. "We're dreaming. We'll wake up and find that the water pipes have frozen again, and Joe didn't leave the fish for breakfast. Let's eat this meal before we do. It looks very delicious."

It had happened. There were many things to convince them. Every evening a messenger boy brought a packet of correspondence from Patterson-Carey's; letters of congratulation from contemporary novelists, letters of praise from readers, letters from persons with literary aspirations. How many there were of them! There were letters, too, from Father's former associates, letters which began humbly: "Well, Johnny, old man, you've made a ten-strike. Little did I think, in the good old days when you and I—" letters in a more humble key. "My dear Mr. Lowell, I don't suppose you will remember—"

There, too, was the Press. Patterson-Carey gave a Press luncheon in Father's honor. After the luncheon, the Lowells were besieged by reporters. Father welcomed them cordially. Sitting on the veneered walnut table in the living-room, or striding across the spurious Oriental rug, he talked to them intimately, recalling his former experiences as a reporter, exchanging pleasantries, discussing baseball, journalism, horse-racing, religion, entirely overlooking the fact that the reporters had come for a literary interview.

He was, as Mr. Carey had predicted, his own best publicity agent. The gentlemen of the Press responded to his simple friendliness, his casual acceptance of his astounding success. And then the ladies of the Press!

"They yearn at you!" Ann commented, half-teasingly, half-indignantly.

"Good Lord, Ann!" Father looked a little embarrassed.

"They do," she insisted. "That girl from the 'Star.' She looked at you like a rabbit looking at a nice green head of lettuce."

"Idiot!" Father shied a sofa cushion at her. "She was a nice kid," he said, after a moment. "Her father is a musician. She plays the harp."

"Did you interview her?" Ann asked, smiling teasingly over. "Or did she interview you?"

"A little of both," Father admitted. "She asked me if I liked music. That's how it started. I was interested in her."

That, of course, was the secret of Father's success with the ladies of the Press, with the stenographers in Patterson-Carey's offices, with hostesses and visitors and ladies with literary aspirations. And he was distinguished-looking. His photograph, any one of the dozen new poses, was almost constantly in the newspaper. Jonathan Lowell was a personage, a figure touched with romance.

The critics attempted to account for the stupendous popularity of "The Last Frontier." The novel was not profound, many of them proclaimed. It had no lasting value as literature. But it had a human appeal. The story of Jason and Jessica's part in building a great state from the prairie aroused the latent yearning for romance and adventure in housewives and

clerks and professors and nice old ladies. It had humor, color, vitality, tenderness. It appealed to all ages and classes of people. It was that freak of literature, a successful first novel.

In the fanfare and blowing of trumpets Ann was not neglected. A misty art photograph, which was an excellent likeness of her carnelian necklace, appeared at times in the papers. The ladies of the Press dwelt touchingly upon her devotion to her father, made much of her small part in creating "The Last Frontier."

The realization of what the success of "The Last Frontier" would mean to them financially, came to the Lowells with all the effect of a stunning surprise. The possible royalties were nebulous figures in their discussions of the future. Even the drawing account, suggested by Patterson-Carey, had given them no definite knowledge of the monetary value of a reputation. It was when representatives from the leading magazines began to importune Father for articles and short stories that the realization came. Ann typed the story Father had written on the Cape, and he submitted it to one of the magazines. When the cheque for it came, they looked at each other in awed amazement.

"Good Lord!" Father breathed fervently. His voice gave to the words the effect of a petition.

"It isn't possible!" Ann exclaimed, examining the narrow strip of blue paper with eyes startled wide open.

It was possible. Fantastic and incredible things were possible in the overwhelming success of "The Last Frontier." Life became a hectic affair, a whirligig, an exaggerated fairy tale. Ann had no time to think of anything but the duty or the excitement of the moment. The days of that amazing spring were filled to the last exhausting moment. She found herself entirely unable to cope with Father's correspondence unassisted. One of the stenographers from Patterson-Carey's was installed in the narrow hall of the apartment. The typewriter clicked an unvarying accompaniment to conversation, the ringing of the telephone, the greetings and lingering farewells of visitors, the clink of glasses and china.

The apartment seemed always to be overflowing with people. Reporters came. Former associates of Father's, steady and prosperous, prominent and obscure. Girls who had gone to school with Ann—how many there were of those—the interested, the idly curious, distant relatives, representatives from advertising agencies, book-reviewers, contemporary novelists.

There were times when they didn't believe it. One afternoon Father went with Ann to select an evening wrap. They decided on one of soft pale orange-red velvet in the fitting room, the folds of velvet drawn gracefully about her slender figure, her sleek brown head held a little haughtily above the fur collar. Ann had a moment of breath-taking unbelief.

"It isn't true!" she said, turning to Father when the sales girl had left the room for a moment.

"Oh, yes it is!" Father had said with emphasis. "You are lovely-looking, kitten."

"I don't mean that," she said gravely. "I mean all this—your clothes, Mr. Lowell, that cheque book in your pocket, success, this wrap for me—" She gestured helplessly. "It simply isn't true."

"It's true," Father said, as they walked out of the shop. He tucked her hand through his arm. "It happens once in a hundred years. It seems to have happened to us."

A fantastic, exciting, crowded life. Ann found time for only an occasional hurried visit to the house on Washington Square. Father went with her once or twice. Miss Kate welcomed them with cordial enthusiasm. Miss Eloise fluttered. Tommy Allen was all hearty gulps and red-faced emotion. They were introduced to the lady who looked like Marie Antoinette, to

the bride who was very southern. They had tea one evening, with Nina and Holly. The disturbing suspicion that Holly was in love with Father did not return to Ann. It was lost in the flood of new perceptions, interests, emotions.

She had not seen Sandy. At first she had thought of him a great deal. She had dialed the number one evening when Father had gone to speak at a men's club, and she was alone in the apartment. This time she had asked for Ross MacArdle. The voice at the other end of the wire had informed her that young Mr. MacArdle was out of town. Well, that was that!

One evening early in June, Father went to a dinner with Mr. Carey. Ann was left in the apartment alone. She thought of inviting Holly to have dinner with her, but decided against it. She had been with people so constantly.

She put on pyjamas Father had bought for her when they had first come to New York. The pyjamas were of satin, a becoming soft blue. The coat, embroidered in a continuous pattern of small yellow and scarlet flowers and twining gold thread leaves, had a narrow standing collar which buttoned snugly around her throat. She felt agreeably exotic as she reddened her lips and brushed her smooth brown hair. But there were shadows under her eyes. She was weary. It was pleasant to be alone.

Presently a bell rang. Her brow puckered with annoyance. She went to the door, her gold kid mules making a tapping sound on the floor between the rugs.

She opened the door. In the dim light of the corridor stood a young man, a soft felt hat pulled down over his eyes.

"Miss Ann Lowell?" he asked, and then without waiting for her reply, "I'm from the Daily Mirror." He whipped an imaginary pad from his pocket, poised an imaginary pencil. "Will you be kind enough to give me your views, if any, on infant mortality. Or perhaps I mean mortality. At any rate—"

"Sandy!" The name was a surprised little cry, questioning, incredulous.

The young man removed his hat.

"Hello!" he said, smiling.

"Sandy, you idiot! Sandy!"

CHAPTER 16

THEY sat, facing each other, across a table in the living-room of the apartment. The waiter set covered dishes between them, rearranged the silver and silently withdrew.

"How are you?" Sandy asked in the manner of an affable stranger.

"Very well." Ann served grilled chops and mushrooms. She felt like a mechanical figure whose wheels weren't working smoothly. "And you?"

"Fine. That's a nice outfit. You look like a Chinese princess."

"Thank you." Her face felt stiff from smiling. What was the matter? This was Sandy. She had to keep telling herself that. Sandy! "How did you find us?" she asked.

"I asked a news-boy."

"You're exaggerating."

"I called the publishers."

"Oh! Potatoes? Or are you dining?"

"What? No. I mean yes. Potatoes. You're father's novel is having a tremendous success."

"Yes."

"That's splendid!"

"Isn't it?" she said brightly.

Sandy suddenly made a dent in the wall of constraint between them. "Don't be so polite," he said, with fuming impatience. "What's the matter with us. You're Ann, aren't you? I'm Sandy. I don't want to sit here and chit-chat like this."

"I don't either." Ann felt her face relaxing.

"Ann!" He leaned across the table and caught her hands. "I'm so glad to see you. Aren't you a little glad to see me?"

"Umum!" she murmured with emphasis. The wooden feeling was vanishing. Sandy was there.

"I was afraid you wouldn't be," he said, a hint of embarrassment in his engaging smile.

"I called your home."

"Did you?" he asked eagerly. "Did you, Ann?"

She told him of the first time she had called. "I asked for Sandy," she said. They laughed. The moment of merriment destroyed the last feeling of constraint. They talked eagerly, rapidly, asking and answering questions.

Ann learned that Sandy had been in South Carolina. His father had taken over a section of the timber land there at the foot of the mountains, fifty miles south of Asheville. He meant to clear most of the timber, erect a saw-mill, divide the land into small farms. Sandy had been there with his father's superintendent. He had watched the first trees felled, the erection of shacks for the laborers.

"It sounds interesting," Ann said, smiling at his obvious enthusiasm.

"It's great," Sandy replied. "I've never been especially interested in Dad's projects before. This time I was in at the start. I had a personal feeling about every tree that was cut. It's interesting country, gently rolling with the mountains all around. Little Warrior, Razor-Back, Smokey-Chief. We lived in the saddle and slept like the dead at night. I'm as hard as nails. Feel that muscle!"

Ann obligingly felt the muscle knotting under the grey tweed sleeve.

"Umum!" she said admiringly. "Why didn't you stay there?"

"I went to a dance one night," he said significantly.

"And that changed the direction of your life?"

"There's a resort hotel not far from the timberland. I went down there last Saturday. Every second person I saw was reading 'The Last Frontier' and discussing it and talking about a guy named Jonathan Lowell. Was I cocky about knowing you? I crowed and strutted immoderately and a sweet young thing with a lisp brought me a copy of the New York 'Times' with your picture in it. Your picture, Ann." He paused impressively.

"I'm surprised that you recognised me." Ann gave up the pretence of eating. She sat looking across the table at him, her chin resting on her hands.

"I knew the tilt at the end of your nose. It's a darling nose. Let me look at you. I haven't before. I've been lost in a fog of doubts and uncertainty. The fog is clearing now." His blue eyes appraised her tenderly. "You've lost most of that beautiful golden tan. You look a little weary. There are shadows under your eyes."

"I am tired." She told him of the life she and Father had led since they had returned to New York, of the bewildering round of activities which were the result of the novel's amazing success. "It's exciting but exhausting," she said. "This is the first quiet evening I've had for weeks. You're so brown, Sandy! You look so well. I'm glad I—"

The telephone interrupted. It rang shrilly, insistently. Ann sighed, crossed the room and answered it. Smiling at Sandy over the instrument, she told someone that this was Mr. Lowell's apartment, but that Mr. Lowell was not there, said, at intervals, "Yes," "No," "I'm sorry," and placed the telephone on the bracket.

"Where was I?" she asked, returning to the table.

"I don't know," Sandy smiled. "Does it matter? I just want to look at you and hear your voice. You have a nice voice, darling."

"Thank you."

"Don't be polite. I'm happy to be here. I left North Carolina the day after I saw your photograph in the paper. You look lovely in those pyjamas."

"Have a strawberry tart." Ann handed a plate across the table. "They're a specialty of the house."

The tarts were topped with bright red berries. They looked like a colored advertisement for Crisco or baking powder. Neither Ann nor Sandy did more than crumble a little of the nicely fluted crust. There was so much to say. Each was bursting with questions.

The waiter removed the remains of the dinner. They sat down on the davenport, quieter now, their eyes a little shadowed. The light of a shaded lamp made a honey-colored dusk. A faint fragrance of roses filled the room.

"I didn't know whether you'd want to see me again," Sandy held her hand, bent her fingers back from the tips, gently, one after the other.

"Why?" she asked.

"It's been so long—nearly a year." He turned to her quickly, appealingly. "I wanted to go back to the Cape. I meant to, Ann."

"Why didn't you?"

"I couldn't at first. Dad kept me busy. Things piled up, work, social obligations. And then—well, it had been perfect, that week on the Cape. I was afraid if I went back—I'm saying this badly. I can't write letters. I thought you might not like me if—" He broke off with an embarrassed grin. "Sounds silly, doesn't it?" he asked.

"You don't believe it, do you?"

"I do believe it," she said gravely. "I felt that way, too."

"Did you?" He held her hand against his cheek. "Did you, Ann?"

She told him of her efforts to convince herself that she didn't want to see him again. "The little figure you sent me was so lovely," she said. "I thought I wanted you to remember me like that." She laughed shakily. "I didn't really. I called you the first night we were in the city. Forward of me, wasn't it?"

"Darling of you," he said tenderly.

The telephone rang. Sighing, Ann crossed the room to answer it. She informed someone that Mr. Lowell was not at the apartment, murmured polite phrases, put the instrument down abruptly. When she returned to the davenport, Sandy was frowning.

"Is it always like this?" he asked.

"Much worse usually." She leaned back against the davenport and closed her eyes. Her figure drooped wearily.

"Tired?" Sandy asked gently.

She nodded.

"You do something to me, Ann." Sandy's voice was grave. "I'm Sandy when I'm with you. He's a pretty nice fellow, nicer than Ross MacArdle. Do you mind? I'm more in love with you than ever. There's only one Ann."

"Silly!" she said happily. Her cheek pressed against his. Her fingers moved caressingly over the subdued ripple in his sleek sandy hair. "You haven't a grain of sense. I think that's why I'm so fond of you."

"Darling!" His lips brushed her hair.

Moments slipped by unreckoned. Ann was quiet in Sandy's arms. She hadn't realised how weary she was. It was lovely like this, the quiet, the honey-colored light, the feeling of being alone. Nothing was spoiled. They bore their enchantment with them. Where she and Sandy were, that place was touched with magic. She gave a long, happy sigh.

CHAPTER 17.

ECSTATIC days! On the surface nothing appeared to have greatly changed. The fanfare for Jonathan Lowell spread in ever widening circles, like a pebble cast into a pool. But, to Ann, there was a difference. Sandy was in New York. Every day he called her or came to see her or they slipped away for private adventures. Even when he was not with her, the knowledge that he was in the city, that she would see him to-night, to-morrow,

heightened her perceptions, accented her emotions, gave to her crowded life an accelerated rhythm. Laughter bubbled in her throat. Her grey eyes were softly luminous. She was young and, though she would not yet definitely admit it, very much in love.

Sandy introduced her to places of New York which she hadn't known when she and Father had lived in Washington Square. They danced, at tea-times, at the Biltmore and the Ritz. Sandy took her, very proudly, to tennis and polo matches. She met his friends, girls dressed with expensive simplicity, named Jean or Sally or Anna-Maude, casual young men who paid her compliments. She became briefly familiar with Forrest Hills, roof-gardens, West Chester, Long Island.

Sandy never exploited her. He introduced her, simply, as Miss Lowell. If someone identified her, he was apt to be annoyed.

"You're a darling person," he would say, his blue eyes resentful. "You yourself—Ann."

She discovered many endearing traits in him of which she had previously been unaware. He was so like Father in many ways. He enjoyed things with the enthusiasm of a small boy at a circus. He was restless, variable, tender, friendly, casual in his relations with everyone except her. There were times when his gaiety was subdued, when he was especially restless.

Ann often suspected that he hadn't enough to do.

"When do you work, Sandy?" she asked as they sat one afternoon in the palm-screened privacy of a table at the Biltmore. "Oh, now and then," he said lightly. "That's a nice hat. It makes your eyes green. It's amazing how colors change your eyes. Have you ever observed it, Miss Lowell?"

Ann was not to be diverted.

"You ought to work," she said slowly. "You should be interested in something." "I'm interested in you," his blue eyes twinkled. His smile was very engaging.

"You know what I mean?"

He leaned towards her across the table. "Are you trying to make a man of me?" he asked, his voice plaintive.

"No, darling." She laughed. He was so absurd, so appealing. "I like you as you are. But—"

"I know." He was suddenly grave. "I'm almost entirely worthless. It isn't my fault—altogether. I'm not interested in father's corporation. It's too gigantic, too impersonal. I've had no part in creating it. The Carolina project is different." Enthusiasm crept into his voice. "I was in at the start. I'd like—"

He paused, traced with the handle of a spoon a design on the tablecloth.

"Why doesn't your father put you in charge of it?" Ann asked.

"He wants to keep me here," Sandy answered. "I'm useful to him in small, personal things. He gets a kick out of introducing me to his fellow buccanniers and having me ride home with him in the evening and talking over business affairs. Not that he acts upon my advice. I'm merely a good listener when he wants to think aloud."

"That isn't fair to you."

"Do you want me to go to South Carolina?" Sandy asked lazily. "Are you tired of me? Don't you enjoy the things we do together?"

"I don't want you to go." At the thought her heart skipped a beat. "It's just that—"

"Let's dance," Sandy suggested, as the orchestra swung into a lilting melody of "Tea For Two." "We're getting dull and solemn and awfully grown-up." Smiling, he drew her up from her chair.

"Tea for two, and two for tea—"

"Just me for you, and you for me—"

They moved rhythmically across the floor. Ann looked up at Sandy. He was looking at her.

"Happy?" he asked.

"Umml"

"Why think about working when we can dance?" His voice was tender, teasing. "You're a nice dancer. So am I. People are watching us. See that couple over there?"

"Cocky!" She taunted, smiling, her heart beating in her throat.

"Sweet! You're so darling! Are you a little in love with me, Ann?"

Sandy became increasingly possessive. That trait in him, though endearing, was at times a little distressing as well. He was irritable when Ann was obliged to refuse his invitations.

"I'm going to a dinner with Father to-night," she would say, steeling herself to resist his coaxing.

"Do you want to go?" he would ask.

"Not especially."

"Then why do it?"

"Father wants me to go with him."

"All right. Be a good little daughter," he would say.

"Sandy, please—"

"I'm sorry." Contrition would smooth the disappointment from his voice. "I know I'm unreasonable. But I'm so fond of you. Doing things without you isn't fun. Will you have lunch with me to-morrow?"

She would promise, trying to remember what was scheduled for to-morrow, composing fragmentary excuses, plans, evasions. Sandy would leave her in good spirits. She sometimes wondered what crisis in her life Sandy's possessiveness might some day create? The thought frightened her a little. For a time it would disturb her. Then it would be lost in the necessity for dressing, or having her hair shampooed or keeping an appointment. There was no time, in Ann's present existence, for brooding. The days were crowded, eventful.

Sandy took Ann to his home. In spite of Sandy's allusions to his family, she was not prepared for the impressive interior of the brown-stone house on Riverside Drive. It was gloomy, she thought, following Sandy through the entrance hall and up curving stairs with massive carved bannisters and a Cathedral window over the landing. She had a confused impression of Chinese rugs and oil paintings and polished floors. It was so silent, so huge! She felt herself grow small and shy. Was this Sandy's home?

The room into which he ushered her, a long quiet room on the second floor, restored her confidence.

"This is Mother's sitting-room," he explained. "Make yourself at home. I'll find Mother."

It was not difficult to feel at ease in the sunny, high-ceilinged room with its cream-colored walls, its chintz slip-covers and window hangings. There were simple home-like touches: photographs of children, an open grate, low book-shelves, flowers which might have been gathered from Grandmother Fairchild's garden, a work-basket on a table beside the chaise-longue. Ann felt, as she wandered about the room, that she would like Sandy's mother.

Sandy presently returned with his mother. She was a small, slight woman, olive-skinned, with greying brown hair plainly arranged, and alert, humorous brown eyes.

"I'm glad to see you, my dear," she said emphasizing her greeting by the firm pressure of a very small hand. "Ross has told me so much about you. I feel that I know you intimately. Sit down and let's be comfortable."

Mrs. MacArdle settled herself into a chair and took up the garment in the work-basket.

"This is for my youngest grandson," she said, smiling at Ann. "Children's clothes are so attractive now. It's a pleasure to make them."

They talked casually in the sunny room. Sandy's mother was a darling, Ann thought. She liked her quick flashes of humor, the original phrasing of her conversation, the laughing wrinkles raying out from her merry brown eyes. Sandy was like her, hot in appearance, but in temperament. They seemed very fond of each other.

"Mother's sitting-room," Ann discovered, was the heart of the house. A maid, trimly uniformed, came in with low-voiced questions. A nurse brought Margaret's two younger sons to call on Grandma. Jean, the younger sister, came in, late in the afternoon, to describe a shower-party she had attended for one of her friends who was to be married the following week.

Jean was small and olive-skinned like her mother, vivacious, smartly dressed. She looked at Ann appraisingly.

"So you're Ann," she said, half reclining against the chaise-longue cushions. "I'm delighted to meet the reality of my brother's lyrics."

"Fresh!" Sandy tumbled the pretentious waves of her sleek brown hair. "Children should be seen but not heard. You don't mind if I avert my gaze, do you, Jeanie? I can't look at those finger-nails."

Ann watched the scene with interest. They seemed so fond of each other in a casual, bantering way. It would have been fun to have had brothers and sisters, she thought. She knew nothing at all about families. Jean's crimson nails were rather startling.

James MacArdle joined the group in "Mother's sitting-room" just before dinner. He was a short, rugged, powerful-looking man with a gruff voice and a brusque manner. His sandy hair was mixed with grey and his eyes, under thick, shaggy brows, were as blue as Sandy's. Ann was a little in awe of him.

"This is Miss Lowell, Jamie," Mrs. MacArdle said, patting his arm as he stooped to kiss her cheek.

Jamie! It seemed a gentle, endearing name for Sandy's gruff father. Thinking of him as Jamie, Ann lost her feeling of awe. He talked to her pleasantly, wanting, she felt, to make an agreeable impression on Sandy's friend.

"I enjoyed your father's novel," he said, pulling a chair close to hers. "Interesting story."

"You had your secretary read it this afternoon because you knew Miss Lowell was coming for dinner." The humorous wrinkles around Margaret MacArdle's eyes deepened. "Jamie," she said, "I suspect you of trying to make an impression."

"I am," Sandy's father said gallantly. "It isn't every day we have such a distinguished and charming guest."

Literature, as a subject of conversation, was exhausted. Mr. MacArdle asked "Mother" how she had spent the day, if the grandchildren had been in, if Jean's car had been returned from the garage. He seemed to be interested in everything which concerned his family. Ann watched and listened, losing her embarrassment, adjusting herself to the bantering, affectionate clan-spirit of the MacArdles.

"Mother's a dear person, isn't she?" Sandy asked, as they drove back to the apartment very much later that evening.

"Darling," Ann agreed warmly. "I liked your father, too."

"Did you?" His voice told her that he loved her for liking his father. She was sure that he wouldn't have asked the question. He seemed a little ashamed of his obvious affection for gruff James MacArdle. That was odd. Were sons always ashamed of affection for fathers? She knew so little of families—

"Dad liked you," Sandy continued. "The house is awful, isn't it?"

"Impressive," Ann amended.

"Dad gets a kick out of the mausoleum. He had the dining-room furniture imported from Italy. Did you ever see anything more amusing than mother in that huge carved chair?"

Ann smiled. "She has to have a footstool."

"She knows how proud Dad is of being able to provide her with an Italian throne-chair. She doesn't hurt his feelings by objecting. We have family meals in the small dining-room we used to-night. Mother contrives that." Sandy laughed appreciatively.

Ann returned, occasionally, to the house on Riverdale Drive. She became acquainted with the younger Margaret and her family. Her admiration for Sandy's mother increased. She was amused by the humorous tolerance with which Mrs. MacArdle regarded her husband's achievements, the impressive mansion he had provided for her. Her own tastes were simple. She enjoyed her grandchildren, had the confidence of her children and her servants, was fond of flowers, books, the theatre.

She could be Mrs. James MacArdle as well. One evening Sandy and Ann stopped in at Sandy's home on their way to a party. His mother came into her sitting-room to talk with them for a moment. Ann greeted her with a little gasp of surprise and pleasure. Mrs. MacArdle was dressed for a formal dinner. She wore her wavy blonde hair, her jewels, her modish gown with the amused, conscious air of a little girl dressed in her mother's party-clothes.

For Sandy's father Ann felt increasing affection. He was rather humdrum but so kindly under his gruff exterior. She knew that he was fond of her, for her own sake as well as Sandy's. He made an effort to pay her little compliments, was delighted when she admired his paintings, the conservatory, his cars, his wine cellar, the handsomely-bound books which he never read. His devotion to Sandy's mother was touching, his affectionate interest in his children.

"I could do a novel about James MacArdle," Father said after he and Ann had been entertained at dinner in Sandy's home. "There's as much romance in his career as in Uncle Benjamin's America—the land of opportunity." Father became rhetorical. "His father came here, as a young man, with two pounds and seven shillings and the clothes on his back. It has taken two generations to produce Sandy."

"And Mrs. MacArdle," Ann added. "Sandy's like his mother."

"You're fond of him, aren't you?" Father asked unnecessarily.

"Yes."

"Going to desert me for a handsomer man?" He smiled but his eyes were grave.

"I'll give you plenty of warnings."

"You'd better not." Father's hand on her shoulder tightened possessively. "You're responsible for this circus. If you hadn't helped me, I would never have finished 'The Last Frontier.' You've got to stick with me, pipson."

"There was no immediate necessity for alarm. They did not speak of marriage or consider the future. The present was absorbing, enchanting. If she were ever forced to choose between Father and Sandy—

Then, at the end of June, the Careys invited them for a week-end at their home in Connecticut and at the Careys' they met Claire Stafford.

CHAPTER 18

THE Careys lived in a small Colonial house set in an expanse of green lawn well back from the elm-shaded street. Ann was delighted with the simplicity of the house, its quiet home-like charm.

"I love it!" she said to Father when he came into her room for assistance with his tie as they dressed for dinner. "I want a house just like it. Well, almost just like it. Can't we have one, Father?" She saw, as she spoke, as clearly as a colored illustration, the rosewood sofa against ivory-toned walls, Venetian blinds, a Chinese rug in dull shades of blue and spriged. "Can't we, Father?" she repeated, coaxing the tie into an impeccable bow.

"When we get back from Europe," Father said easily.

"Are we going to Europe?" she asked, a shadow slipping across her gaiety.

"Very soon." Father surveyed the tie with satisfaction. "I'm getting tired of all these excursions and alarms." He settled into a chair to make plans and drew Ann

down to the upholstered arm. "We'll go abroad for three months or so, then come back and buy a house and write another novel."

Three months! Ann sat on the arm of the chair, her grey eyes troubled, musing. Sandy as though, already, the ocean lay between them.

Father did not appear to notice her silence. "Do you remember," he asked, his voice gently reminiscent, "when we used to talk about going abroad? We hadn't a ghost of an idea, then, that we'd ever really get there. There's something to this being famous, kitten. I've, apparently, taken it all pretty much for granted. Do you know how happy it makes me to be able to do things for you?"

"Yes," she said absently. "I know."

"No single-class boats or student rates. We're going in style. We'll have the Royal suite. If there is one. England, France, Germany."

He was happy, enthusiastic. "Shall we do Italy this trip or save it for later—dessert, in a manner of speaking? Think of seeing the Tower of London and the wine-carts rumbling along the streets in Paris, and the opera in Munich. Think of it, Ann!"

But Ann was thinking of Sandy.

"Can't we buy a house before we go?" she asked. "Then we'd have somewhere to return. It wouldn't take long. Here, perhaps. Can't we, Father?"

He smiled at her earnest expression.

"It might burn down while we were gone. You know how tramps are about matches. There might be an earthquake or a flood. No, we'll wait until we return." He rose, drew her up from the arm of the chair.

"We ought to be getting downstairs. There's to be a dinner, I believe."

Walking to the door, they saw their reflections in a mirror against the wall.

"The Lovells!" Father said with a dramatic flourish. Ann smiled, her gaiety returning.

A number of guests were assembled in the living-room and the hall. A woman in a shapely-cut gown of creamy satin immediately attracted Ann's attention. She stood talking to Mr. Carey against a fall of dull-blue draperies, glancing up over Mr. Carey's shoulder as Ann and Father came down the stairs.

She was beautiful, Ann thought. Her hair, a rich auburn, rippling back from her forehead, was pinned into a gleaming knot at the nape of her neck. She was not above medium height, slender, delicately made.

Her skin had the creamy tone of the ivory gown. Against the dull blue of the drapery she was startlingly effective.

"Whew!" Father exclaimed in an undertone. "Cleopatra! Helen of Troy! Venus and Aphrodite!"

Mr. Carey turned, came to meet them, led them at once to the woman who had attracted their attention.

"Mrs. Stafford," he said, presenting Ann and Father. "Claire is a good friend of ours. We tell her that she looks like your Jessica Hale."

"Do I?" Mrs. Stafford looked up at Father. Her voice was warm and throaty. Her smile was friendly, disarming.

"Very much," Father said, returning her smile. "I can pay you no greater compliment. I let myself go on Jessica."

She gave a low laugh of pleasure and appreciation, turning from Father to Ann.

"This is Ann," she said, smiling. "May I call you Ann?"

"Please do."

Mrs. Stafford's eyes were the color of cherry-wine, a ruddy-brown, long, laxy amused. Her features were regular, finely chiselled. Her lips were full and curved into dimples at the corners of her mouth, which made her smile as ingenuous as a child's.

She wore no jewels except an aqua-marine pendant on a slender chain. She might have been twenty-five or thirty-five or any age between. A beautiful woman—but not like Father's Jessica Hale!

At dinner Ann sat at Mr. Carey's right. Her neighbor on the other side was young

Bob Carey, a tall boy, oddly mature for sixteen, who admired the Lovells exclusively. At intervals, while she discussed tennis and amateur photography with young Bob, while she talked to Mr. Carey, she glanced down across the table at Father. He seemed interested in Mrs. Stafford.

Mr. Carey noted the frequent direction of her glance.

"Mrs. Stafford is beautiful, isn't she?" he asked.

"Lovely," Ann replied. "Who is she?"

Mr. Carey gave her a little information. Ann learned that Mrs. Stafford was a widow, that her husband, much older than she, had died four years previously. She learned that Mrs. Stafford, after her husband's death, had bought a farmhouse a short distance from the town, had remodelled it, and lived there with a varying succession of feminine friends and relatives.

Ann received no more information concerning Mrs. Stafford until Laura Carey, later in the evening, finding her engaged in a game of ping-pong with young Bob, interrupted, and led her out to the verandah.

Laura Carey was a tall, rather plain woman, with fine dark eyes and a wide, humorous mouth. She rode well, and played excellent golf. She had a friendly manner and Ann was fond of her.

"You're bored, aren't you?" Laura Carey asked abruptly when they had settled into chairs on the verandah.

"No," Ann replied. "I enjoyed playing ping-pong with Bob." She wasn't bored, but she had felt lonely all evening. Father had not left Mrs. Stafford's side. He hadn't flashed her messages with his eyes as he usually did at a party. All of the guests were much older than she. She had felt lonely and depressed.

"Claire Stafford is monopolising our celebrity," Mrs. Carey continued.

"The celebrity seems to enjoy being monopolised," Ann replied, her voice casual, light. And then, ashamed of feeling piqued, "She's lovely-looking, isn't she?"

"Claire is effective," Mrs. Carey said. "No," she amended with a laugh, "she is beautiful. She's had rather a strange life. Her husband was much older than she, twenty years or more. She married him when she was nineteen. They came here eight or ten years ago. He was an invalid then, a querulous, exacting man, extremely jealous of Claire's youth and beauty. We scarcely knew her before his death. They lived here in the town in a gloomy old house half-buried under vines and a thicket of hemlocks. Claire became a sort of legendary figure, the princess in the tower, you know. We saw her, at times, riding or walking, always alone."

"Why did she marry him?" Ann asked, interested in the story.

"I don't know. Claire never speaks of her life with him. She was devoted to him, undoubtedly. He left her some money, not as much as people expected, however. She lives now just outside of town, and is very gay. I imagine she's making up for the dull years she spent with Henry Stafford. We don't really know her. Few people do, I think."

Father will, Ann thought. Her life will interest Father. She will confide in him. Women always do. If only she weren't so beautiful!

"Claire has invited all of us for supper with her to-morrow night," Laura Carey continued. "You'll enjoy it, I think. Her home is interesting." She rose. "Haven't we better go in and see what our guests are doing?"

Claire Stafford's home stood on a small swell with a wooded hill mounting behind it, and before it an expanse of carefully tended lawn which sloped gently down to a low wall. The house was built of tawny stone, low and rambling, fitting snugly the contours of the ground. It was surrounded by a variety of trees. From the road only

an occasional glimpse of the house, was possible. A lane led into an entrance at the side.

Claire stood waiting for them under a great copper beech. She wore a slim sleeveless gown of pale yellow silk, and her hand rested upon the head of a tawny collic. Sunlight, slipping through the foliage of the beech, accented the ruddy gleam of her hair. Shadows of leaves moved over her bare creamy arms and throat. As the car stopped, she waved a greeting and came across the lawn to greet her guests.

Effective, Ann thought, recalling Laura Carey's comment. She had posed last night against the blue draperies. To-day she stood under a copper beech, her hand on the head of the tawny collic. Was she consciously posing, making pictures of herself? It certainly had that appearance.

Father was interested in the house. "It's old," Mrs. Stafford said. "Only the wing is new." She led them into the wing through a door in the living-room. The long room with a fireplace at the end was equipped for games. There were checked gingham curtains at the windows, wooden settees, a ping-pong table, a small cottage piano. "There are guest rooms above," Mrs. Stafford continued. "I couldn't endure living in the country without room for guests."

When they had completed a tour of the house and gardens, of the barn which sheltered Mrs. Stafford's horse, and the kennel in which four collic pups lay asleep beside their mother, they played croquet on a level stretch of grass enclosed by boxwood. It was a merry game, and Ann enjoyed it.

After the game they sat in basket chairs on the lawn, watching the sun slip down behind the distant hills, and the shadows lengthen across the grass. A car, driven by a young negro boy in a uniform, came into the lane, disappeared behind the house. A plain, nervous-looking woman with pale eyes behind thick-lensed glasses presently joined the group on the lawn. Mrs. Stafford introduced her as Miss Elliot.

"Edna is keeping me company," she said, indicating a chair beside Ann into which Miss Elliot obediently slipped herself with little flutterings and a series of nervous coughs. What an unattractive woman, Ann thought. How nervously conciliating.

During the progress of supper, Miss Elliot, moving her chair closer to Ann's, poured confidences into her ears. Ann learned that she had been Henry Stafford's secretary. She had retired on a small annuity he left her and spent much of her time with Mrs. Stafford.

"She's the kindest person in the world," Miss Elliot's pale eyes filled with tears. "I feel so at home here. And not only I. She's always befriending someone. She's as kind as she is beautiful." Miss Elliot grew emotional over iced tea and salad.

She had misjudged Mrs. Stafford, Ann thought. How lovely she was in the wicker chair with the great fan-shaped back, the collic lying at her feet, her face sparkling with animation as she talked to Father. She couldn't help making pictures of herself. Were women always on guard, suspicious of beauty in other women? "Effective," Laura Carey had said.

Father talked to Mrs. Stafford almost exclusively. He was getting copy perhaps. Some gesture of Mrs. Stafford's would appear in his next novel, the shape of her mouth, her long ruddy-brown eyes which gave her face a deceptive languid expression, the creamy tint of her skin. Father had no deep personal interest in her. Ann banished the piqued feeling which had disturbed her all day, enjoyed the supper and the evening on the lawn.

CHAPTER 19

"WELL, pigeon!"

Ann glanced up from the book she was reading. Father had something of importance on his mind. There was in his eyes

the expression she knew so well, the alert interested expression which meant that he was anticipating a change. She was not surprised when he said:

"We're getting out of here. How soon can you pack?"

Ann's heart gave a lurch. "Europe?" she asked.

Father struck a match.

"We'll go abroad in September," he said. "For the present—There's an inn in Connecticut. Attractive, quiet, nice country. I'll get some work done. In an avaricious moment I signed a contract to do four articles for 'Cosmopolis.' It seems," he continued, puffing lazily at the pipe, "that a contract is a contract. The editor is becoming politely insistent."

"When will you make arrangements?" Ann asked.

"I have," he answered cheerfully.

Ann was conscious, for a moment, of a familiar feeling of resentment. Father hadn't consulted her. The resentment was gone in a twinkling, however. Connecticut. That wasn't far from New York. She needn't go away from Sandy. But an inn? She made a suggestion.

"Why don't we take a house?" she asked.

"What's the use?" Father propped his feet on the table, slid further down in the chair. "We'll go abroad in September. You'd spend an entire summer fussing over furniture and curtains and lawn-mowers and cooks. When we return from Europe we'll buy a house." His attention wandered from the suggestion. "Do you remember that old cabby who used to drive around Washington Square?" he asked.

Ann laughed. "I remember very well the evening you brought him to call on me," she said. Her eyes glinted with mischief. "I've often wondered why you didn't include the horse in the invitation. The poor thing looked as though it needed a meal."

"An oversight," Father's eyes twinkled. "I think I can do an article about him," he continued. "From Coachman to Cabby"—something like that. Most of the celebrities of the Gay Nineties rode in his cab at some time or other. I'll let him tell his own story. Do you think it's a good idea?"

"Splendid!" Ann said with enthusiasm. They discussed the article at some length, recalling the cabby's anecdotes, arguing amiably over details. Ann forgot that Father had made plans without consulting her. She needn't go far from Sandy, Connecticut was lovely. The atmosphere of the city was hot and enervating. She had always loathed the apartment.

The inn had once been a farmhouse. It was low and rambling and white, gay with flower-boxes and awnings. Three or four cottages stood at some distance from the main building for the accommodation of guests who desired to maintain the semblance of a home. Father had engaged the largest of the cottages for the summer. It stood on the crest of a wooded hill with a view from the small verandah of the gently rolling country.

Ann was enchanted.

"You didn't tell me we'd have a house!" she exclaimed as they stood on the small verandah the day they arrived.

"It was a surprise!" Father answered, smiling at her pleasure.

"A lovely surprise!"

She explored the cottage, expressing her delight in excited exclamations. There was a long low living-room with a fireplace, two bedrooms, one on either side of the living-room, a bathroom, a kitchenette. It was furnished with charm and imagination, an agreeable contrast to the apartment in the city. The woods all about had a spicy smell. The air was cool and invigorating. It was quiet, restful.

"I love it!" She looked up at him, her face bright with pleasure. "You deserve to be formally thanked for finding us such a pleasant place to live."

"I'd like to take the credit," Father said, smiling. "But I don't deserve it. You owe your 'Thank-you' to Mrs. Stafford."

"Mrs. Stafford?" Ann felt a little crestfallen.

"We came here for dinner one night," Father said casually. "She suggested that it might be a pleasant place to spend the summer."

Ann was quiet the rest of the day. Was Father interested in Mrs. Stafford after all? she wondered. Was that why he had postponed the trip to Europe, why he had brought her here for the summer?

Suspicious, conjectures, fancies, troubled her for a few days and then, since there was nothing to give them reality, gradually slipped from her mind. Father devoted the mornings to work. There were fewer interruptions than there had been in the city.

Father presented Ann with a new car, a long grey roadster upholstered in deep blue leather. She loved to drive it along the Connecticut roads. To own such a car was more amazing, more incredible to her than any other phase of Father's success. Listening to the purr of the engine, feeling its quick response to the pressure of her foot on the accelerator, she decided there was a great deal to being famous.

Sandy came often to the inn. His mother and sisters left New York to open the summer home in Bar Harbor. Sandy remained in the city with his father. Sometimes he spent an entire day with her and they drove to one of the beaches along the coast. Sometimes Father rode horseback with them or they followed a golf champion around the beautifully-tended course. More often Father, with a quizzical glance at Ann, made excuses, invented engagements, sent her off with Sandy alone.

In the pleasure of being with Sandy, in the varied activities of the inn, Ann seldom thought of Father's motives in deciding to spend the summer in Connecticut. When he said at luncheon one day, "I've finished the article. We'll celebrate. Shall I invite Mrs. Stafford here for dinner and the dance this evening?" she replied with sincere enthusiasm, "Yes, do. I've not had an opportunity to thank her for my cottage."

Mrs. Stafford accepted and after the first dinner together Father invited her to the inn. She was a pleasant person, Ann assured a critical part of herself which seemed to be eternally watching for flaws. Pleasant and so beautiful!

Mrs. Stafford returned Father's courtesies by inviting them to a dinner, a treasure-hunt, a week-end party at her home. She also included Sandy in the invitations.

Her parties were gay and diverting. Claire was an ingenious hostess. She had a flair for collecting celebrities, a well-known playwright, a young artist, a musical-comedy star, an explorer, Jonathan.

"I like to know people who do things," she confided to Ann. "Having no talents myself, I must be contented to bask in reflected glory."

She had, too, a flair for surrounding herself with admiration and affection. Her servants, Ann observed, obviously adored her: Bella, the stout, chocolate-brown cook, Clarence the house-boy, Thelma and Bertha, the two small mulatto maids. Usually Miss Elliot or someone similarly grateful and unobtrusive was in residence at the house. From them Ann heard much of Claire's generosity, her sweet nature, her thoughtfulness of others.

There was something touching about her gaiety. She was like a child starved for other children, eager to make the most of every moment of companionship.

"People think I'm a giddy gad-fly," she said, dropping into a chair beside Ann's at the edge of the croquet court one afternoon. "I am," she continued, her red lips curving in a deprecatory smile. "Sometimes I think I can never have enough color and gaiety to make me forget the early part of my life."

She had previously made no reference to her past life. Ann had had versions of it from Mrs. Carey, from Claire's guests, from the grateful ladies who lived on her bounty.

She knew that Claire's parents, both dead, had been the poor relations of a well-to-do family in Baltimore. She knew that she had married Henry Stafford when she was nineteen, that he had been middle-aged and an invalid then. A dreary existence for a young and beautiful girl, Ann thought. No wonder Mrs. Stafford wanted color and gaiety now. She had dreamed, during the dreary years of this charming house, of parties and guests. She had learned then, perhaps, through thought and intense desire, the art of delightful entertaining.

"But I'm something more than a gadfly, I hope," Mrs. Stafford had continued. "Are you having a nice time?"

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Stafford," Ann replied.

"Could you persuade yourself to call me Claire?" she asked. "After all, I'm not so very much older than you are. I'd like it awfully if you would. I'd like you to like me, Ann."

"I do," Ann said sincerely, touched by a wistful expression in the ruddy-brown eyes. "I like to look at you. You're the most beautiful person I've ever known."

"Thank you," Claire caught Ann's hands, gave them a quick, impulsive squeeze. "Your Sandy," she observed, with a smiling glance at the court, "is beating your father very badly. Hadn't we better rescue him? I won't allow my favorite author to be white-washed." And with a young graceful gesture, she drew Ann up from the chair.

Had Father actually a romantic interest in Mrs. Stafford? At times, Ann thought that he had. Or did her imagination give exaggerated significance to an expression, a gesture, a remark? For a time Claire was a frequent visitor at the Inn. Then Father commenced a second article and a week, two weeks passed with no reference to her. Ann was convinced that she had exaggerated the importance of Claire Stafford in her life and Father's. Father enjoyed her companionship, was momentarily intrigued by her beauty.

Ann spent a great deal of time driving about with a real estate agent. She discovered a number of available houses, attractive, well located.

She did not speak to Father of her excursions with the real estate agent. She knew that her persistency in the matter of acquiring a home amused him and at times irritated him. He could not understand her wanting to burden them with possessions. He would like a home when they had one, Ann reasoned. She would assume the responsibility. She would make it very charming. Father shouldn't be bothered with details.

In the meanwhile she was content with the cottage at the Inn. Life was more leisurely than it had been in the city. She seldom went in to New York. Holly was playing with a stock company at a summer theatre in Massachusetts and Nina was with her. Sandy came frequently to the Inn.

Sandy. She knew that she was in love with him. Concerning their future, either singly or together, her thoughts were not entirely clear. Sandy apparently assumed that they would have a future together. "When we go to Canada," he would say. Or, "Would you like to live in the country all the year around?" he would ask, as though already she was Mrs. Ross Mac-Ardle. "Or would you like an apartment in the city during the winter?" Or, "Will we grow middle-aged and stodgy, Ann? Let's not. Let's cut and run whenever we feel a symptom."

If she should have to choose between Sandy and Father! Each time the thought presented itself she put it resolutely from her mind. They were settled for the remaining weeks of the summer. In September she and Father were going abroad. They would return for Christmas, of course. After that—well, there was no use anticipating trouble. Perhaps she would never be obliged to make a choice. The three of them—she and Sandy and Father. Why not?

But Sandy forced the issue.

He came to the Inn one afternoon when August was more than half gone, looking excited and pleased with himself.

"I'm going back to South Carolina!" he announced, taking the cottage steps two at a time, going swiftly to the couch hammock in which Ann sat dreaming over a book.

"You're going—?" She did not complete the question. Her throat felt tight.

"Sandy! You're—?"

He sat in the hammock beside her. "The superintendent is leaving," he said, his blue eyes bright with pleasure and anticipation. "Dad is going to put me in charge of the development. I had to present some convincing arguments. I've been selling the idea to Dad for a couple of weeks. He has finally agreed. I'm going at once. I'm enthusiastic about it, Ann. It's a great country, an interesting job. I'm a working man from now on."

In his enthusiasm, she thought, he had forgotten her. She sat very still, looking down at the book in her lap.

"Aren't you going to congratulate me?" Sandy asked, after a moment. "It was your idea, anyway. You're always telling me that I haven't enough to do."

"I do congratulate you," she said evenly. And then, a break in her voice, "I'll miss you, Sandy."

"Miss me!" He laughed exultantly. "You won't have a chance to miss me. You're going with me, darling." He held her close, his cheek against hers, his lips touching her hair. "We'll be married at once. You'll love it there, Ann. We'll live in the log cabin the superintendent built for himself. Aunt Minty and Uncle Abe have a cabin of their own. They'll take care of us. Wait until you have a taste of Aunt Minty's spoon bread and rabbit stew. I'm so excited and happy, darling. I—"

She drew away from him gently. "Aren't you taking a great deal for granted?" she asked, not quite steadily. "About being married?" He laughed. "I've never proposed to you formally, have I?"

She shook her head. "Very thoughtless of me. I will propose, darling. How does one go about it? Oh, what's the use? You know I love you. I've loved you ever since the day we sat on the rosewood sofa in Uncle's shop." His arms held her strongly, possessively.

For a moment she was quiet in his arms. The words he spoke rapidly, ardently, created for her a new heaven and a new earth, a private Eden in the pine woods of South Carolina. With Sandy. Her heart was too big for her breast. She could feel it swelling, overflowing with tenderness and love.

"We'll be married at once," Sandy said. "There's no reason to wait."

The feeling of ecstasy ebbed away. She moved restlessly in his arms.

"There is a reason to wait," she said soberly, choosing her words very carefully. "I'm going abroad with Father."

CHAPTER 20.

"NO, Sandy. I can't—"
Ann repeated wearily. Night had come. The verandah of the cottage was wrapped in darkness. The Inn, brilliantly lighted, seemed very far away. A dance was in progress. Music came to them, borne by the gentle wind.

"Then I won't go," Sandy repeated. His expression was grim. His blue eyes were hurt and unhappy.

"Of course you'll go," Ann checked a weary sigh. They were getting nowhere. They were starting at the beginning again. She returned to the reasonable aspect of the situation. "It will only be until Christmas," she said. "Three months—four. That isn't an eternity. I—"

"It's the principle of the thing," Sandy said stiffly. "You care more for your father than you do for me."

"I don't, Sandy." Her hand touched his arm pleadingly. "At least I care for him in a different way. We've meant so much to each other. I've never had anyone but Father. He's been so awfully good to me. I—"

"Why shouldn't he?" Sandy asked angrily. "He's your father. Why shouldn't he have been good to you? Most fathers are, aren't they. I don't see—"

"Please, Sandy." Her listless voice checked the angry words. "I wish I could explain it all more clearly, my relations with Father. For years I was a burden. I mean, he had to work very hard and deny himself things to keep me at good schools. He wouldn't turn me over to relatives. He took me with him, wherever he went. I never had the feeling of being put into cold storage as so many girls had at the schools I attended; girls whose parents were dead or divorced, or couldn't be bothered with them; girls who had stepmothers."

Sandy's grim expression softened a little. He took her hand, held it firmly.

"He'd understand, wouldn't he?" he asked. "If you'd tell him, explain?"

"Of course he would," Ann said loyally. "That's why I shan't tell him. Three months—four— isn't a long while, darling. Please understand that I can't disappoint Father."

The sob in her voice touched Sandy, melted his hurt young pride.

"I'm sorry, Ann." He drew her close to him, kissed her forehead, her eyes, her lips. "It's just that I care so much about you. I'm afraid something will happen. We may never feel just this way about each other again. I want you now. Life won't keep waiting on tiptoe forever."

"Just three months," she said softly. "We're young. That isn't long to wait."

"You're so rational," Sandy grumbled. "Why don't you let me—what is it they say in books?—sweep you off your feet?"

"I wish you could," she said wistfully. "I wish I were the sort of person who could forget everything but the thing I'd like most to do. I'm not. There's something—"

"Character," he suggested.

"Loyalty, perhaps," she said thoughtfully. "Father—I can't disappoint him."

He thought that he caught in her voice a note of dismissal. His expression was grim.

"I can't share you," he said. "I love you too much." He drew a long, steady breath. "I probably won't see you again. Good-bye. Good luck to you."

"Good-bye." What was happening to them? Did he mean that this was the end? Did lovely things always end in misunderstanding, futility? "Sandy!" she cried softly, desperately.

"The light touch, darling." He lifted her hand to his lips. "No heroics. It's been pleasant to know you. Think of me once in a while—on bank holidays and rainy Thursdays. The best of luck always. Good-bye."

He left her abruptly. She heard his footsteps on the verandah steps, heard the starting roar of his car. She leaned against a verandah post, sighed sobbingly, closed her eyes. Sandy had gone.

Footsteps sounded again on the verandah steps. She opened her eyes. Sandy was coming towards her, hurrying back to her. She went to meet him. They clung to each other.

"I couldn't leave you like that," he said humbly. "Darling Ann! I'm a selfish, conceited, stubborn—"

Her finger against his lips checked further debarterments.

"I love you," she said. "I want you to go." She pressed her cheek against his. "You'll like it. A real job. You'll be in at the start. I'm awfully proud of you."

"Darling!"

"I love you." "I love you, Darling Ann! Don't let anything happen. Keep life standing on tiptoe. Don't let anything spoil the feeling we have for each other. Keep it fresh and sparkling."

She promised. He left her gently, reluctantly. She sat in the hammock when he had gone. Why did she feel so depressed? Three months—four—wasn't long. She was going to Europe with father. Nothing was altered. Nothing—?

CHAPTER 21

FATHER became evasive about the trip to Europe. Ann was not immediately aware of his altered attitude. The realisation came to her gradually. If she asked him when they were to sail, if she spoke of passports, or luggage, or the clothes they would need, he put her off, laughingly at times, at times with a suggestion of impatience. He had to finish the article he had started. Patterson-Carey had arranged for him to meet a prominent English author visiting America. He had agreed to address the American Library Association convention in Boston.

She thought at first that she imagined father's change of attitude. She wanted to sail at once, to complete the trip, to return to Sandy. Her eagerness made her unduly insistent, perhaps. She was lonely at the inn when Sandy had gone, restless, depressed. Nothing was altered. There was only this time of separation. And yet—

Sandy's attempts to write her intimate, amusing letters were touching. He sent her Kodak pictures of his surroundings, of Aunt Minty in the doorway of her cabin, Uncle Abe on the seat of a wagon drawn by a mule, Sandy on horseback, Sandy on a fence rail with pine woods behind him and in the far distance the rising slope of a mountain.

She pored over the snapshots, supplying from her imagination and the things Sandy had told her details not caught in the pictures. Sandy's life in South Carolina, the sawmill cutting the yellow pine, the building of a road through the woods, Aunt Minty's cooking, Uncle Abe's yarns were more real to her than her existence at the inn. Shouldn't she have gone with Sandy? Hadn't she exaggerated Father's interest in the trip to Europe?

Sandy wrote enthusiastically of his job. It was splendid for him to be there, she thought. He loved being out of doors. His father was pleased with his progress. Ann accepted an invitation to have luncheon with James MacArdie at an hotel in the city.

"The boy is doing well," he said as they sat under an awning in a roof garden high above the city.

"He's interested," Ann replied.

"I didn't want him to go," James MacArdie confessed. "I like having him at home. Parents are apt to be selfish."

Soon Father did not mention Europe. Some alteration was obvious in him. He left Ann to her own devices more than he had ever done before. When they were together he was absent-minded, remote. He had commented upon Sandy's absence during the first few days after he had gone. Ann told him of the project in South Carolina. He had listened with interest at first. Then, obviously, his attention had strayed and when she broke off the narrative he had asked an entirely irrelevant question.

"What's the matter, Jonathan?" she asked as they sat on the verandah of the cottage at twilight one evening for an hour neither of them had spoken.

"The matter?" he asked absently.

"You don't talk to me," she said. "Something is troubling you."

"I'm tired." He did not look at her. His voice seemed a little constrained. "I'm feeling the effects of our strenuous life in the city."

She did not question him further. She couldn't ask for Father's confidence. There was something between them, something which troubled him, something which altered their companionship. Something. What was it?

It was on the verandah of the New Canaan Country Club that she overheard remarks which gave her an uneasy suggestion of what might be troubling father. They were there as guests of the Careys'. Mr. and Mrs. Carey were on the golf course. Ann and young Bob sat on the verandah resting from a strenuous set of tennis. Father and Claire Stafford sat in willow chairs on the terrace overlooking the last hole of the course at some distance from the verandah.

The sun had dropped behind the hills and the air held a soft radiance. Claire's ruby-brown head glistened against the green upholstery of the chair. How lovely she was! Ann thought, her eyes straying towards the two chairs on the terrace as she talked with young Bob. She wore a dress of white chiffon which accented the creamy tint of her skin. Her face was animated. She smiled up at Father. Her fingers toyed with the band of dark blue velvet on the broad-brimmed hat in her lap.

Other occupants of the verandah observed the two chairs on the terrace. Ann presently heard comments. The speakers were concealed from her by an angle of the verandah. She heard the dialogue distinctly though Bob, with youthful gallantry, continued to give her the details of a camping trip in the mountains.

Two women were observing Father and Claire. One of them was a stranger, apparently. The other was a resident of the neighborhood.

"Claire Stafford," Ann heard. "Yes, she's beautiful. A widow. No, I don't think she dyes her hair. It's naturally that shade."

"Who is the man?" asked the stranger. "That's Jonathan Lowell, the man who wrote 'The Last Frontier.'"

"Really!" The stranger was obviously impressed. "He's good looking, isn't he? I always admire a few grey hairs over the temples like that. Is he married?"

"His wife died years ago. There's a daughter. Laura Carey told me all about him. Patterson-Carey published his book. He's been extremely attentive to Claire. She always manages to have a celebrity worshipping at her feet. Last year it was Barney Grove, the playwright. Of course, nothing may come of this, but no one will be at all surprised if she marries him. I'm devoted to Claire but—"

The voices were lowered. Ann glanced at young Bob. He flushed and looked away from her.

"It doesn't mean anything," he said with awkward sincerity. "You know how women talk."

"I know." She smiled to relieve his embarrassment. "Don't let it bother you," young Bob advised seriously. "Just women talking! It doesn't mean anything."

She assured him that she would not permit the incident to trouble her. His youthful gallantry was both amusing and touching. She talked of other things, asked questions about his camping trip, requested advice as to how she might improve her tennis.

But the incident remained in her mind, provoking suspicions and conjectures. Had Father seen Claire more frequently than she knew? Was he with her on those evenings when he was not at the inn? Was he thinking of marrying her? The idea was unbearable.

She wanted to ask him. She planned just how she would do it. She would make a joke of the comments she had overheard, of young Bob's indignation. A dozen times she was at the point of relating the incident. Father's abstraction checked the words on her lips. She was shy with him, uncertain of his reaction. She had never felt that way with Father. It troubled her. She could not shake it off. She felt shut away from him, lonely, unhappy.

"Ann," he said one day, some time after the incident on the club-house verandah. "If you don't mind, I think we won't go abroad this fall."

Her heart beat in her throat. She looked up at him swiftly, a question in her eyes. "I'm sorry." Father drew her down into the hammock beside him. "I was afraid you'd be disappointed. But I've got to get at a new novel. Patterson-Carey wants to publish it not later than next fall. It must be as good or better than 'The Last Frontier.' I want to take a trip to New Bedford to look up some material. Want to go, pigeon?"

"Oh, yes!" Relief made her almost dizzy. Father hadn't been thinking of marrying Claire. The idea had probably never occurred to him. He had seemed abstracted because he knew that he should get to work and at the same time, he hadn't wanted to disappoint her. Father dislike unpleasantness. He would go to any extreme to avoid a direct issue. That was the explanation.

She might have felt resentful at the postponement of the trip to Europe if she had not, for so long, been troubled about Father. In the relief of knowing the reason for his long silences, his restlessness, his detachment, that did not seem important. Sandy would resent it, she was sure. She must explain the situation tactfully. She wanted Sandy to admire Father. He must not cherish a resentment. It would make life, their life together, difficult. She could never cut herself off from Father entirely. Not even for Sandy. No, not even for Sandy.

Ann enjoyed the visit to New Bedford. Father was more like himself than he had been for some time. There were only occasional moments when he seemed remote and restless. As the end of the week approached, she was reluctant to return to Connecticut. She had a fear that she might lose Father again.

"Let's go back to the village," she suggested. "We're almost there. We can have our things sent on. The house hasn't been rented. I wrote to Mrs. Bangs."

Father appeared to consider the suggestion for an instant.

"It's quiet there," he said thoughtfully.

"No distractions."

Ann pressed her momentary advantage.

"This novel will be difficult," she said.

"You aren't as familiar with the material as you were with 'The Last Frontier.' It must be good. Think of the critics who are waiting to announce to the world that your first novel was a flash in the pan."

"I know," Father said.

"Wouldn't it be easier if we should go to the village, if we live as we did last year?" Father twinkled.

"And carry firewood and build bonfires to thaw the water-pipes?"

"I didn't mind any of it," she said.

Father's hand covered hers. "You're a good trouper," he said. "Perhaps we'll do that later. We'll have to return to the inn, though. I have one or two important engagements."

They were silent for an interval. Father puffed at his pipe. In the gathering twilight his profile was thoughtful and grave. Ann looked out across the harbor. The riding-light of a boat at anchor made a rippling streak of color on the dull surface of the water. Masts swayed gently in the rising wind. A schooner gleamed startlingly white, a ghost ship manned by a phantom crew. In the distance a church-bell chimed. There was nothing in the world more melancholy than church-bells at twilight.

What was Sandy doing to-night? There were no church-bells in the pine woods of South Carolina.

She must give Father one more year. There was no probability of his living with them when she and Sandy were married. Her last interview with Sandy had convinced her of that. He couldn't share her. She and Sandy must wait. She wanted to help Father with the new novel. He would be discouraged, at times, uncertain, depressed. She knew how to divert him, how to restore his confidence. She was the silent audience he needed when he wanted to think aloud.

When he had repeated the success of "The Last Frontier" his future would be assured. He would not need her then. She might go with Sandy. A year—less than that, perhaps. She and Sandy were young. She must explain the situation tactfully, tell him she wanted to give Father one more year. He must understand. Loyalties were confusing. How pleasant it was to smell the sea again! The ornament over the portico of the inn was a figurehead from a ship, a woman with long golden hair, holding crossed palm branches across her breast. Her nose was blunted by wind and storm. Father must remember that—or she would remember it for him. . . .

"What are you thinking?" Father asked. "Nothing. Everything. I've enjoyed this week."

Ann was troubled no longer. There was no return of Father's fits of abstraction. Nothing had altered. Nothing had come between them. She talked alternately of going back to the Cape or of buying a house in Connecticut. Father's replies were teasingly evasive. There was, however, no feeling of constraint. There was nothing between them, no mystery, no long silences. Except for missing Sandy, Ann was happy and contented. A question Father asked one evening had, therefore, the paralyzing effect of a complete and stunning surprise. They were walking up to the cottage from the inn. Half way up the hill Father asked:

"You've gotten over your feeling about a stepmother, haven't you, kitten?"

A stepmother! Her heart thudded for a moment. It was difficult to breathe. That was absurd. Father was asking a casual question. She laughed.

"Yes," she said. "That was an ogre of childhood. I never think of it now."

"That's good." He paused, looked away from her, then said, "Claire and I are to be married, Ann."

She felt, stupidly, that she didn't understand.

"Married?" she asked slowly. "You and—Mrs. Stafford?"

"You like her, don't you?" Father's voice was eager, a little apprehensive.

Ann felt drained of all thought and feeling. She knew only that she must choose her words carefully. She must not say the wrong thing. That was important.

"Yes, I like her," she said.

Father laughed. It was apparent that he was greatly relieved. He tucked Ann's hand through his arm and talked eagerly, gaily, as they followed the narrow path, slippery with pine-needles, on up to the cottage.

"You couldn't think of Claire as a stepmother, could you? She isn't much older than you are. People will think I have two daughters. Isn't she lovely?"

"Yes," Ann said very low.

"I've been wanting to tell you. I've known all summer that I wanted to marry her. I was afraid you'd think it would make a difference between you and me. It won't, will it, kitten?"

"No." She could manage one word at a time. Dear God, don't let tears spill over! Keep her from making a scene!

"Of course it won't." Father's manner was a shade too buoyant. He talked rapidly, brightly. "We'll have a home and you won't be burdened with responsibility. You like Claire's home, don't you?"

"Yes."

"We'll have a good life together. I will be proud of my wife and my daughter."

My wife and my daughter. Already she was second in his thoughts. My wife and my daughter! It was Father who was speaking. My wife!

"Yes. When will you—when are you to be married?"

"The latter part of this month. Very quietly. We don't want a fuss."

"We" meant Father and Claire. She must remember that. To-morrow she wouldn't mind so much. It had come, in spite of her previous suspicions, as an overwhelming surprise. If she could keep from thinking a little while—

"Are you going to Europe?" she asked slowly, a space between each word.

Father was offended.

"Without you? No, indeed!" He held her in the circle of his arm. "Claire wants to go to Bermuda. We'll make it a flying trip. I want to get to work. We'll go abroad next fall, you and Claire and I. Fun, darling. Adventures. The three of us—"

"Three's a—"

"There'll be no crowding." Father said indignantly. "No one can crowd you out of my life. We'll be happier than we've ever been. You'll see."

Perhaps he was right. Perhaps Father needed more than she could give him, a closer relationship. If Claire was right for him—

CHAPTER 22.

"FATHER and Claire Stafford are to be married the 28th of September—"

Ann looked at the words she had written. How could she continue? How could she explain to Sandy in a way which would not make him resentful? If she gave him any reason to suspect that she was unhappy, he would come to her immediately. She was tempted to write as she felt, tempted to pour out on paper her apprehensions, her loneliness, her feeling of having lost Father. Sandy would come to her. He would take her to South Carolina. And presently she would forget.

But he would resent Father's marriage. He would be convinced that Father had treated her unfairly. He might want her to cut herself off from Father and Claire. She couldn't do that. She had promised Father to see him through the wedding. There would be readjustments. Claire, however much she might want to help, wouldn't understand the demands of Father's work, the atmosphere he needed, the thousand and one compromises involved in writing a novel.

She must write as though she were pleased with Father's marriage. Sandy must not have harsh thoughts of Father. She must prevent his coming to her. At a distance she might maintain a pretence of delight. If Sandy were with her he would know that she was hurt and unhappy. She must not let him come to her until Father and Claire were married, until they had returned from Bermuda and the new world was well started. She continued, writing rapidly, her pen whispering across the paper—

"It was not a complete surprise. I had suspected that he was becoming interested in her. You liked her, didn't you, Sandy? She's a lovely person. I have given them my blessing. I am delighted with the arrangement."

"They are going to Bermuda. I'll stay with Holly and Nina while they are away. When they return I shall live with them at Claire's home. When the new novel is well started I shall turn Father over to Claire. Will you come home for Christmas? You may have a passenger when you return to South Carolina. Tell Aunt Minty to take good care of you. Don't stand under any falling trees. Don't get a finger caught in the sawmill. Don't drink moonshine, or ride strange horses. I love you very much."

She had used the right tactics with Sandy. He wrote enthusiastically of the marriage. He sent Claire a succession of gifts. He regretted that he would be unable to be present at the wedding. There was a certain portion of the timberland which must be cleared before cold weather. He was coming home for Christmas. Ann was to return to South Carolina with him. He was making improvements in the cabin. He had bought a horse for her. He was marking off the days before Christmas on a calendar. He was as tough as an Indian. P.S.: He loved her very much.

Ann maintained the pretence of being delighted with the marriage. Pride prevented her from letting anyone know that she was hurt. Father's devotion to her, her devotion to Father was a part of the Jonathan Lowell legend. She warded off any suggestion of sympathy by a cool poised manner, a quick smile, a comment about the approaching wedding.

Mr. Patterson made impressive pronouncements and sent a silver tea-set. The Patterson-Carry publicity department seized upon the wedding as fresh news for the public.

"That Donnelly," Father complained to Ann. "He'd like the wedding to take place in Madison Square Garden with wrestling matches and a beauty pageant for side attractions."

"That would be original," Ann said lightly. "Good publicity. A brass band and free ice cream cones."

Father's voice softened. Looking at her high color, her brilliant eyes, he asked:

"You aren't unhappy are you, kitten?"

She looked away from him.

"I'm awfully excited," she said. "It isn't every girl who has an opportunity to attend her father's wedding. Wait until you see me. I have a new dress. I'm going to be gorgeous."

Soon the marriage would be over, she thought. While Claire and Father were in Bermuda she would have time to adjust herself to the situation. Now during the interval before the wedding it was important, for Father's sake, to be interested in the preparations, to be gay and affectionate. The days were crowded with activities. Only the nights were hard to endure. A little while—presently it would be easier. One became accustomed to changes.

The first meeting with Claire, after the engagement had been announced, was difficult. Both of them tried too hard to be natural. Father was conscious of the tension in the atmosphere.

"Must you be so polite to each other?" he asked, including both of them in an amused, pleading, affectionate smile. "Can't you be natural?"

After the first meeting it was easier. Claire exerted herself to be charming to Ann. She consulted her about the wedding and the reception, her clothes, details concerning the house and the servants.

"This is your home now," she told Ann, slipping an arm affectionately around her waist. "I want you to feel free to entertain your friends whenever you wish. You and Jonathan have never had a home. I want you to enjoy it."

She seemed so entirely sincere that Ann was touched. There was no reason, she assured herself, why the marriage shouldn't work out very well. Claire obviously was very much in love with Father.

"He's the most interesting, the most exciting man I've ever known," she confided to Ann. "I think I'm very lucky. And to have you as well. We'll have a happy life, won't we?"

It was impossible not to respond to Claire's raptures, not to be a little touched by them. She enjoyed the preparations so thoroughly. The wedding presents, her clothes and luggage, the parties for her and Father, the letters and telegrams of congratulations. Reporters flocked to the house. Claire greeted them graciously, permitted herself to be photographed in a dozen charming poses.

Father had moments of irritation.

"Claire is making too much fuss," he complained to Ann in Claire's garden one evening. "She's taking a truckload of luggage to Bermuda for a stay of two or three weeks. You and I started for Cape Cod with two suitcases and a typewriter."

It would have been so easy to agree with him. Claire was making a fuss. She must be fair. She must be a good sport.

"Claire is accustomed to travelling with a great deal of luggage," she said, choosing words carefully. "You must expect some

things to be different, Father. Claire has her own ideas about how she wants to live."

"Of course," Father agreed. And then, after a moment, "She wants to take Thelma."

"She's used to Thelma," Ann said. "Thelma is an excellent maid."

A smile banished Father's irritation. "I know," he said. "I'll have to become accustomed to travelling with a retinue. Isn't Claire lovely? And isn't it remarkable how closely she resembles my description of 'Jessica Hale'?"

That thought had remained in Father's mind. Was it responsible, in a measure, for Father's interest in Claire? An odd distortion of the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. Had Claire dropped the suggestion into the romantic mind of the lady reporter who had devoted a page in a Sunday paper to the resemblance between Claire and the heroine of "The Last Frontier"? It was a clever bit of showmanship. She hoped that Claire wasn't responsible. Perhaps the energetic Mr. Donnelly had given the reporter the idea.

The twenty-eighth of September approached. The last week before the wedding was a confusion of parties and fittings and gifts and telegrams and reporters and interviews with the florist and the caterer. The excitement gave Claire's beauty a new brilliance. Father wore almost constantly a bewildered, harassed look.

He was irritated at the plans for the wedding. "Is it necessary to have a bishop and two rectors and twenty-four choir boys to perform one simple ceremony?" he inquired, somewhat indignantly of Ann. "And," he added as though that were the last straw, "a tenor from the Metropolitan Opera Company."

"The tenor," Ann replied, "is an old friend of Claire's."

"I know," Father's expression softened. "She's doing it for me. She told me that she'd rather jump over a broomstick, or however it is that gipsies are married, but she felt that she owed it to my position to put on a good show. Bless her! But I could dispense with the bishop and at least half of the choir boys."

Ann felt a flash of indignation. Claire enjoyed the show. Claire shouldn't have told Father. She forced herself to put the incident from her mind. She must not be so critical. She must not look for flaws.

Holly, alone, knew how Ann felt about Father's marriage. She accepted the announcement calmly. If she were disturbed, she gave no sign.

"What sort of person is she?" she asked, when she and Ann were alone in her apartment one afternoon.

"Beautiful," Ann answered. "Really beautiful."

"Don't be charitable," Holly said gruffly. "You've been sweet and agreeable so long that it's become a habit. Tell me what you really think of her. It will do you good."

"I don't know," Ann said gravely. "It doesn't matter what I think, does it? If she's right for Father—" Her voice trembled. She looked away from Holly.

"Is she right for him?" Holly asked slowly.

"I don't know. I'm prejudiced, of course. I can't help being jealous. I watch for flaws. That doesn't matter. I'm going to marry Sandy. I won't be with them long—only until Father's new novel is well started. It's only that—well, I couldn't bear having Father's ability wasted. I know what it means to give him the atmosphere he needs for working, the tact and understanding, the small sacrifices, the necessity for adapting one's mood to his. It isn't always easy."

"It's a man's share job," Holly said sympathetically.

"I'm afraid—" Again Ann's hand gestured hopelessly. "Oh, what's the use of talking about it! Father and Claire must work it out for themselves." She added, as

though it were a lesson she had learned. "I want only what is best for him. I want him to be happy."

The twenty-eighth of September was sunny and clear. A blue sky arched over the Connecticut countryside, fresh and green after a light fall of rain. The ceremony was to be performed in the small Episcopal church at four o'clock in the afternoon. Ann gave her costume the last finishing touches in the room which was to be hers in Claire's attractive home.

"You look lovely," Holly said admiringly. "Interestingly pale. Your eyes are enormous. Keep the chin up, Annie."

Ann revolved slowly before the mirror. The filmy frock of apricot chiffon fitted her beautifully. The broad-brimmed hat shadowed her eyes. She forgot, for a moment, that she was dressed for Father's wedding. She was glad that Madame Eugenie had added to the costume those touches of dull green velvet. Sandy would approve of her appearance. Touches of green gave her eyes an interesting tint. She turned to Holly, smiling, her eyes softly radiant.

"I think I'll be married in green," she said. "Sandy likes it."

Father came into the room, carrying his cut-away coat over his arm, the ends of his tie hanging under the peevishly collar.

"Hello, Holly," he said. "I didn't know you were here."

Holly smiled lazily. Under the transparent brim of a wide black hat her dark eyes were enigmatic.

"How are you feeling?" she asked. "Any trepidations?"

"Many," Father said. "Where's Nina?"

"She's going directly to the church with Miss Kate and Miss Eloise." Holly walked to the door. "I'll be waiting downstairs, Ann."

Father turned to Holly.

"You'll take care of her while I—while we are away?"

"Oh, yes," Holly answered. "We'll take care of her." She smiled, went out of the room and closed the door softly.

Ann looked at Father. He was looking at her. They smiled uncertainly, looked away from each other.

"Will you tie my tie?" Father asked.

"You do this kind better than I do."

"I want you to do it."

Her fingers fumbled the heavy silk. She must steady them. Father was looking down at her, love and tenderness in his eyes, sadness, too, a pleading expression. Words were inadequate to express what was in their hearts. The silence was filled with unanswered questions, with promises, vague regrets.

"There," she gave the tie a final pat.

"Thank you, pigeon."

She held his coat for him, buttoned it, smoothed the shoulders.

"You're handsome," she said.

They stood close together, avoiding direct glances, not touching each other, close, yet infinitely remote.

"It's almost time to go to the church, isn't it?" she asked.

"Nearly. You'll be happy with Holly and Nina, won't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"We won't be away long."

"No." She must not cry or cling to Father or make a scene. This was their last intimate moment together. In an hour Claire would be his wife. A thousand memories crowded into her mind, small adventures they had had in the days before Father's success.

"There are things I'd like to say," he said gently. "The fun we've had—how much I owe you—what you mean to me—"

He opened his arms. She went to him. He held her gently, affectionately.

In her heart she knew that nothing would ever be the same. She was losing Father. Dear God! She must not cry...

CHAPTER 23

FATHER and Claire returned from Bermuda sooner than Ann had expected. Father came to the house in Washington Square one rainy afternoon in October when Ann was alone in Holly's apartment. The hallway was dimly lighted. She did not, at first, recognise the tall figure in the English top-coat and soft felt hat.

"Well!" he said in reply to her formal greeting. "Have I changed beyond recognition? Should I have worn a pink carnation?"

"Father!" She was in his arms, clinging to him asking him a dozen questions at once. In the first few moments of reunion she forgot that there had been a change in their lives. Father was there, looking well and handsome and blessedly familiar. Talking excitedly, she led him into the apartment.

"When did you land?" she asked, sitting on the arm of his chair, striking a match to light his cigarette.

"This morning. At noon, rather. We were delayed by the fog."

"I didn't expect you so soon. It's a lovely surprise." She pressed her cheek against his face.

"The collapse of the stock market upset Claire," Father said. "She wanted to get home and find out what was happening." "Plenty, I guess," Ann replied. "The papers aren't very optimistic. How is Claire?"

"Very well," Father replied. "She will meet us at the station. She went to her broker's office as soon as we landed. She sent you her love."

"When shall I see her?" Ann asked.

"At once. Pack your things. We're to take the four thirty train for New Canaan."

"Wouldn't you rather—" Ann hesitated and then continued, "Wouldn't it be better if I wait until to-morrow?"

Father was indignant.

"We're going home together," he said.

"We've planned it that way. Claire will be awfully hurt if I don't bring you with me."

Ann was touched. Claire wanted her to come to them at once. It would have been natural for her to prefer a few days alone. She needn't have worried. Possibly it was going to work out very well after all.

She and Father reached the station half an hour after the time that Claire had appointed. Claire, with soft furs about her vivid face, a short veil shadowing her eyes, waited with Thelma beside a mountain of luggage.

"We've been waiting for hours," she said with a suggestion of annoyance in her voice, as she lifted her cheek for Father's kiss.

"Not hours!" Father said gaily. "It hasn't been hours, has it, Thelma?"

"Mrs. Lowell said quarter to four," Thelma smiled demurely. It was apparent that she thought well of Father.

Mrs. Lowell, Ann's heart stirred oddly. But of course, Claire was Mrs. Lowell. It was only that just at first it seemed strange, a little hard to bear.

"And it's quarter past now," Father said triumphantly. "That's only half an hour, darling. Was your interview with the broker satisfactory?"

Claire frowned.

"They couldn't tell me anything definite," she said. "I don't—" The frown disappeared. "Ann, darling!" she said. "I haven't said 'hello' to you." She enveloped Ann in fur and perfume, kissed her lightly. "How are you? It's been such a trying day! The fog and the broker and this miserable rain. I simply can't wait to get home."

In the local to New Canaan, Father turned a seat and sat facing Ann and Claire. He talked of their trip to Bermuda. Claire talked of her interview with the broker.

"They seem to have no idea where it's going to end," she said fretfully. "I don't understand it at all. Some of my friends have lost everything. The atmosphere at Carstairs and Stimms was hysterical. What does it mean?"

"Don't worry," Father leaned over to pat Claire's hand. "Remember, you're married now. I'm the head of the family." Father had invested his money in the soundest of securities. He was, oddly enough, conservative in money affairs. It was a heritage from his New England ancestry, Ann thought. He spent liberally but he avoided debts and was wary about investments. The sudden financial panic had not alarmed her on Father's account. But she had wondered what it would mean to Sandy's father, to Sandy. She had not heard from him since the collapse of the stock market.

During the first half of the ride out to New Canaan she thought of it again. What would it mean to Sandy? Would James MacArdie be able to weather the storm? Presently she put the thought from her mind. Father, to divert Claire from her very amusing. What a darling he was! She was so glad to see him again. He looked brown and healthy. Dear Father! She did not think of Sandy again. Father was there!

Claire met them at the station with Claire's sedan. If it had been their car, Ann thought, sitting beside Father on the tupe upholstery. If they had been going to their own home! But it was Claire's home. She must remember that. Not that she was likely to forget it!

Lamps were lit in the low stone house. Fat Bella, grinning with delight, Bertha in her trim uniform, Miss Elliot sniffling with joy and apprehension, were grouped in the hall. Claire greeted them charmingly.

"Everything looks so nice!" she exclaimed, moving through the fresh, immaculate rooms. "Isn't an open fire pleasant, Jonathan! And the flowers!" Her face sparkled with pleasure. "Oh, I do thank you all!"

Bella and Bertha went off about their business. Miss Elliot followed Claire, bearing the luggage upstairs. Claire, still in her travelling coat and furs, slipped one arm around Father and the other arm around Ann.

"This isn't my home now. It's our home," she said so simply, with such an air of genuine sincerity that Father said softly, "Beautiful!" and Ann did not resent the love and tenderness in his voice.

"I have a surprise for you," Claire said, after a moment.

She opened the door from the living-room into the game-room beyond. Smiling, she touched the electric switch. The room had been transformed into a study for Father. There were soft-hued rugs on the floor, bookshelves against the walls, a mahogany writing-table, easy chairs, an efficient typewriter-stand. A fire burned on the hearth. There were flowers on the table. Over the mantel hung an oil painting of Claire.

"This for me?" Father asked. Ann knew that he was deeply touched. He moved about the room, touching the books, spinning the globe in its bronze frame, looking up at the portrait of Claire.

Claire went to Father, touched his arm, looked up at him, half smiling, half anxious. "Do you really like it?" she asked.

"Do I like it?" His arms went around her. Ann quietly left the room.

In her own room, she removed her wraps and hung them in the wardrobe. She wouldn't mind so much after a while, she thought. She would become accustomed to taking second place in Father's affection.

The room was pleasant. A fire burned in the grate. There were yellow rosebuds on the dressing-table and the low maple desk. She wouldn't always have the feeling of being a stranger. When she had filled the bookcase with her own books, when her toilet articles were on the dressing-table, when the statuette Sandy had sent her

stood on the mantel, she would feel at home in the room. It was only that just at first—

She would wear her most becoming dress for dinner. She would be amiable and gay. She wouldn't watch Claire. She wouldn't be jealous and suspicious. Making good resolutions, she unpacked the bag she had brought from Holly's.

CHAPTER 24.

THE study which Claire had furnished for Father was an excellent overlow room when there were too many guests at teas and parties for the living-room and the music-room across the hall. It was also a point of interest to callers.

"This is Jonathan's workroom," Claire would announce, leading the way into the study which was always immaculate and ready for inspection with fresh flowers on the desk and a fire ready for lighting on the hearth.

The guests were impressed and appreciative. The ladies fluttered about the room, admiring the furnishings, asking eager questions, professing themselves to be greatly honored at being allowed to touch the desk at which Jonathan wrote or to sit for a moment in his chair. The gentlemen made literary remarks, spun the globe in its bronze frame, indicated by their manner that writing was a soft snap, even a racket.

The callers, both male and female, were enthusiastic about the oil painting of Claire above the mantel which gave Claire an opportunity to tell of the young artist whom she had befriended and who, now that he was becoming successful, had done her portrait as an expression of his gratitude, so that, ultimately, it was Claire who was the centre of conversation and interest even in Jonathan's study.

No work was done in the study. During the first few weeks after their return from Bermuda, Claire and Jonathan entertained and were entertained extensively. Father appeared to enjoy it, Ann thought. He was proud of Claire, very much in love with her. He liked people, too, and gaiety and parties.

But parties were not conducive to a clear head in the morning. Breakfast was always late. Claire usually had plans for luncheon and the afternoon. There seemed to be no time for work. Ann patiently bided her time. This was merely a phase, she thought. Presently Father would be eager for work. She could only wait until this frenzy of social activity had run its course.

At first Ann was included in invitations. Claire was considerate and affectionate. She seemed to be proud of Ann.

"This is my daughter," she would say, knowing that the inevitable reply would be a reference to the obvious fact that they more nearly resembled sisters. Father was delighted at their apparent fondness for each other.

"I told you it wouldn't make any difference," he said to Ann one evening as they waited in the music-room for Claire to come down for dinner. "Everything is better. We have a home. We have Claire. She's lovely, isn't she? I think we're both very lucky."

Ann agreed with him. But there was a difference. Gradually she felt herself being put aside, left out of Claire's and Father's plans.

"This won't interest you," Claire would say, referring to an invitation. "You'd be awfully bored, darling. I'll make a tactful excuse for you."

Or —
"You should have young friends, Ann. You've been too much with older people." She smiled reprovingly at Father across the luncheon-table. "You shouldn't have monopolized her, Jon. Young people need companions of their own age."

Father's expression was grave.
"You're probably right," he agreed. "I wasn't as thoughtful as I might have been."

"You were always thoughtful," Ann said evenly. "I enjoyed your friends. I didn't need young people. I had you."

But Claire was convinced that Ann needed companions her own age. She arranged parties of young people, taking so much trouble over food, ingenious games, music for dancing, that Ann hadn't the courage to protest. She became acquainted with a number of Claire's younger friends. She received invitations to football games and to dances at Yale and Williams and Princeton.

Father thought that she enjoyed parties and invitations. He was grateful to Claire for supplying the deficiencies of her younger life. He was generous, wanting her to have pretty clothes and an extravagant allowance.

She did enjoy an occasional party with her new acquaintances, a dance, a football game in the Yale Bowl on a crisp afternoon early in November. But her companions seemed immature and uninteresting. She was accustomed to Father's companionship. It was considerate of Claire to devise pleasures for her. Or was it? Wasn't Claire deliberately separating her from Father?

Any reference to her past life with Father annoyed Claire.

"Well, pigeon!" Father said, smiling at her as they sat at dinner one evening. "What have you been doing to-day?"

"Pigeon!" Claire's voice held a mocking tone. "That's an absurd name for your daughter, Jonathan."

"We like it, don't we?" Father asked Ann. "I called her that when she was a baby," he explained to Claire. "She made little cooing noises—like a dove."

"Father!" Ann protested, realising that Claire was annoyed.

There were days when Ann scarcely saw Father. Their engagements took them in different directions. There were evenings when she lay awake until late waiting for him to stop at her door and say "Good night." He observed the ceremony with increasing infrequency and she was too proud to remind him of the lapse. She would become accustomed to it. She wouldn't be sensitive and touchy. But she couldn't help being both no matter how hard she tried.

Though she was with Father and Claire less and less as time went on, she was conscious of small discords. Father did not want Miss Elliot in the house.

"She's always under foot," Ann heard him complain to Claire. "She watches me as though she suspected that I might put ground glass in your food."

Ann slipped away. Father must eventually have conceded the issue to Claire. Emmy remained. During her brief absences from the house, another of Claire's pensioners took her place. They were, Ann observed, useful in many ways. They spoke continually of Claire's generosity. They supplied an atmosphere of flattery and devotion. They were ladies-in-waiting to the Queen.

Claire, on the other hand, would not tolerate Father's needy acquaintances. One evening, just before dinner, Claire ushered into the music room a jovial gentleman in a creased and spotted suit and his pretty, anaemic young wife.

"Billy Evans!" Father's greeting was hearty.

When they had gone, Father turned to Claire.

"I was ashamed of you," he said.

"They were awful," Claire made a grimace of distaste. "He used bad grammar and she had runs in her stockings."

"Claire, darling, you're a snob."

They were quarrelling. It was dreadful to see Father so angry and humiliated.

But Father was deeply infatuated with Claire. At a touch, a smile, an endearing term, his annoyance vanished. She was so lovely, her auburn hair, her creamy skin, her long ruddy-brown eyes. Father was enormously proud of her. He could refuse her nothing. He, who had always been free and independent, was dependent now. It troubled Ann. It made her anxious and, vaguely, a little ashamed.

Father, eventually, began to work. Claire was interested and encouraging.

"I'll keep the house perfectly quiet," she would assure Father at breakfast.

But there were countless interruptions. One of Claire's friends wanted to see the study. A photographer had come to take publicity pictures. An enthusiastic admirer was waiting for Jonathan to autograph a book. A delegation from the East Orange Woman's Club was at the door. Claire just wanted to say "Good-bye" before she went into the city. Was there anything that Jonathan would especially like for dinner? He seemed to be losing his appetite. Had he forgotten their luncheon engagement at the Brevoort with that columnist?

Claire was always apologetic and conciliatory. Father was patient. Ann was anxious and unhappy. Sandy's letters from South Carolina were disquieting. His father, he wrote, had been hit hard by the financial crash. He wasn't sure that they would be able to continue the development in the South. Things seemed to be getting worse instead of better. His father was fighting desperately to weather the storm. He, Sandy, might be home at any time. Would she be glad to see him? She seemed so very far away. Was she happy? He loved her more than ever.

She thought of going to Sandy. Why not? She reasoned. She was of no use to Father. She was not happy in Claire's home. Sandy loved her, wanted her. She was losing Father, gradually, without his knowledge. But she was losing him. She must not lose Sandy, too.

Late one night, unable to sleep, she slipped into a dressing gown and went downstairs. Through the living room she saw a pencil line of light under the study door. Was Father there alone? She knocked. Father answered. She opened the door.

He sat at the desk which was littered with notes and half-written pages of manuscript.

"You're working," she said. "I'm sorry."

He smiled wearily.

"Come here," he said gently.

She went to him, sat on the arm of his chair.

"Father," she said hesitantly, "would you mind—? I think I'll go away."

"Leave me,—you mean?" There was surprise in his voice, pain, apprehension.

His arm held her tightly, possessively. "Aren't you happy? Why do you want to go?"

"I'm of no use to you," she said slowly.

"You are. Why, pigeon, I—It breaks me all up. You can't leave me with this job on my hands." He indicated the papers scattered over the desk.

"You aren't working, Father."

"I'm going to. I must. I'm going to work like the devil." He was forcing himself to a pitch of high enthusiasm.

"You won't accomplish anything here," she said evenly. "There are too many—"

interruptions, Father.

"There must be a place for both Claire and my work," he said slowly. "This constant battle isn't reasonable. We'll adjust ourselves. But I must have you to help me." He pressed his hands to her face in a wavy gesture. "Don't leave me, pigeon. I need you more than I ever did. Don't go away now."

"I won't," she promised, "as long as you need me, I'll stay."

He raised his head. His face was peaceful, relaxed.

"I knew you would," he said, his enthusiasm returning. "I'll work like a demon. We'll make progress. Let me read you what I've written this evening. See if you think it's a good start."

They spent a happy hour in the study, discussing the new novel, naming the principal characters, recalling incidents that had happened on the Cape. The firelight moved rosy over Claire's portrait. Father did not glance at it. He was absorbed

in the book, interested, enthusiastic. They went out to the kitchen and raided the ice box. Sitting on the kitchen table, munching thick sandwiches, drinking milk, Father was himself again.

He raised his glass of milk.

"To us!" he said, laughing. "The Lowells."

At that moment he was not thinking of Claire. Ann drank the toast with him. She felt happier than she had since she had come to live in Claire's home. It would all work out. She couldn't leave him. She could help him. She could give him moments like this.

In the days immediately following, the situation seemed to be greatly improved. Claire occupied herself with shopping trips and plans for Christmas. Father was permitted to work without interruptions. He was making a real start on the new book.

And then Sandy returned from South Carolina.

He was waiting for her in Claire's muslin-room when she came in from a trip into the city one afternoon a few days before Christmas.

"Ann, darling!" He held out his arms.

Ann dropped the packages she carried, went swiftly to him, felt his arms around her, lost, in the ecstatic moment of reunion, her apprehensions, her disturbing thoughts. "Sandy!" she cried softly, her cheek against his. "Sandy! Sandy, darling!"

CHAPTER 35.

SANDY poked the fire in Father's study. The logs broke with a crackling sound. A shower of sparks flew up the chimney and he laid a fresh log on the andirons. When he turned to Ann his face was grave.

"I'm not going back to South Carolina," he said.

"Oh!" The exclamation was a soft sound of pity and distress.

He sat on the divan beside her.

"Father's been awfully hard hit," Sandy held her hand, gently pressed the tips of her fingers one after the other.

"He had mortgaged everything, even the house, to push ahead his East River development. It seemed good business then. No one anticipated this crash. Now the banks are after him. Everyone is grabbing all they can get. It's an awful mess, darling."

"What will it mean?" she asked, her heart fluttering in her throat.

"It may mean bankruptcy," Sandy said. "Dad's all smashed up over it. He's been proud of his success."

"I'm so sorry. That sounds inadequate. There's nothing I can say that will half express how I feel. I'm fond of your father."

"I know." He turned to her swiftly.

"Will you marry me now, darling? Tomorrow—the day after? To-night?"

"Sandy!" she faltered.

"I know it's crazy." His voice was husky.

"We may lose everything. But I can work. There'll always be something I can do. We'd have each other. Will you take a chance?"

"I can't, Sandy." Her voice was low and unsteady. She looked with troubled eyes into the fire.

He ignored the low reply.

"Will it make a difference with us?" he asked desperately. "I must ask you. I must know. I've thought about it until I've been almost crazy. Down there in that cabin alone, riding through the woods, I must ask you, Ann. I must know."

"Will what make a difference?" she asked, frightened, perplexed.

"If we lose everything? If I have nothing to offer you except what I can earn myself? Will it make a difference?"

She laughed shakily.

"Is that all?"

"All?" he looked at her miserably, looked away.

"You frightened me. I thought— No, Sandy," she continued gravely, "It won't make a difference."

"Forgive me," he said contritely. "You've waited a home so long. And now—this." He dropped his head into his hands.

"Listen to me, Sandy." She raised his head. Her fingers moved caressingly over his face. "When I thought of you it was against a background of things we have known together, Cape Cod, the apartment in the city, the inn. I've almost never thought of you in your own home. You've been my Sandy, not James MacArdie's son."

"That makes me so happy, Ann."

"I've loved having money," she went on. "We never did before Father's novel was a success. I've liked not having to choose between a shampoo and a manure; not having to worry about slippers wearing out and dresses getting shabby. Money is important. It gives you independence and freedom. But it isn't the most important thing in the world."

Her voice became light and gay. "I can cook fairly well. I can sew on buttons. I can make a home out of two yards of chintz, and a set of dishes from Woolworth's."

"Sweet!" His arms went around her.

"You're so darling, Ann. I've worried about it. I was afraid even to come to see you. Everything was so muddled. You'll marry me now, at once?"

She drew a little away from him.

"No, Sandy," she said.

"Why not?"

"I can't leave Father."

"Oh!" He sat erect.

"Please, dear," she said imploringly. "Let me try to explain. I must try to make you understand why I can't leave Father now."

"I don't think you can explain," he said.

"Good Lord!" he burst out. "He's married. He has Claire. Why must he have you, too? Does he want one of you perched on each arm of his chair while he writes his important novels? The Cherubim and the Seraphim. Good Lord, Ann! You're ridiculous about your father!"

She must not become angry. She must talk to Sandy quietly, tactfully, make him understand.

"It's Father's work that's important," she said. "I've promised him to stay here until the new novel is well started. Claire doesn't understand. She will," she added quickly. "It's difficult at first. I know the atmosphere he needs for working. He needs me now more than ever."

"It doesn't matter, of course, that I need you, too."

"Of course it matters." Her hand touched his arm. "But this time is important to Father. The new novel must not be inferior to 'The Last Frontier.' If he fails this time he may never make another attempt. If he succeeds, his future is assured. Father has great ability. I won't have it wasted."

"So you're to be wasted. Our life. The feeling we have for each other." He rose abruptly, paced angrily across the room.

"Let Claire coddle your genius. It's her responsibility. She's his wife."

"Claire can't do it, Sandy," Ann said, earnestly. "She doesn't really care about Father's work. She likes being the wife of a celebrity. She hasn't the patience or the understanding to help him."

"He should have thought of that!" Sandy flung out.

Ann clasped her hands tightly together. She must control her anger. She must not hurt Sandy because he was hurting her.

"How long, Ann?" He caught her hands, held them so tightly that she winced.

"I don't know," she answered. "Until the spring."

"It isn't fair," Sandy stormed. "You'd have gone to South Carolina with me if he hadn't promised to take you to Europe. And then he married Claire. You've discharged your responsibility. Or perhaps

your father is an excuse. Perhaps you don't want to marry me now. Forget it. It was a crazy idea. I may be selling shoe strings six months from now."

"Sandy!" She gave a small wounded cry. "You enjoy being a martyr. Oh yes, you do. You enjoy being Jonathan's inspiration. You should be in a stained-glass window. Saint Ann. Tall, lovely Saint Ann with a gilded halo. Jonathan's daughter!"

Her face was white. Her eyes were dark with anger.

"You're being very silly," she said coldly. "You're ridiculous, Sandy."

"Ridiculous to love you? Perhaps I am."

"You've always had your own way. You have no idea of responsibility to anyone." "Perhaps I'll learn in time," he said roughly. "I have an excellent example in you."

They quarrelled bitterly in the pleasant firelit room, quarrelled because they were young and ardent, because they loved each other desperately, because both of them were anxious and unhappy. Presently, Sandy's harsh mood softened.

"You're crying," he said.

"I'm not," she looked up at him, tears streaming over her face.

"Ann, Ann darling, my Ann!" He dropped down on the divan beside her, held her tightly, possessively. "We must not quarrel. I adore you. Forgive me, I didn't mean—"

"I was angry, too. Lend me your handkerchief. Mine is worse than useless." He wiped away her tears, kissed her brow, her eyes, her lips.

"I'll try to be patient," he said humbly. "I'll try to understand."

The reconciliation was for the moment complete. They talked until very late, making tentative plans for the future, careful to avoid any issue which might provoke a quarrel. While Sandy was with her, Ann was reassured. Things would work out. They must be patient for a time. Only a little while. They were young. They could wait. Sandy was there. He was not going away again. They would see each other frequently. Nothing was altered. Nothing.

When Sandy had gone she was less confident. She sat in a chair beside the window in her room looking out at the frosty stars. Was she right to postpone her marriage to Sandy? Wasn't she being unfair to him and to herself? How far should one's responsibility to another extend? Could she help Father? Wasn't she dramatizing herself, magnifying her importance to him? She didn't know. If only living weren't such a muddled business. If one could do as one pleased regardless of other people. If she hadn't lived so closely to Father. If she didn't love him so tenderly, so protectively. If. Was all of life an "if" to which there was no definite answer?

A rap sounded at the door.

"Come in," she called softly.

Father, in dressing gown, came into the room. He was astonished to find her sitting beside the window.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing. I wasn't sleepy."

He came to her, sat on the window seat.

"I've been downstairs trying to work."

he said. "I thought I wanted to. When I went to bed, my head was snapping with ideas. They fizzled out when I tried to put them on paper. What's the matter with me?"

"You're tired," she said. "Too much company. Too many dinners." And she wanted to add, too much of Claire's selfish, demanding love. She did not make the addition. She must not speak slightingly of Claire.

"I suppose so." There was a moment of silence. Then Father asked, "What about Sandy, pigeon?"

"Sandy—"

"You're in love with him, aren't you?"

"I love him," she corrected softly.

"Claire was right—"

Claire! Ann was for a moment unreasonably angry. What right had Claire to discuss her and Sandy? Claire hoped she would marry Sandy, of course. She resented Ann's unspoken criticism. She resented Father's dependence on her, their close relationship, their past life together. Claire!

The anger vanished but a resolution remained. She would not leave Father. If there was no influence to counteract Claire's, Father, as a writer, as a person, was done for. He was too splendid to be wasted. She must not leave him now.

"Do you want to marry Sandy?" Father continued.

"Sometime."

"But not at present?"

"Sandy's father has been badly hit in the stock market," she said evenly. "They don't know what may happen. Things are too unsettled to think of marriage now."

"Yes," Father said in a relieved voice.

"It will be better to wait. You aren't unhappy, are you?"

"No."

"You like Claire? You get on well together?"

"Oh, yes."

It was not difficult to deceive him.

Father disliked unpleasantness. He wanted to believe that she was happy.

"Claire is lovely, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"She's sensitive," he continued, a little embarrassed. "She's gotten the idea into her head that you don't approve of her. That you aren't happy here."

Ann was silent. Father continued. "I told her she was wrong. Why shouldn't you be happy here? You have a pleasant home. Claire thinks of you constantly. She's always planning pleasures for you."

"I know." Pleasures that would separate her from Father. Invitations to take her away from the house. Considerate Claire. And Father was so infatuated with her that he didn't see. Truly the little love god had perpetually bandaged eyes.

"I tell her that she's too sensitive." He rose from the window seat, bent to kiss her lightly. "Good-night, pigeon. Go to bed."

"Good-night, Jonathan."

CHAPTER 26

DISTANT bells rang in the New Year. Claire's guests, exhilarated by a gay evening, greeted the arrival with rattles and whistles and shrill toy trumpets. A colored billiard of confetti blew through the lower floor of the house. Spirals of colored paper, ascending in widening loops, caught on light brackets, drapery rods, small silver-stemmed evergreens. The orchestra in the hall swung into activity. The guests joined hands in a swaying circle, singing, shouting, tripping through the tangled paper that swirled about their feet.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind —"

Sandy drew Ann away from the circle and into Father's workroom.

"Happy New Year, darling!" He kissed her.

"Happy New Year!" She clung to him for a moment, her sleek head against his, her heart beating quickly, lightly.

After a moment, he held her away from him.

"You look so lovely in that silver dress," he said. "You look like an aristocratic angel."

"Silly!" Her cheeks were flushed. Her eyes were shining. "You look nice, too. Evening clothes are becoming to you. You're so slim and sandy and brown. You have a funny nose, but I'll overlook that."

Her finger touched the offending feature gently. "It is a funny nose. It has a hump in the middle."

"Imp!" He swung her into his arms; they danced over the thick-napped rug. Ann hummed lightly with the music beyond the door which Sandy had closed —

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind —"

The words clouded her gaily. She drew away from him.

"Old acquaintances have been forgotten to-night," she said, a frown printing two vertical lines between her brows. "There isn't a single old friend of Father's here. Not even the Careys. Just new friends, Claire's friends."

"That's natural, isn't it?" Sandy asked.

"It isn't natural." She went to the fireplace. The flames shone over her silver dress, over her troubled face. "I wanted Holly," she said.

"And didn't Claire want Holly?"

"No. Holly is a part of the old life. Holly isn't a celebrity. Claire considers Holly and Nina beyond the pale—whatever that means." She dropped down on the divan, a crumpled heap of silver tissue.

"Ann darling!" Sandy came to her swiftly. "Don't be distressed. It isn't important."

"It is important." She sat erect, breathing heavily, her eyes dark with anger. "It's an indication of Claire's influence on Father. He was always so loyal to his friends. She's cutting him off from everyone except the sort of people she admires, bright, smart people. Popinjays like her artistic young men. There's hardly one real person in the lot of them." Suddenly she was sobbing. "I can't bear it, Sandy."

"You're awfully unhappy, aren't you?" he asked gently.

She nodded mutely.

"Let's get out of it, Ann," he said urgently. "Let's be married at once."

"I can't." She pushed him away from her. "I won't have Father wasted."

Sandy's face hardened.

"You're unreasonable," he said. "You've brooded over your father and Claire until you've lost perspective. He enjoys Claire's life. Why should you interfere?"

"He doesn't enjoy it." Her breast, under the silver tissue, moved stormily. "There are times when he's restless and miserable. He hates it, really."

"I'm going to take you out of it," Sandy said decisively.

"You can't take me out of it," she said forlornly. "I'd worry about it—anywhere, even though I were with you."

"You don't love me enough," Sandy said harshly. "Compared with your father, I don't amount to a snap of your finger."

"That isn't true."

"It is." His face was grim. "Have you any idea how miserable it makes me to know that you are unhappy? Let me take care of you." His voice softened. "I love you so. Don't be a little martyr."

She drew away from him. "I can't leave Father," she said listlessly. "I'd be miserable."

"I've no right to ask you," Sandy rose, paced back and forth before the divan. "God only knows what would happen to us. Father's staying off bankruptcy by the skin of his teeth. No, I've no right to ask you. You have a comfortable home, every luxury."

"It isn't that," she protested.

"I'm not so sure."

"Sandy!" The name was a miserable cry of protest.

"I'm sorry." He was beside her, holding her close, kissing her hair, her eyes. "Don't let's quarrel," he said brokenly. "We've been happy to-night. You're so lovely in your silver dress." He drew her up from the divan. "Let's dance and just be happy together."

Presently they were dancing in the dim hall lit by lights on tiny Christmas trees, fragrant with pine and balsam boughs, filled with biting music.

"Happy?" Sandy asked, holding her close.

"Unm!" She smiled mistily. "Happy, happy, happy."

But they weren't happy alone. During the weeks that followed, they were gay and natural only when they were with other

people or when they were in an atmosphere of activity and excitement. At a party in Holly's apartment, dancing at a club or in a restaurant, at the theatre or an ice-hockey game, they enjoyed each other, their eyes met trustfully, happily, they laughed naturally. When they were alone, there was a feeling of constraint between them. Inevitably, sooner or later, they quarrelled.

The strain began to tell on Ann. She slept poorly. She was either silent or depressed or feverishly gay. There were shadows under her eyes. She felt as though her nerves were stretched to the snapping point. She couldn't think clearly. Situations became distorted, exaggerated. She was always weary and out of sorts.

"We can't go on this way," she said to Sandy as they drove back to Claire's home in Sandy's car from a wedding party at the Country Club. They had not spoken to each other since they left the club. Ann, her chin buried in the collar of her raccoon coat, had watched the speedometer. Sandy's eyes had not left the road.

"Oh, Ann!" he said despairingly and slackened the speed of the car.

"It's always the same," she said wearily. "We start out gaily. We did enjoy the party. The wedding was fun, shooting over the golf course, spilling off, broiling steaks and our faces at that gorgeous fire. Perry Pales was amusing, wasn't he? It was all fun. But now— We don't enjoy being alone, Sandy. We aren't happy, just us—together."

The car stopped at the side of the road. "What are we going to do?" Sandy asked, apprehension in his voice, a broken note of despair.

"We quarrel," she continued listlessly. "It's all being spoiled, the lovely times we've had. Sometimes we almost hate each other."

"No," he protested. "Oh, Ann!"

"I don't want it spoiled. I want to remember you—beautifully. I can't endure any more quarrelling. We're losing something precious. Sandy, darling, let's keep what's left."

"You mean—you don't want to see me again?" he asked with difficulty.

"Wouldn't it be better?"

"Better!" He groaned.

"I'm sorry." Tears streamed over her face. She made no attempt to hide them or to brush them away. "It isn't your fault or mine. It's just—"

"Your father," Sandy said bitterly.

"You see, darling," she said drearily. "We can't even talk to each other without being bitter and suspicious."

"I'm sorry—"

"You've said that so often. We don't get anywhere. I don't think I can bear it, Sandy."

"All right." He started the car abruptly. "All right. This is the end."

The end! It sounded so hopelessly final. She was losing Sandy, deliberately sending him away. She thrust her hands deeply into the pockets of her coat to prevent them from clinging to him. There would never be greater pain in her life than this. If she could bear it to-night—

They drove in silence into the lane. The stone, illuminated by the headlights of the car, looked homelike and attractive with the light from the windows falling across the snowy lawn. Ann's heart ached. How she would have loved it if it were her home! But it was Claire's home, a prison, a place of captivity. She would never have a home—never.

Sandy opened the door of the car. Ann remained under the warm fur rug. She felt miserable and oddly numb. If she attempted to walk would her legs support her? It seemed a great distance to the verandah.

"Is this—final?" Sandy asked, standing in the snow, his hand on the door of the car.

"Sandy!" A sob caught in her throat.

"The light touch, darling." She could not see his face. Under the heavy coat his shoulders drooped desolately.

"Thank you." She stepped out of the car. "My legs," she said faintly. "I wasn't sure they would move." She extended her hand in its woolly glove. "Good-night, Sandy. Good-bye. Good luck, always, darling."

"Ann!"

She was in his arms. They clung to each other desperately for a moment. Then, with a low cry, she broke away, ran up to the verandah, opened the door, closed it behind her.

CHAPTER 27.

SANDY did not return. At first Ann had thought that he would. Her heart had leaped at the sound of the telephone. She had sorted the mail, when Clarence brought it each morning, eagerly, hopefully. The sound of a car coming into the lane made her feel faint for a moment—until she knew that it was not Sandy's car. She seemed always to be listening, waiting, watching.

A month passed—six weeks. She had thought that the pain of wanting Sandy would grow less with time. She did her best to get over him quickly, completely. She had no desire to dramatise her grief, to cherish a broken heart. She accepted invitations. She danced, went to the theatre, bought new clothes, filled the hours of each dragging day with activity.

Her explanation of Sandy's continued absence to Father and to Claire was brief and evasive. Sandy was working very hard. His father was badly caught in the depression. There were many matters to be adjusted. Sandy hadn't time for parties or dinner engagements.

Claire seemed inclined to ask questions. Ann put her off with the air of quiet dignity which was her defence. "Ann's grand manner," Claire called it laughingly, but with an edge of resentment in her voice. She could not break through the barrier of reserve. She avoided the direct glance of Ann's clear grey eyes. She left her much to herself.

It was more difficult to satisfy Father.

"What is it, pigeon? What's happened?" Father asked, finding Ann at the piano in the music-room one stormy afternoon, listlessly picking out tunes.

"The matter?" She looked down at the keys of the piano.

"You and Sandy." Father sat on the piano bench beside her.

"Oh—" Her fingers struck a chord. "Sandy and I—we quarrelled. We're temperamentally at sixes and sevens."

"I'm sorry." Father's face was deeply concerned. "I like Sandy. But— Well, you're level-headed. You've always had the ability to think things out for yourself. Only— Can I help? Is there anything I can do?"

There was so much that he could do. But she couldn't tell him. If he suspected that she had sent Sandy away because she thought he needed her, he would be hurt and indignant. She could not tell him—ever.

"No," she said. "I'm all right. Really I am." She raised her head, smiling. "Do you remember the song Tommy Allen used to sing?" she asked, a flicker of gaiety in her eyes. "The one about Captain Jinks of the horse marines? I've been trying to recall the tune."

Father thumped at the piano keys. Presently the tune emerged from the uncertain jumble of notes.

"That's it!" Ann cried softly, as though remembering the tune was a matter of great importance. She played the melody on the lower half of the keyboard. Father thumped it on the upper half. They sang the refrain with increasing hilarity—

"I'm Captain Jinks of the horse marines I feed my horse good corn and beans." Claire popped her head through the door. "Heavens!" she exclaimed, laughing, holding her hands over her ears.

Father went off with Claire. Ann was not sure that her explanation of Sandy's absence had satisfied him. But he did not question her again. He did not speak of Sandy until one morning at breakfast, he looked up from the paper.

"James McArdle has gone into voluntary bankruptcy," he said quietly, looking at Ann with a concerned expression.

"Sandy's father?" Claire asked interestedly. "Did you know there was a possibility of it, Ann?"

"Yes," she said evenly.

"Oh!" Claire's voice indicated that she knew, now, why Sandy no longer came to the house.

Ann resented the implication for only a moment. The flash of anger was lost in thoughts of Sandy. Was there anything she could do for him? Should she write to him, call him, ask him to come to her? She forced herself to sit at the table through breakfast, only half hearing Claire's comments about the hard times which seemed to be descending upon the country and Father's concerned replies. Dreadful things were happening every day. The papers recounted tragic tales of failure, of suicide, of depression. But this wasn't just something one read in the paper. This was happening to Sandy, her Sandy. What could she do?

She thought of it constantly during the day. Should she go to the house on Riverside Drive? She would like to express her sympathy. She was fond of Sandy's father. She had a warm affection for his mother. Would Sandy think that she came from pity, or worse still, from curiosity? He couldn't think of that. She would go.

Suddenly, half-dressed, she dropped down on the chaise-longue under the wide double windows. What was the use of going? The situation hadn't changed. To see Sandy again would only make both of them unhappy. She would write to him. Dispirit-edly, she walked to the desk, selected a sheet of paper, dipped her pen in the ink.

Sandy dear—

Dear God! Why couldn't she go to him? Was anything worth the pain she was suffering? She dropped her head on her folded arms. Sandy, darling Sandy!

He did not reply to the note she eventually sent. He had taken her at her word. She had been obliged to choose between Sandy and Father. She had chosen Father.

Was it worth it? Was she accomplishing anything? She asked herself similar questions. The obvious answer was discouraging. She wasn't helping Father. He worked only at intervals and then without interest. One evening, just before dinner, she went down into the living-room. The door into the workroom was open. She saw Father pacing back and forth across the floor. When she went to him, his face was angry, his manner abrupt.

"What has happened?" she asked, fear in her heart. Father so seldom was angry. What had happened now?

"Herbert Simms Patterson!" Father gave the globe an angry twirl.

"Oh, Mr. Patterson. What has he done?"

"He has taken it upon himself to inform me politely, oh very politely, that a contract is a contract and to ask for the first section of the new novel."

"Mr. Patterson does have an exalted idea of his own importance," Ann said. "But you aren't working, Father. You haven't worked five hours this week."

All at once his anger was gone. "I know," he admitted, not looking at her. "I'm blustering because I'm terrified. I can't write. The words won't come. My head feels as though it was stuffed with cotton batting. I'm finished. I'm through."

She went to him, her face tender with compassion.

"You aren't through," she said indignantly. "I'm ashamed of you, Jonathan Lowell. I could shake you! I could throw things. Through! You'll never be through as long as you live."

"Do you still believe that I can write?" He asked the question humbly.

"Of course," she said staunchly.

"Well, perhaps I can." She saw that his confidence was returning. "I need to work. Good hard work. I haven't been patient. I thought, I supposed, that because I was Jonathan Lowell I could produce a novel by sleight of hand. Just a plain case of inflated ego. What's your prescription?"

"Work," she answered. "Work! Forget dinner. I'll bring you something on a tray."

"I believe I will." He turned to the desk, halted suddenly, shook his head. "Claire and I are going to the opera this evening. I had forgotten. Well, to-morrow, then."

It was always to-morrow. Or if he worked it was fitfully, impatiently, with only a part of his attention. Ann knew that while he was in the workroom his thoughts were upon Claire. What was she doing? Did she feel slighted, forsaken?

Father's infatuation for her gave no sign of diminishing. He could refuse her nothing. There was the affair of Nina's return to the stage.

"Nina is going to play in a revival of 'The Admirable Crichton' with Walter Hampden," Ann announced one evening at dinner.

"That's splendid!" Father was interested and enthusiastic.

"Nina?" Claire lifted inquiring brows. "Oh, that queer little person with the fuzzy hair. I remember her at the wedding."

"She's awfully excited about it," Ann went on, ignoring Claire's smiling thrust. "I was there this afternoon. She made me promise that we'll all be present the opening night."

"She'll be delightful as 'Twopenny'." Father was amused and interested. "Nina is the most amusing person I know. Do you remember, pigeon, the story of Mrs. Hemmingsway and the herring?"

Claire broke in, laughing.

"When you're through reminiscing," she said, "I'll have Bertha serve the dessert."

Father apologised. There was no more remembering aloud. Ann, her gaiety gone, ate the coffee mousse in small, disinterested bites. Claire resented any reference to the part of Father's life in which she had no part.

Ann spoke often of Nina's opening night. Father shared her enthusiasm. He planned to take Ann and Claire into the city for dinner and then to the performance. Late in the afternoon of the appointed day, as Ann was dressing for the occasion, Father came into her room. He seemed embarrassed and ill at ease.

"I'm sorry," he said, looking out of the window against which rain was streaming steadily. "But Claire has a sore throat and a headache. I think she shouldn't go out in the wet."

Ann, seated at the dressing-table, brushed her hair.

"She was all right at luncheon," she said quickly.

"She says she's felt miserable all day."

"Then, we'll have a spree alone." Ann could not dim the jubilant note in her voice. "It will be like old times. Let's take Holly to Tony's. Father. We haven't been there since—"

"I don't think I should leave Claire."

"But Father—!" She could not control a quick, impatient protest. "The opening night! And there's to be a party after the performance."

He walked to the door. "I'll see how Claire is feeling," he said irresolutely, and went out of the room.

When she had dressed, Ann went to Claire's room. The door was open, Father was not there. Claire, in a jacket of satin and lace, lay against embroidered pillows.

The light of the lamp on the table beside the bed haloed her brown hair. She looked beautiful, pleased with herself, not at all ill.

"Hello!" she called as Ann hesitated at the door. "Stupid of me to be ill, isn't it? I've told Jonathan to go with you, but he thinks I shouldn't be left alone."

As she walked along the upper hall, Ann heard Father's voice at the telephone in the hall below. Descending the stairs slowly, she heard him call Western Union and dictate a telegram of congratulations to Nina.

"You aren't going?" she asked evenly, when he had completed the call.

Turning from her, he lit a cigarette. There was gulf in his expression, and a suggestion of irritation.

"I think I'd better not leave Claire," he said. "I telephoned a florist. There will be flowers for Nina. You don't mind going alone?"

"Of course I mind." Ann's chin lifted above the soft fur collar of her wrap. She looked directly at Father, her grey eyes suspicious and unforgiving. "But I won't disappoint Nina and Holly. They're the best friends I have in the world."

CHAPTER 23.

ANN glanced at the clock on the mantel of the Careys' living-room. The hands pointed to half-past four.

"I must go," she said, rising from a low chair beside the fire. "It will be dark before I get home."

"Let me drive you out," Mr. Carey suggested.

"No thank you," she answered. "I enjoy walking."

"Come soon again," Laura Carey held Ann's topcoat. "We don't see you nearly often enough."

Ann stepped down on the walk, waved to Laura, turned to the street. Mr. Carey walked with her.

"The new novel—?" he asked. "What shape is it in?"

"Hardly more than started," she replied, looking straight ahead.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Carey asked gently.

"Father doesn't seem interested in it," she said, making an effort to keep her voice casual. "There are so many interruptions."

A troubled note had crept into her voice.

"Take him away," Mr. Carey suggested. "Go somewhere where it's quiet."

Ann laughed briefly.

"He wouldn't go," she said. "He wouldn't leave Claire."

"I'm sorry," Mr. Carey's voice was gentle and very grave. "It's a tremendous responsibility, Ann, but you're the only one who can do anything about it."

"I can't," she said dully, "not any more."

"You must," he said, standing beside her, looking compassionately at her averted face. "Can't you talk to Claire, knock some sense into her somehow?"

She shook her head. The brim of her small felt hat shadowed her wet eyes. Her fingers twisted the collar of her coat.

"Don't fret," Mr. Carey said. "That's useless advice. I know. We're depending on you to rescue Jonathan. If you don't, he'll regret it as long as he lives."

Mr. Carey left her then. He turned back down the street towards his home. Ann walked slowly out into the open country, her hands plunged into the pockets of her topcoat, her shoulders drooping dispiritedly, tears drying on her lashes.

There was nothing that she could do. If she should talk to Claire— That would only widen the breach between Father and herself. Claire would report the interview, distort it, gain Father's sympathy. She had a way of putting Ann in the wrong, so prettily, so insidiously, that Father did not suspect. His infatuation for Claire blinded him to everything except her physical loveliness. Delinea. Red-haired Delinea.

Anger burned in Ann, a white-hot flame. Wasted anger. There was nothing that she could do.

Dusk was gathering as Ann turned into the lane which led to the house. The collie walked soberly beside her, as though he understood her anxiety. She paid no attention to the dog. If the new novel was inferior to "The Last Frontier," what would be the result? The Press, which so lately had offered him only adulation and respect, the hostesses who had fought with each other to secure his presence in their homes, the fickle public, the sycophants and hangers-on, would be the first to point this out.

Let the inevitable happen. Ann shivered from something more than the chill of the early March evening. It would be dreadful for Father. But if, when, Claire removed herself from his life, she, Ann, might help him. She would devote herself to re-establishing the prestige which a poor novel would destroy. What other life was there for her? She had no talents. Sandy was gone. She had sacrificed Sandy to Father, their love for each other, the life together they had planned. If the sacrifice were not to be futile, she had no other course than to devote her life to Father's career.

Was she being heroic, as Sandy so often had suggested? That was unimportant. The important thing was that she had not sacrificed their love to no purpose. To protect Father's integrity, to advance his career was, oddly enough, all that she could ever do for Sandy. He would laugh mockingly at that, she knew. But it was true. She must not have sacrificed, needlessly, her love for Sandy and Sandy's love for her.

The door into the workroom was open. Father sat at the desk, his head resting against his hand. He had not heard her enter the room. She looked at him intently. In the glow of the desk-lamp and the fire his face looked lined and weary. Tenderness swelled in her heart, washing away resentment and antagonism. If she could help him— She loved him so very much.

She went into the workroom, stood beside the desk, conscious of restraint and uncertainty, wanting to be gay and natural with Father, unable to make an advance.

"Where have you been, pigeon?" He pulled her down to the arm of his chair.

"Walking," she answered. The grey hairs seemed thicker over his temples. He looked weary and dispirited. Ann's heart ached. "Have you worked well to-day?" she asked.

"So-so." Father breathed deeply. "No, I haven't. I don't get anywhere. I'd like—"

He paused. Ann held her breath.

"What would you like?" she asked, after a moment.

"I'd like to go away—alone or with you."

Her heart leaped. She must keep her voice cool and controlled.

"Where?" she asked.

"Back to the Cape," he said slowly. "I've been thinking, this afternoon, about the house there, the stove in the workroom, the view out across the bay, clam chowder for supper, quiet, peace."

Ann sat tense and still on the arm of the chair, afraid to speak, afraid, almost, to breathe.

"Perhaps," Father continued after a moment, "perhaps if we were there I could write again. It would come back. My head would clear. I'd wake in the morning eager to get at the book. I'd walk and chop wood and— Could we, pigeon?"

"Oh, Father, yes!" she murmured, feeling blessedly close to him, feeling that from some far distance Father was returning to her. "Yes," she repeated. "Yes! Of course we can."

When he spoke again his voice had changed. "No," he said. "That's a delusion. Ann. It wouldn't be the same. We aren't as we were then. Everything has changed. It is futile to attempt to recapture a lost emotion. We can't go back. Life does that to us. We must eternally go on."

He had, spiritually, put her away from him. Glancing at him, she saw that he was looking at the portrait of Claire, Claire brought to radiant life by the firelight, Claire in a yellow frock with her hand on the collar of a white head. Father was thinking of Claire. Ann slipped away from the arm of the chair and went quietly out of the room.

Claire was the only one who could help him, she thought as she walked up the stairs. If Claire could be made to understand that Father needed to go away— if Claire would suggest such a course, graciously, understandingly, she thought that Father would go.

In her room, she sat at the desk in the darkness. Wasn't she cowardly not to talk to Claire? The situation could not be more unpleasant. But what was the use. She would accomplish nothing. Sighing, she turned on the desk-lamp.

The light flooded down on the ivory statuette which Sandy had sent her the Christmas she and Father were on the Cape. She sat looking at it touching it with the tip of her finger. That was what she had meant to Sandy, the youth, the beauty, the tenderness, the gaiety which the small dancing figure expressed. She had robbed him of them. He had loved her as he would probably never love again. To justify her sacrifice, she must talk to Claire.

She rose from the chair at the desk, her heart thudding, her courage uncertain. Feeling, oddly, that she was doing something for Sandy as well as for Father, she went swiftly along the hall to Claire's door.

CHAPTER 29.

CLAIRE lay on the chaise-loungue in a pool of soft light. She glanced up from the slim book which she held negligently in one hand as Ann entered the room.

"Hello," she said amiably, smiling the enchanting smile which dimpled the corners of her mouth and woke lazy sparkles in her long, red-brown eyes.

Ann walked to the lounge. It was an auspicious moment, Ann thought. Claire was in an agreeable humor.

"Sit down, darling," she said. "You've something on your mind. What is it?"

Ann sat in a chair beside the lounge.

"Claire," she said directly, "you care about Father's work, don't you?"

"What a ridiculous question! Of course I care."

"I'll probably say this badly. I'm afraid you may not understand. Claire, Father needs to go away. He isn't working well."

Claire's eyes narrowed.

"Did he tell you that?" she asked sharply.

"Father is a gentleman," Ann said quietly. "He wouldn't think of complaining to me about— No, he didn't tell me. But I can see. The new novel isn't nearly as good as the other. Don't misunderstand me." Her voice trembled. "I don't want to interfere. It's only because I care so much that he shall succeed."

"And I, of course, am completely indifferent!"

"I don't mean to imply that," Ann said earnestly, her clear grey eyes looking steadily at Claire. "I know it's difficult for you. It means giving up things, providing the serene atmosphere he needs. He—he cares for you so very much. He can't work peacefully if he knows you are lonely and bored. When he was writing 'The Last Frontier'—"

"Oh, please, Ann, spare me!" Claire laughed unpleasantly. "You were entirely responsible for the success of the novel. Are you sure you didn't write it yourself? I've heard all that so often. Don't you think that attitude is a little ridiculous, darling?"

Claire's words were intentionally wounding. That was unimportant. Ann clasped her hands tightly in her lap. It was important to be quiet and controlled. For Father. For Sandy.

"If you would suggest that Father should go away," she went on in a calm reasonable voice. "If you would make the suggestion understandingly, I'm sure he would go. For a month or two, until he acquires again the habit of working. You can help him, Claire. You can—"

"And you would go with him?"

"Yes."

Claire's eyes flashed. The lace on her breast stirred with her quickened breathing.

"You think that you mean more to him than I do?" she asked, leaning forward to crush out her cigarette.

"When he is working," Ann said staunchly, "yes, I think I do."

For a moment their eyes, filled with antagonism, met. Then Claire laughed, a short strained laugh, and dropped back against the pillows.

"I hoped I would never be forced to tell you the things I am about to say," she said, narrowing her eyes. "I know that Jonathan is absurdly fond of you, and, for his sake, I have endured your antagonism silently, without criticism. But you force me to speak plainly. The situation cannot go on."

"I know that as well as you do," What Claire said to her didn't matter. If she could control her anger, just for a little while—

"You resented me," Claire continued, "even before your father and I were married. I overlooked that, thinking that it was natural, perhaps, and that in time your attitude would change. I was prepared to love you, for your father's sake. I did everything that I could, took you into my home, introduced you to young people, tried to make your life pleasant and happy."

"You didn't do that for me," Ann said, looking steadily at Claire. "You did it to separate me from Father."

Claire ignored the accusation.

"You did not respond to my sincere efforts to make your life amusing and pleasant," Claire went on. "You have moped and sulked like a spoiled child. Jonathan has never complained of your attitude to me, but I am sure that you have caused him great anxiety. You are fanatical about your father. I've no doubt that that was responsible for your break with Sandy. It isn't sane or healthy. If Jonathan is so distracted that he can't work, that, my dear, is the reason."

Was that the reason? Ann was suddenly unable to speak. Claire's words, wounding, cutting, brought a flashing revelation. Was her presence a disturbing element in the house? If she were not there, would Claire be considerate and understanding, would Father get on with his work? She had never thought of it in that light. She couldn't entirely believe it. And yet—

"Perhaps you are right," she said lifelessly.

The confession softened some of Claire's vehemence.

"I'm sorry, Ann," she said more gently. "I was afraid of this. You lived all your early life with the constant dread of a stepmother. Jonathan told me that before we were married. But I thought it would work out. We were three fairly intelligent people. I saw no reason why we could not live together amicably."

"And it's my fault that we haven't," Ann exclaimed miserably. "I didn't know. I can't quite believe it. Perhaps you are right."

"But now that we understand each other," Claire said brightly, "I'm sure everything will be different. If you'll try to interest yourself in something beside your father, we'll contrive to live peacefully. In the future—"

Ann rose from the chair. Her eyes were dark with pain.

"There will be no future for us together," she said, steadying herself against the back of the chair. "I'm going away. That's your wish, isn't it? Perhaps it's Father's wish, too. I didn't know. I'm sorry. I didn't understand."

Ann rose from the chair. Her eyes were dark with pain.

"There will be no future for us together," she said, steadying herself against the back of the chair. "I'm going away. That's your wish, isn't it? Perhaps it's Father's wish, too. I didn't know. I'm sorry. I didn't understand."

Ann rose from the chair. Her eyes were dark with pain.

"There will be no future for us together," she said, steadying herself against the back of the chair. "I'm going away. That's your wish, isn't it? Perhaps it's Father's wish, too. I didn't know. I'm sorry. I didn't understand."

Ann rose from the chair. Her eyes were dark with pain.

"There will be no future for us together," she said, steadying herself against the back of the chair. "I'm going away. That's your wish, isn't it? Perhaps it's Father's wish, too. I didn't know. I'm sorry. I didn't understand."

Ann rose from the chair. Her eyes were dark with pain.

"There will be no future for us together," she said, steadying herself against the back of the chair. "I'm going away. That's your wish, isn't it? Perhaps it's Father's wish, too. I didn't know. I'm sorry. I didn't understand."

Fear came into Claire's eyes, into her throaty voice.

"Don't be dramatic, Ann." She laughed uncertainly. "There's no reason why you should go away. Your father will think—"

"There's every reason," Ann said steadily. "I am not happy here. You aren't, and neither is Father. Perhaps when I go—"

Claire sprang from the lounge, went to Ann, attempted to embrace her.

"Think about it," she said anxiously. "Don't leave hastily. Perhaps I shouldn't have spoken to you as I did. I meant only to be helpful. Your father—"

Ann drew away from Claire's embrace.

"I've blundered," she said with difficulty. "But it isn't too late. You and Father—"

Tears were blinding her. In a moment she would be sobbing. Ignoring Claire's hands, her low, anxious cries, she went out into the hall, fled into her own room, locked the door, threw herself across the bed.

Lying there, her face on her crossed arms, she saw the ivory statuette in the light of the desk-lamp. The small, dancing figure was a poignant reproach. She had sacrificed Sandy needlessly. It would have been better for all of them if she had married Sandy when he returned from South Carolina. She need never have known that Father did not need her, that he and Claire would have been happier without her. She hadn't known. She had sincerely wanted to help him. She had blundered.

She lay on the bed for a timeless interval, reproaching herself, trying to see the situation clearly, suffering an agony of humiliation. Tina knocked at the door to announce dinner, received no response, and went away. After a time Claire's voice called urgently. Ann did not answer. There was nothing that she could say to Claire. Presently Father came. She unlocked the door.

Father's expression was grave and concerned.

"Claire tells me that you have quarrelled," he said.

"We didn't quarrel," Ann replied in a dry, hard voice. "It was all very ladylike." She turned from Father, walked to the window, stood looking out into the night. He came to her, led her to a chair, seated himself, drew her down to the arm.

"Now we can talk," he said. "What was it, pigeon?" There was pain in his voice, a sort of weary defeat. "What happened? Claire is awfully upset. Why did you lock yourself in here alone?"

She did not answer his questions.

"Father," she said lifelessly, "I'm going to visit Holly."

"Why? You must tell me, Ann."

She couldn't tell him, not in detail. She must not interfere again. She must not involve Claire.

"I'm not very happy here," she said.

"Why not? I don't understand it—entirely. You've always wanted a home."

"This isn't my home, Father."

"But Claire has made you welcome, hasn't she? Hasn't she made every effort to make your life here pleasant and happy?"

Ann glanced at the ivory figure. In the soft light of the lamp it seemed alive, the small, gay face with the tilted nose, the graceful legs, the upflung arms. Youth and love, gaiety and tenderness. She had robbed Sandy of them. . . .

"Yes," she answered.

"Then why?"

"I want to go," she said. "I want to be with Holly."

He did not try to hold her. He asked no further questions. He rose from the chair, pulled her to her feet.

"All right," he said casually. "Go to Holly. That's a good idea. It probably is dull for you here." Stooping, he kissed her cheek. "Aren't you hungry? You had no dinner. Shall I have Clarence bring a tray?"

"No, thank you, Father."

At the door he paused.

"When are you going?" he asked.

"To-morrow." She turned from him, looking at the ivory figure on the desk. "Early to-morrow morning."

He left her, then. She stood motionless, her hands clutching the back of the chair. Father was letting her go, without protest, without trying to keep her. Claire had been right. He would be happier without her. For a moment she felt faint, almost dizzy, with pain. Then she raised her chin. Pride came to her aid. She went to the wardrobe and took her clothes from the hangers. Activity dulled the pain for a time. She must ask Clarence to bring her trunk from the storeroom. She would take all of her possessions to Holly's apartment. She would never return to Claire's home, never, as long as she lived.

Father returned presently. Ann looked up at him from the bag she was packing. "Here's something," he said, handing her a cheque. "To buy dinners at Tony's for you and Holly."

She looked at the cheque and caught her breath.

"You must not give me so much," she said.

"I want you to have it." Father smiled, but his eyes were unhappy. "You earned it as much as I did. It's only a small part of what is rightfully yours."

She stood looking at the slip of paper. Father was paying her for what she had done for him, paying her for her love and devotion, paying her as he would have paid a secretary whom he had discharged. Claire was right. Dear God! Claire was right!

CHAPTER 30.

HOLLY welcomed Ann with enthusiasm.

"You're going to stay?" she asked, watching the taxi-driver struggle into the apartment with Ann's luggage.

"You invited me, didn't you?" Ann flung off her hat and topcoat, walked around the living-room of the apartment, touching familiar objects, feeling blessedly at home.

But a week passed before Holly heard the story. During that week Ann was hectically gay. She wanted to fill every moment with activity. Holly was not working.

"Mother is supporting me in a way to which I have always wanted to be accustomed," she said, explaining her freedom. "I'm going back to the stock company in Maine this summer. In the meanwhile, I am at your service."

Ann demanded a great deal of service. She did not want to rest for a moment. She invented expeditions for Holly and herself. She was eager to accept any invitation that came their way. Holly's concern deepened. She observed that Ann ate scarcely anything, knew that she slept poorly or not at all. It was so unlike Ann. She had always been quiet and reserved. Her gaiety had a feverish quality. She had never been tensely, nervously hilarious as she was now. It couldn't last. Ann would tell her in her own good time. No use to ask questions.

The break came one evening as Ann and Holly were dressing for a party in the village.

"What shall I wear?" Ann asked, standing slim in silken underthings before the opened wardrobe trunk.

Holly, glancing at Ann's white face, the shadows under her feverish eyes, winced, sensibly to suggest pyjamas, a hot drink and bed. Instead, she inspected the contents of the trunk. "This silver thing," she finally suggested.

"It's old." Ann took the frock from the hanger. Her fingers smoothed the folds of silver tissue. Suddenly she was sobbing, crushing the frock against her breast, looking at Holly with tears streaming over her face.

"Sandy liked this dress," she said, between tearing sobs. "He said I looked like an aristocratic angel."

"Ann, darling!" Her face gentle with compassion, Holly took the silver dress, hung it in the trunk. "We aren't going to the party," she said quietly. "You're going to bed."

"I want to go!" Ann cried, laughing hysterically. "I want to dance. No, I don't!" She fell into a sobbing heap on the bed. "I want to go to sleep and never wake up. Why can't I, Holly?"

Holly permitted her to weep until she was exhausted. Then she brought fresh pyjamas, helped Ann into them, bathed her face, tucked her into one of the twin beds, went out of the room.

Ann lay looking up at the ceiling. She felt weary and peaceful. The nervous tension was gone. Perhaps she would go to sleep. She was too weary to think, to feel any emotion. It was lovely to lie motionless, to watch the light on the ceiling, to feel nothing at all.

"What is it?" she asked, when Holly held a glass for her to drink.

"Hot milk and brandy," Holly answered. "Drink every drop of it."

She drank the contents of the glass obediently, like a child.

"Now go to sleep," Holly said, when she had finished. "I'm going into the other room for a while."

Ann caught her hand.

"Don't go," she murmured. "I want to talk."

She told her story without emotion, almost as though she had forgotten Holly, lying against a heap of pillows on the twin bed beside her. She spoke so quietly, was so far removed from vivid feeling, that she was surprised when Holly exclaimed vehemently. "That woman. I'd like to wring her neck!"

"I've felt that way so often," Ann said slowly. "I wish Father had never seen her. But she is his wife. If he can be happy with her—"

"Don't be charitable," Holly growled, looking at Ann with sombre eyes.

"I'm not charitable. I despise her." For a moment there was passion in her voice. "She's utterly unimportant—except to Father."

Holly made an almost inaudible sound and reached for a cigarette.

"I've muddled things so," Ann continued. "I've sacrificed Sandy uselessly. I've a long life ahead of me, perhaps. What am I to do?"

Holly turned to Ann, propping her head on her hand. "Why not call him?" she suggested.

Ann's eyes were wide and startled. A tinge of color crept into her cheeks.

"I can't," she said quickly. "I can't."

"Why not?"

"He wouldn't forgive me for making him unhappy. He'd be bitter against Father."

Her voice broke. "I've thought of it—but, Holly, I can't!"

"Of course you can," Holly said brusquely. "Don't be an idiot."

Holly bent over her.

"Go to sleep," she said soothingly.

"I don't think I can help it," Ann caught Holly's hand, held it against her cheek. "I feel as though I'd been hit on the head. It's nice to be here with you. I—"

Her voice trailed off into silence. Before she completed the sentence she was asleep.

She awoke the next morning feeling refreshed and was astonished to see that the hands of the clock pointed to noon. A note was pinned to the pillow of Holly's bed.

"Gone uptown on business. Yes, business, don't laugh. Be a good child. I'll be home soon."

Ann had a bath. Something had happened to her. She felt almost happy this morning. That was the result of sleeping the clock around. She caught herself humming as she tied the girdle of her dressing-gown and she was actually hungry. She would rather be here in the basement apartment than anywhere in the world.

In the living-room a table was set for breakfast. Ann plugged the percolator into a socket. It was a lovely day. The sun streamed in through the glass doors at the end of the living-room. She walked to them, stood looking out into the yard at the rear of the house in Washington Square.

Her eyes lit upon the telephone on Holly's desk. Should she call Sandy? What would she say to him? What could she say?

She dialled the number with a trembling forefinger, heard above the quick beating of her heart, the buzzing sound of the instrument. In a moment, perhaps, she would hear Sandy's voice. Her breath caught in her throat.

The buzzing continued indefinitely. There was no answer. At length she placed the telephone on the hook. The telephone had been disconnected, perhaps. Perhaps the MacArdues had left the house on Riverside Drive. She might call the office. No. What was the use?

Dispirited, her flash of happiness gone, she went to the table, watched, with absent eyes, the coffee bubbling in the glass top of the percolator. She had lost Sandy. She had lost Father. What was next? She must create a life for herself without Sandy or Father. Without Father?

CHAPTER 31.

A LIFE for herself. Ann realised as the days passed that she must do something. She must not become dependent on Holly for sympathy and companionship. She must interest herself in something. She might take a trip, go to Europe, to Canada, to California. The cheque Father had given her would provide a year of travelling.

Forcing an enthusiasm which she did not feel, she collected pamphlets from travel agencies. Looking at the blue of the pictured Mediterranean, reading a description of Quebec or Hawaii or the West Indies, she would feel excited for a moment, eager to be off away from the bleak early spring in New York.

But the moment passed. If she travelled for a year—what then? There were many years before her. She must create a new life for herself. Travel would be only a temporary escape. And deep in her heart, though she did not admit its presence, was the possibility that Father might need her, that, if she remained in New York, she might meet Sandy accidentally. She hadn't the courage to make a clean break. She clung to things so. That clinging was a hampering, heart-breaking quality. She was made that way. It was something she couldn't help.

She must get a job. But what? And jobs, this year, were few and far between. She didn't need money, not at the present time. Wouldn't it be selfish to take a job from someone really in need? But she must do something. Idleness, the feeling of being adrift, was very hard to endure. What could she do?

Holly suggested a number of jobs which might interest Ann. None of them were to be obtained. She might, by trading upon her father's name, have found employment in a bookshop or with the magazine for which Father had been an assistant editor. She was diffident about introducing herself as Jonathan Lowell's daughter. It seemed to her, in some twisted way which she didn't quite understand, that to seek a job as his daughter was a reflection upon Father. And the jobs she considered were only stopgaps. She must find something that would be permanent, from which she might create an independent existence.

She went to see Mr. Carey at the Patterson-Carey offices.

"Well, this is a pleasure," he said. "How are you? What are you doing?"

"Nothing," she replied. "Just idling. I want a job. What can I do?"

"A job? You too?" He smiled. "There have been a dozen people here to-day and each of them wanted a job. Well, what are your qualifications, young lady?"

"I can type. I spell fairly well." She had always liked Mr. Carey. It was pleasant to see him again.

"We haven't anything that would interest you," he said. "Unless—" His expression was a little embarrassed.

"Oh, no," Ann said quickly. "I don't need money, not at the present. Father is most generous. But I want something to do. I thought perhaps one of your authors might need a secretary. I can give excellent references."

"None of our authors are sufficiently affluent, this year, to afford a secretary, except—"

"Except Father?"

He nodded and continued, after a moment, "It's astonishing how 'The Last Frontier' continues to sell. Clergymen in various parts of the country are using it as the basis of heartening sermons during this depression."

"I know," Ann smiled faintly. "Courage, hardihood, overcoming difficulties. And really, you know, Father's Uncle Benjamin, the Jason of the novel, was a scamp." A spark of amusement lit her eyes. "He went west in the spirit of adventure and not to build an empire."

"But all crusades are undertaken in that spirit," Mr. Carey said. "I've no doubt that it was adventure and not piety which prompted the search for the Holy Grail. However, Jessica Hale is an object lesson to women who are suddenly facing hardship. I suppose, and she is keeping the book alive."

"Jessica Hale," Ann repeated softly. She thought of the evening that Jessica Hale had been christened. A picture of the kitchen of the house on the Cape flashed into her mind: the range, the calico curtains, Father opening clams at the sink. The episode seemed something which had happened in another existence, immeasurably remote and unreal. If Father had not written 'The Last Frontier'—did success always bring unhappiness? She and Father had been happy. That belonged to the past. She must go on—

"I'll keep you in mind," Mr. Carey said, walking with Ann to the door.

She smiled.

"How many times have you said that to-day?"

"Thirteen." He returned her smile. "But I will, really. Something may turn up. Come to see us."

She did not accept Mr. Carey's invitation. In the weeks since she had come to live with Holly, she had not returned to New Canaan. Claire telephoned to her at intervals, wrote prettily coaxed notes. She could not return to the house in which she had been so desperately unhappy. Sometime, perhaps. But not yet.

Occasionally, she spent an afternoon with Father. He took her to lunch and a matinee or insisted upon Holly joining them in some impromptu expedition. The meetings were unsatisfactory. Father was always determinedly jovial, delighted to see her obviously a little embarrassed. He and Ann spoke only of surface things, incidents, personalities. He was meticulous about conveying Claire's love but he did not urge Ann to come to New Canaan again. Had she money enough? Was there anything she needed or wanted? He would see her very soon.

One afternoon, when Father came to the apartment, he found Ann alone. It was raining. Father, she thought, looked weary and depressed. She lit a fire on the hearth and made him a fragrant toddy. He sipped it gratefully. She sat on a hassock close to his chair. They talked of a variety of unimportant things. Finally Father said: "I've put the novel aside for the present."

Ann looked into the fire.

"Why?" she asked.

"I'm doing another—for serialisation. I've finished the first two instalments."

He looked so weary. He had lost his buoyancy, that light-hearted quality peculiarly his own. He had changed unbearably. Her heart swelled with tenderness. She rested her cheek against his hand.

"Do you need money?" she asked.

"Always," he laughed. "Who doesn't?"

"You gave me more than I need. Won't you let me return part of it?"

"That's yours," he said gently.

"But I'd like to, Father."

His hand touched her hair caressingly.

"That's like you, pigeon," he said. "But I don't need it."

CHAPTER 32.

WHAT to do? How to create a life for herself? The thought was with Ann constantly. There seemed, at the time, no answer. Existence was a matter of getting through the days that followed each other in an endless dreary procession. Not that she was actively unhappy every moment. There were times when she was interested, amused, hungry, weary, gay; times when she felt no emotion at all. But beneath the surface feelings and emotions there was always a consciousness of being at a loose end, necessary to no one, solitary, alone.

She had no one in all the world, no one except Holly. Why wasn't she one of those free crusading spirits one reads of in novels who thrive on a solitary existence, who made their way through life upward and onward alone? She wasn't. How comfortable to be so constituted, if any woman outside a novel ever actually was! But she hadn't that crusading spirit. She needed warm, human relationships, affection, a home. She needed, dreadfully, to be needed.

What to do? She read a little, took Nina's poodles to walk in the Square, went to an occasional party with Holly and one or another of Holly's young men, played double-canfield with Miss Eloise, bought flowers and small adornments for the apartment. Stopgaps. Little interests to pass the time.

What to do? Mr. Carey offered a suggestion. He asked her to come to his office one afternoon late in April.

"I think I have a job for you," he said, when he had pushed forward a chair for her.

"Yes?" She was not greatly interested. But Mr. Carey was kind. She smiled to thank him.

"Mrs. Carroll, Julia Carroll, is looking for someone to leave in charge of her bookshop while she is abroad this summer. Her son is graduating from Oxford and they mean to spend the summer over there. She is an interesting person. I think you would like her."

"Where is the shop?"

"In Gloucester," Mr. Carey answered. "East Gloucester. Are you familiar with Cape Ann?"

"No," she smiled. "That's one place Father has shipped, apparently."

"You'd like it. And you're fond of books. I mentioned to Mrs. Carroll the possibility of your being interested in the shop. She was enthusiastic."

"What would my duties be?" Ann asked.

"Oh, just to be there, I suppose. It's a fairly well-known shop and has been successful. I don't know about this year, of course. Mrs. Carroll wants to go to Gloucester toward the latter part of May and see that you're well settled before she sails. You'd be able to find a pleasant place to board. Or you might have a small place of your own. I thought being there this summer might inspire you to start something of the kind on your own, or as a branch of Mrs. Carroll's shop. Does the proposition interest you?"

"I'm grateful. Thank you. Must I give you a definite answer to-day?"

"Oh, no. Think it over. Any time this week will be soon enough." His manner changed. "Your father sent us a portion of a novel he's doing for serialisation. Have you read it?"

"No." Ann looked at her hands. There was something in Mr. Carey's tone that gave her a feeling of embarrassment. "He told me he was doing a serial. That's all I know about it."

"Would you like to see it?"

"Yes."

Mr. Carey pressed a bell. "Mr. Lowell's new manuscript, please," he said to the girl who answered the summons.

"Is it good?" Ann asked. "Do you like it?"

"Read it," Mr. Carey replied evasively. "I have great respect for your judgment."

He left her alone with the manuscript. When he returned, some time later, she sat at his desk, her chin on her hand, looking out through the open window.

"Well?" he asked.

"It's clever," she said hesitantly. "It's bright and amusing. I suppose." Her eyes met his. "It's dreadful," she said, indignant and hurt. "How could Father have done it?"

Mr. Carey's smile was compassionate.

"It will get by on the strength of Jonathan's reputation," he said. "It is amusing in an artificial way. Your father couldn't write uninterestingly if he deliberately tried to do so. But it won't appeal to the readers who enjoyed 'The Last Frontier.'"

"I know." She set her teeth in her lower lip to keep it from trembling.

"I thought you would like to know," Mr. Carey said gently. "Perhaps it wasn't a kindness. Forgive me for hurting you. You'd have to know some time, I suppose."

She sat quite still for a moment, turning a paperweight on the desk, thoughtfully watching the miniature blizzard in the clear glass globe. When she spoke, her voice was low and controlled:

"I'll take the job, Mr. Carey," she said. "If you think I'll be acceptable to Mrs. Carroll."

"I have no doubt of that," Mr. Carey said with quiet enthusiasm. "You'll enjoy it, I think."

"I haven't wanted to leave the city," Ann continued. "I've thought—I've hoped that Father would need me. But if that's the sort of stuff he wants to write, I can't help him. There's nothing I can do."

"Nothing except to make an independent life of your own," Mr. Carey rose, walked with her to the door. "We can't control the acts of other people, Ann, not even the ones we love best."

"I'm ashamed," she said bitterly. "I'm ashamed for Father."

"Don't worry about it." He took her hand, held it in a friendly clasp. "Build a pleasant life for yourself. You're young and intelligent and attractive." He smiled. "It shouldn't be difficult for you to have a happy life."

"I'll try," she said. "Thank you. A life of my own."

CHAPTER 33.

ANN walked along Eighth Street in the warm spring sunshine, enjoying the reflection of her slender figure in shop windows not too carefully polished. The new suit was becoming; the jaunty green hat was a decided success. New clothes were exhilarating. She felt sorry for men who hadn't the solace of spring colors and gay little hats to lift them from the gloom of spiritual dejection. Women had some compensations. A few—she felt jaunty, for the moment. One of her accomplishments was a flair for the right sort of clothes.

Observing the neighborhood into which her wandering had brought her, she decided to step in at Mr. MacArdie's shop and give him instructions about the rosewood sofa.

It was an auspicious moment for the visit, she thought. The sun was shining. She felt gay enough to withstand the assault of poignant memories which the shop was sure to awaken. She had postponed the conference with Mr. MacArdie from day to day, dreading to revisit the shop. But that was absurd. The sofa was here. She would tell Mr. MacArdie that when she had found a place in Gloucester he might ship the sofa to her there. She would establish a home for herself. No boarding-house, however pleasant. A house, a home of her own.

Old Mr. MacArdie greeted her cordially. He would be glad, he said, to send the sofa when she forwarded the address. It was no inconvenience to keep it. Certainly there would be no charge for storage. He spoke of the weather and the depression. He brought from the inner room for her inspection a tasset of genuine Spode. He did not speak of Sandy.

His remembered presence was there. She saw him coming out from the room at the rear, slim and sandy and brown, his eyes very blue above the fine pale-blue shirt. She saw them stooping together in the centre of the room, placing the small pots of pansies and ivy in the basket he had so obligingly produced.

Laying ghosts was a desolate game. Somewhat abruptly, Ann fled from the shop and, on the pavement, under the swinging sign, she came suddenly, breathlessly, face to face with Sandy.

"Ann!" His voice was incredulous. He drew her under the roof above the window. She touched his hand.

"Are you real?" she asked. "Or one of my ghosts come to life? Are you you, Sandy?"

"Ghosts?" He plunged his hands into his pockets as though they might touch her against his will.

"I've been in the shop," she talked breathlessly, looking away from him, close beside him against the window. "You were there. Ghosts of you. I thought—"

"How are you?" His voice was cool, polite, remote. Glancing at him, she saw that his face was set in the stern lines she remembered so well. Her spirits drooped. He hadn't forgiven her. He wasn't glad to see her. He regretted this accidental meeting. She lifted her chin.

"Very well," she said, her voice as cool as his. "I've just had an interview with your uncle. I've left him instructions to send the sofa to Gloucester. I expect to be there this summer."

"Nice to have seen you. You're looking well, Ann." For the first time he looked at her directly and she saw the hurt pride, the suffering in his eyes. She attempted to speak, but found herself unable to do so. Her lips trembled. She looked away. What a horrible red they painted the fire hydrant on the corner.

"Ann. Look at me, Ann." Sandy's voice was urgent, pleading. "We're up to our old tricks. Hurting each other. We're a pair of idiots, aren't we?"

She nodded.

He led her into the shop. Old Mr. MacArdie looked at them, cleared his throat, withdrew into the room at the rear. They sat on a horsehair sofa in a dim corner. It was easy to talk to Sandy now. Close to him, feeling his arms around her, she told him of leaving Claire's home, of coming to stay with Holly.

"Why didn't you let me know?" Sandy asked indignantly.

"I couldn't. I couldn't expect you to forgive me for making you suffer needlessly. You see," she said with difficulty, "I blundered. I shouldn't have gone to live with Father and Claire. I thought he needed me—wanted me. I didn't know—until Claire told me. I thought I was important to him." She laughed shakily. "Awfully conceited of me, wasn't it?"

Her gallantry touched him.

"I know," he said gently. "I've always understood your feeling of loyalty to your father. I wouldn't admit it because I wanted you, because your loyalty to him came between us spoiled everything. But I understood. And now, since the crash, I understand more clearly. I've had the same feeling about Dad. The bank which has taken over the South Carolina company offered me a job there. I couldn't accept it. I wanted to. But I had to stick with Dad. A hundred times this winter I've told myself, 'That's how Ann feels about her father.' I wanted to tell you. I was too bull-headed. Then, too my life was changing. I'd nothing to offer you."

"The crash—?" she asked. "Has it been very bad?"

"Bad enough," he said soberly. "We'll save something, perhaps. We'll make a fresh start—Dad and I together—I'll never be merely 'My son who graduated at Princeton' again. Dad had to depend on me last winter when he was ill." He smiled sheepishly but his voice expressed a certain honest pride. "I liked that," he admitted earnestly. "Responsibility. A fight."

He wasn't the Sandy whom she had sent away, Ann thought. He was more mature, more earnest. He was finding his place in a world of harsh reality, accepting responsibilities, looking forward almost with eagerness to a long, uphill fight. The debonair Sandy she had loved was becoming a man.

"Your mother—?" she asked.

"Oh, Mother!" His blue eyes shone with amusement and admiration. "Mother has been bored for years. She loathed the house on Riverside Drive. She's a cheerful as a cricket. I've found a place on Long Island for the family. I'll take you there tomorrow." His eyes softened. "May I, Ann?" he asked eagerly. "Will you go with me? Will you stay with me always? Ann, darling, can we be married?"

"Try to lose me," she said breathlessly. "Just you try."

"That's all over," Sandy held her tightly, possessively. "Don't think of it, darling. We'll get a place somewhere, pleasant but not too expensive."

"The apartment Father and I had in Washington Square is vacant," she said. "I'd like to live there, Sandy."

"I hoped that you would still feel that way."

"I can furnish it." Her grey eyes shone. "I have some money. I'll make it beautiful for us. The rosewood sofa. I bought it for that apartment. I didn't think it would ever be there. Isn't life queer, Sandy?"

"It's swell right now! We've talked for hours. Aren't you hungry?"

"Starved."

"Good!" He rose, pulled her up from the sofa. "Let's go somewhere."

They went out into the street. The twilight was deepening. The lights looked very gay. The air was mild and faintly fragrant. Blissfully, arm in arm, they started to cross the street.

He pressed her arm, beneath his, close to his side. "I love you, worship you. And now, darling. Let's eat."

CHAPTER 34.

MISS KATE was moved to tears of sentiment and relief when Ann and Sandy leased the second floor of the old house in Washington Square.

"Bless you!" she said, her mild eyes moist, her ruddy color deepening. "I don't know anyone I'd rather have in the house to say nothing of the help it will be to me." She embraced Ann in an excess of emotion, pressed Sandy's hand and went off to convey the news to Miss Eloise.

Ann and Sandy went through the apartment. In the light of her new happiness, the familiar rooms, empty now, awaiting the new furniture which Ann meant to purchase, the familiar rooms were glorified beyond recognition or memory. Ann made breathless discoveries.

"I'd forgotten the linen closet," she said, opening a door, surveying the tier of empty shelves. "Think how it will look, Sandy, full of thick, colored towels and sheets and pillowcases."

He smiled at her enthusiasm.

"Will you be happy here, Ann?"

"Happy!" She laid her cheek against his. Her grey eyes, softly radiant, answered his question, the breathless catch in her voice. "Happy! Oh, Sandy!"

"It isn't what I had planned for you."

"It will be—home," Ann said gently.

"Have you any idea what that means to me? Home, Sandy. Things of my own!"

"Darling!" He caught her hand. They went through the kitchenette and out on the roof.

"Do you remember?" she asked. "The roof garden."

"There were to be flower-boxes, weren't there?" Sandy smiled. "Pansies and geraniums and what was that white stuff?"

"Sweet alyssum. Two canvas chairs. Sandy, darling!"

His arms went about her swiftly. "Soon, Ann. At once," he said urgently. "I'm afraid something will happen. I'm afraid I'll lose you again."

The radiance died out of her face. She drew away from him gently.

"I must tell Father," she said.

"Haven't you?" Sandy asked.

"Not yet." Her forefinger traced an aimless design on the wall around the roof.

"You will?"

"Yes," she promised. "Soon."

But she did not tell Father at once. The new happiness had a quality of unreality, as though at a touch, at a word, it would vanish in a gossamer mist. She must feel secure before she spoke of it to Father. Whenever, in her former life, she had become attached to anything to any person or place or object, she had been uprooted, transplanted, placed in a new environment. That feeling of insecurity persisted. It was absurd, in this instance. There was no reason for apprehension. Nothing could prevent her marriage to Sandy, no need or demand of Father's. Nothing. And yet—

In the meanwhile she was busy, radiantly happy. With Holly, with Sandy, or occasionally accompanied by both, she selected the furnishings for the apartment. Father's cheque worked miracles. She would have nothing in her home which hadn't a meaning. Each purchase was an adventure. She was as delighted with pots and pans for the kitchenette as she was with the Chippendale table which they found in an antique-shop in Westchester.

"I am ridiculous!" she said more than once, aware that Sandy and Holly were smiling at her enthusiasm. "One should cultivate a lofty indifference to possessions. Let me have this one gorgeous fling. I'll devote the rest of my life to being lofty and indifferent."

But in Sandy's smile and in Holly's there was no implied criticism. Her enthusiasm was moving, her delight in building a home. She was achieving a lifelong ambition. They loved her and understood.

She gave little thought to a trousseau. Sandy could not leave the city. His presence was essential in the readjustment of James MacArdie's affairs. His manner was dejected when he told her that he would be unable to manage a conventional honeymoon.

"We'll have a sea voyage," Ann promptly decided.

"But I can't, darling," Sandy worried. "I can't get away, not even for a week."

"We'll ride on the ferry to Staten Island and back," she said gaily. "Consider the advantages! No passports or Customs and it's almost impossible to be seasick."

"You're sweet," he said humbly. "I'd planned it so differently. Don't you mind? Really, don't you mind not doing any of the conventional things?"

She was suddenly grave.

"I'll never mind anything again if we can be together," she said earnestly. "The unbearable thing is not being wanted, is being—alone." Then gaily lit her eyes and laughter bubbled in her throat. "I'm being optimistic, perhaps. I'll probably be annoyed frequently and snippy and out of sorts."

"Good," Sandy smiled. "It frightens me when you're angelic."

Again her face was grave.

"But inside, under the snippiness," she continued, thoughtfully, "I know that nothing in the world is as bad as being—alone."

She had not told Father. She had not seen him or heard from him for nearly three weeks. She wrote notes to him which she did not send. Her hand touched the telephone irresolutely. Claire might answer. She did not want to talk to Claire. Tomorrow. To-morrow. . . .

And then Father came to her. He came one afternoon when she was alone in Holly's apartment. Surprised by his visit, confused and apprehensive at what she had to tell him, she scarcely looked at him when she opened the front door. In the apartment, however, she noticed a change in his manner. The constraint was gone. He looked younger than when she had last seen him, jaunty, debonair. And in his eyes was the expression she knew so well, the alert, eager expression which indicated that Jonathan was about to take to the road again. She was, for an instant, only mildly surprised when he said:

"We're going back to the Cape, pigeon. When can we start? How long will it take you to pack your things?"

The scene was familiar. Familiar, too, was the flash of resentment she felt, so entirely familiar that it seemed, in that first instant, something she had expected and for which she was prepared. Realisation followed. This was not possible. Father no longer could take to the road at the urge of his vagabond soul. She looked up at him silently, a question in her eyes.

He smiled, took a telegram from his pocket, presented it to her with a flourish. She read the one word typed on the sheet of yellow paper—"Yes." And the name—"Clarissa Bangs."

"But what does it mean?" she asked, puzzled and apprehensive.

Father laughed, the first natural, spontaneous laugh she had heard him give for longer than she could remember.

"I wired Clarissa to ask if we could rent the house," he explained. "Her answer is in character. Clarissa can't be induced to waste words, even at my expense."

Ann smiled, seeing for a moment the village post office and Mrs. Bangs peering like an inquisitive squirrel through the grating across the window. Her smile faded. She stood folding the telegram. "You're going to the Cape, Father? But what about—where is—Claire?"

Father's jauntiness dropped away. He avoided the direct glance of Ann's questioning eyes.

"Claire sailed for France," he answered. "At midnight last night."

"Alone?"

"Oh, no," he laughed briefly. "With Emmy in loving attendance, and Thelma, of course."

The next question was difficult. "Is it merely a vacation?" she asked. "Or is it—"

"I don't know," Ann saw, for a moment, the living pain in his eyes. For only a moment. He came to her, led her to the couch, sat beside her, holding her hand. "I'm not sure whether Claire means to divorce me," he said. "I don't think she is certain. She spoke of it—but, then, she was very angry."

"Why, Father?" Ann hesitated. "I mean, if you want to tell me—if you want me to know—"

"I do want to tell you," Father said gravely. "I'll tell you now, and then, unless it is necessary, we won't speak of Claire again. It was, in particular, the serial I was writing. It was frightful, Ann."

"I know," she said. "I read it—in Mr. Carey's office."

"Weren't you ashamed of me?" His expression was disconcerted, abashed.

"Yes," she said simply. "I was."

"I was ashamed of myself. One evening I built a gorgeous fire in the fireplace and burned the damned thing down to the last word."

"And Claire was—angry?"

"To put it mildly." Father's mouth twisted in a rueful smile. "It meant a great deal of money. It meant my complete damnation. And that, as we say, is that."

Anger flamed in Ann's cheeks. Her eyes were wide and dark.

"Didn't you explain to Claire?" she asked.

"Couldn't she understand?"

"She wouldn't. I asked her if she would go away with me for a year to write the novel I'd started. She preferred Emmy and

France. That's all. I don't know how long she'll stay. She may divorce me. I don't know."

Ann echoed Holly's vehement desire. "I'd like to wring her neck!" she said fiercely.

"Don't judge her too harshly, Ann. Her values are different from ours. She's the most beautiful woman I've ever known. It didn't work out, that's all."

"I'm sorry, Father."

"Don't cry, pigeon." He smiled, but the instant of pain had left his eyes sombre and thoughtful. "The worst is over. I was smashed, at first. It isn't important now. I want to go up to the Cape and write a good novel. Will you go with me, pigeon? You and I? Fun? Adventures?"

She could not reply. Her heart ached with tenderness and compassion. She could not tell him that he would have to go alone. Alone! There was nothing so dreadful, nothing in all the world!

He misunderstood her silence.

"I don't wonder that you hesitate," he said, holding her hand in a tightening clasp. "I wouldn't blame you if you'd disinherit me, cut me off with a shilling. I let you in for a great deal of unhappiness. You thought I allowed you to leave me willingly. Claire had given you the impression—never mind that. It hurt me when you left. But I knew you were unhappy. I couldn't very well ask you to stay."

Father! Sandy! Must it begin again?

"But if you'll forgive me, if you'll put up with me. You do it so gaily, so willingly. I'll write a novel as fine as 'The Last Frontier.' You won't be ashamed of me, pigeon. I can do it, if you'll help me. I'm impatient to get to work. Spring on the Cape!" His voice was eager, enthusiastic. "Sunshine and salty air and a sky as blue as turquoise. My workroom with the view across the bay. Hours to work, days, weeks, a year. Claim chowder for supper. The rain on the roof. Right now, at this particular moment, it's a very good substitute for Paradise. How soon can we start?"

She could not reply. It wasn't possible to tell him that he must go alone. She looked up at him silently, tears on her lashes, an aching pain in her heart. Watching, she saw the eager expression vanish from his eyes, saw his jaw stiffen, his shoulders droop.

"Have I lost you?" he asked slowly.

"Have I lost you, pigeon?"

She was not obliged to answer. There was a knock at the door. It opened in response to her summons and Simpson, the janitor, made apologetic sounds.

"It's the men with the sofa, Miss Lowell," he said. "Will you come and tell them where it's to go?"

She excused herself and escaped. As she led the way up the stairs to the apartment on the second floor, as she watched the men place the rosewood sofa and remove the burlap covering, her thoughts were troubled. She must tell Father. The idea of going with him did not occur to her. She belonged to Sandy, first, and for always. But how could she tell Father?

The men clumped down the stairs. Ann lingered in the living-room of the apartment, empty, except for the rosewood sofa and a table littered with scraps of drapery materials, a folding rule, a tape-measure, a pencil, a scrap of paper. The fresh paint was not entirely dry. There was an odor of turpentine and paste. The setting sun, streaming in through the uncurtained windows, gave the air a faint rosy glow.

How could she tell Father? The rosewood sofa was lovelier than she had remembered. Her hand moved along the frame, smoothed the upholstery, almond-green, dimly patterned with apricot flowers and small gold leaves. How could she hurt Father? She loved him dearly. Nothing that had happened had altered her feeling for him. But she must tell him. She belonged to Sandy, entirely, for always. She drew a long breath, lifted her chin, turned to go downstairs.

Father stood in the doorway. How long had he been there watching her with that familiar, quizzical expression in his eyes? He came into the room.

"This is the rosewood sofa?" he asked. "Yes, Father."

"It's very nice. Does well with the room." He went to the table, stood turning over the scraps of drapery material. "I think I'd use this," he said, holding up a sample of corded amber silk. "Yes," he added, "this is the one."

He knew! He had surmised—correctly. But how, exactly? She went to the table, saw the paper among the litter of odds and ends. On it was written in her own familiar hand—

20 yards drapery material.

30 yards net.

Rods.

Screws.

Thread.

Sandy, darling Sandy.

Mrs. Ross MacArdie,

Ann L. MacArdie.

She glanced up at Father, flushing. He was looking at her.

"It's all right, pigeon," he said.

"Father!" She clung to him, sobbing.

He soothed her gently.

"What a way for a bride to act."

"I'm sorry—"

"Sorry?"

"Oh, happy, too." She raised her head from his shoulder, smiled faintly, tears streaming across her face.

"Don't be an idiot. Here." He took his handkerchief and wiped away the tears.

"But you, Father."

"I'll manage. Do me good. I've depended on you too long. His arms held her gently, affectionately. "Bless you, darling. Be happy. Sandy's a lucky young fellow."

Holly's voice called from the hall.

"Ann! Where are you? Mother is coming this evening. Sandy is downstairs, poor darling, giving the dogs a bath. Will you—"

She paused, stood hesitantly in the doorway, tall Holly with her awkward grace and sombre eyes, her wide, laughing mouth. Ann glanced at her, saw, for a moment, a flicker of emotion in her eyes.

It vanished. Holly smiled. "Hello," she said casually, jauntily. "The famous artist revisits the scene of his humble beginnings. Too bad I'm not a reporter."

Father merely smiled and walked to Holly, his hand outstretched. "Busy?" he asked.

"Frantic. Mother gets in this evening. I'd like to hang a few welcoming garlands."

"We will." Father tucked Holly's hand under his arm. "Garlands for Nina and supper for us. Tony's or something swell?"

"Tony's," Holly decided.

"Right!" At the door he turned to look at Ann. "Good-bye, pigeon. I'll see you soon. Bless you, darling! Lots of luck."

Ann stood motionless in the centre of the vacant room. What did the future hold for Father? She wanted him to be happy, successful. Being alone was dreadful. But Father was adaptable, gregarious. He would never lack friends, people to love and admire him. And he had his work.

Loyalties were confusing. Life was confusing. It was impossible to steer an even course. She would always have the feeling that she had failed Father. Someone suffered for every happiness, perhaps. If one stood in the sun, one must cast a shadow.

Disturbing thoughts fled from her mind, routed by the sound of familiar footsteps. The room was filled with the glory of the sunset and with a greater glory, limitless, unfading. Her grey eyes shone with a soft brilliance. Without moving, she gave the impression of taking an eager step towards the door. At that moment, she was conscious of no past, of no future. There was only the living present—

Sandy was coming up the stairs.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.